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# CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

March 1956

# California Historical Society Quarterly

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Milton and Sally (Dodge) Morris about 1888.
*Picture collection, California Historical Society.*

# History of Las Posadas Forest

From the Memoirs of John M. Morris

*Compiled by* Edith Gregory

*With Foreword by* Anson Stiles Blake

Foreword. This recital of the acquisition and utilization of a piece of virgin wilderness has intrinsic value in the reflection it gives of the courage, resourcefulness, and energy shown by the pioneers of American agriculture. It is not unique, for every written record of the advance guard of settlers, from the time they began pouring over the Appalachians till they faced the shores of the Pacific, shows the same characteristic—an indomitable drive, that effaced the frontier in a little over a century.

It seems proper to locate the story geographically for a better understanding of its content, and to emphasize the fact that there was still much wilderness in California so few generations ago.

The land described lies on the eastern slopes of Howell Mountain in northeast Napa County. Howell Mountain itself is a lava-capped plateau covered with forests of conifers, oaks, and madroñas, interspersed with open meadows where the grass is green late in the year. On the mountain's southeast side a wooded canyon extends down to open chapparal-covered ridges. Large springs from under the lava cap furnish water for the stream, Moore's Creek, which flows down the canyon. On the plateau-like top of Howell Mountain was George Yount's La Jota rancho, a Mexican grant of one square league. Of Napa Valley's level land, most of it had been granted by Mexico to various inhabitants prior to American acquisition: to the east, over the ridge from Moore's Creek, lay Col. J. B. Chiles' Catacula rancho, covering most of the valley that still bears his name and where his old adobe can still be seen; to the north of Chiles' grant was the Tocoallomi rancho of William Pope, so-called Pope Valley. After the American conquest, all of the mountain and hill land of the region except La Jota became U. S. land, subject to entry under the homestead acts.

One piece of land which Morris had acquired was a subdivision of the Jota grant. This gave him access to the county road from St. Helena to Pope Valley. All of the remaining pieces were acquired by preëmption. Cabins were built by various members of the family out of redwood, whip-sawed from trees growing on each of the claims, and were occupied until the patents were granted. Living-quarters were then concentrated at the first considerable area of fairly level land in Moore's Creek Canyon; orchards and berries were planted on both sides of the canyon, and were irrigated by ditches drawing water from the creek. It is interesting to note that the abstract of title for the property shows that the appropriation notice of water from Moore's Creek for these ditches was the first such notice of irrigating water to be filed in Napa County. It is also worthy of remark that the redwood trees on the eastern slope of Howell Mountain compose the most easterly extension of the redwood belt.

The late Willis Linn Jepson made an intensive survey of the flora of this whole region.* He pointed out that here were mingled the characteristic growth of the redwood region to the north, the Franciscan flora of the open hills and valleys of the bay region to the south, and the flora of the dry interior Coast Range Mountains to the east. This was strikingly illustrated on Moore's Creek by a grove of redwoods growing within one hundred yards of a grove of digger pines.

Anson S. Blake

COMPILER'S PREFACE.—Below are given accounts of some of the people who lie buried on Graveyard Knoll at Las Posadas, or, as we knew it in childhood, "Lookout Hill" of Uncle John Morris' ranch on Moore's Creek, before the place was chosen by Grandfather Morris as the spot where he wished to be buried.

Long before Las Posadas became state property, Uncle John Morris deeded to the state of California the "Graveyard Knoll," believing that he was by that act securing protection for the graves of his family. They were no ordinary people. They were pioneers, history-makers. They lived hard lives, full of poverty, sickness, and toil; but they carried civilization with them: cleanliness, religion, law and order. Among their descendants are farmers, forest rangers and guards, expert electricians and mechanics, gardeners, teachers, scientists, missionaries and journalists.

Seven graves are on the knoll: Grandfather and Grandmother Morris; their son John, who was the owner of the Moore's Creek Ranch; his first wife, Melissa; his little daughter, Delphine; a cousin, Martin Modrel, who came from Missouri, sick and poor, and was cared for here till his death; and a tiny baby niece, Emma Martin.

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**A Flora of Western Middle California*, San Francisco: Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch, 1911.

## MILTON MORRIS (1807-1891)

Grandfather Morris was born at Lynchburg, Virginia. His father died while the children were still young, and his mother, who was Lucy Ford of Knoxville, Tennessee, took them back to her family home. They were not too warmly welcomed, and Milton Morris had to work with the field hands. He told us that, by himself in the field one day, he had tried to pray as best he could. With his hoe in one hand, and, as he said, "both arms outstretched, I shouted: 'Glory to God!' Then the world changed. All looked beautiful; the sun, the sky, never looked so bright. . . ."

Whatever this mysterious experience was, it had a profound influence on Milton Morris' character. It led him to break away from the slave-owning Fords, his mother's people, and to try to forget them completely. Finally, he left east Tennessee, afoot, working his way westward, hoping to find a land where there were no slaves. One day in 1830 he limped into Harmony Mission in western Missouri—his clothes in rags, six-feet-two-inches of straight, hard-muscled, free man—and Dr. Nathaniel Dodge, head of the Osage missions, gave him his daughter Sally in marriage, because, as Dr. Dodge is reported to have said: "I found him honest, sober, and industrious." They were married in 1831, at Boudinot Mission, on the Kansas border.

There is no record that they were ever apart except once for a few months in the winter before they started on their first trip to California. Milton Morris was licensed a Methodist preacher. Frontier preachers had a very uncertain pay, and performed many a marriage for no fee at all; besides, they were expected to be hospitable to all visiting brethren, even to sharing the last loaf and giving up their own beds. Morris tried farming, to help out with his expenses, but until his three older boys were large enough to work, he had poor success. One winter the only piece of actual money they saw was a silver dollar that Sally Morris earned by making a coat. Another year the whole family went, in the fall, to the river-bottoms and cut down pecan trees for the nuts. The women gathered up sixty bushels of nuts after the men had cut off and dragged away the larger branches. The sixty dollars brought in by the sale of the nuts had to supply the family of eight with "store provisions" for a whole year.

During the years from 1840 to 1860, Missouri was filling up with a farming population, most of them slave owners. Milton Morris did not mention the slave question in his sermons, but everybody knew his anti-slavery opinions, and several times he was brought to trial in the Methodist conference on charges of sympathy with Northernism. Though the conference cleared him of blame, the presiding elder refused to renew his license. In 1849, leaving the land that had been his home for almost twenty years, Grandfather Morris took his wife and children, and, with horse and wagon, journeyed northward into Iowa, camping on the way. Here, free to speak his beliefs, he had his license renewed; and his home at Council Bluffs became the center of Methodism in the midst of throngs of Mormons. Since Sally Morris could make herself understood by the Omahas, Otoes, and Pawnees — all speaking dialects similar to the Osage, which she knew — her husband had no trouble buying land from the Otoes of Nebraska. In 1854, he led a party of ten families to settle on the west bank of the Missouri River, near where now stands Plattsmouth, Nebraska. His sons broke the new prairie land with ox teams and harvested rich crops. Prosperity was looking their way when a favorite son, Nathaniel Brown Morris, named for his missionary grandfather, sickened and died. Milton Morris could not bear the sight of that grave under the oak tree near the cabin. As always, his feelings controlled the actions of others. They sold the farm to join the ox caravans plodding up the Platte River toward the west. This, in 1857, was the family's first crossing of the plains.

They lived for a time in California, Grandfather Morris preaching in the Trinity mines and at the Old White Church in Napa Valley. In 1863 they made a wartime retreat from California to the Missouri River, toiling, and Grandfather Morris preaching, on the Delaware Reserve in eastern Kansas, where their son John found them in poverty and brought them again across the plains in 1867. They settled in Napa Valley, near the church where grandfather had preached before, and, except for a train trip to Iowa in 1869, on the just-finished railroad, they traveled no more. When John Morris bought the Moore's Creek ranch in 1878, his father helped him develop it, and when he died was the first one buried on the knoll which he himself had chosen as a burial ground.

Milton Morris was a tall, long-armed, sharp-eyed man, with a shock of hair that stood up from his forehead to make him look even taller. He was a simple, straight-thinking man, who knew what he thought was right, and did it; knew what he believed and made others believe and do it. He set an example of strength and earnestness. If you can find any of his neighbors, they will tell you that he had their sound respect.

## SALLY DODGE MORRIS (1811-1901)

In 1821, Sally Dodge's father, the Rev. Nathaniel Brown Dodge of Barre, Vermont, was sent with other missionaries from New York to found Christian missions among the Osage Indians. Accompanied by his family, he went by steamer to Philadelphia, whence they crossed the Allegheny Mountains in large crooked-bed wagons, and in Pittsburgh took boats up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, until, after four months on these rivers they ascended the Big Osage as far as Rapiddecow. Here, on the banks of the Big Osage, they founded Harmony Mission. Cabins were built for living quarters, and also a house that served for schoolroom below and storeroom above, "stores" being chiefly clothes for Indian children. "We all went to school in the same room," she says in the story of her life (now in the possession of her grandchildren), "white and redskins together," and all ate at the same table. They had nothing but boiled hominy to eat, until a flour mill could be built, with the result that they became ill. In fact, so much hominy was consumed that "Hominy Mission" seemed a better name for the establishment than "Harmony."

Sally Dodge learned Indian ways of carrying loads and swimming, and was a favorite of the Osages, who called her Pah-sú-cha (Redhead) because of her fiery red hair. She also learned their language, and helped the missionaries make a primer in the Osage language and a translation of the Bible. When she grew up, she was interpreter between the Indians and the U. S. soldiers who had been sent to keep the peace. Sometimes she had to relay threatening messages from the soldiers to her Indian friends when they went on plundering expeditions. In one of these, a brother of Sally's was killed and another wounded. Her saddest task was when she had to read and explain to them the treaty, moving the Osages from their hunting-grounds to their present lands in what is now Oklahoma. "For three days and nights," she says, "the Indians went by, the squaws carrying the household goods.... As each group came to the mission they left on the doorstep a gift—a pair of moccasins ... or a piece of calico torn from the bolt given them in payment for their lands."

Such was Grandmother Morris' life before a young Virginian limped into Harmony Mission, fell in love with the Rev. Nathaniel Dodge's daughter Sally, and was straightway married to her. The story of her life became his story, as recounted in the preceding pages.

It is a long way in time and space from Vermont in 1811 to California in 1901. Across a whole continent, Sally Morris brought civilization—a clean cabin, clean dishes, clean clothes, clean beds, milking cows. She had to be nurse and doctor, helping babies into the world, and glad that she had learned something of the skill of her brother, Dr. Leonard Dodge. Along with the lore of the pioneer woman, she had a place for refinement. She read aloud well, and wrote a tiny, clear hand that economized precious writing-paper. She pieced log-cabin quilts for recreation. She taught her children gentle manners and orderly behavior. She planted a strip of flowers along the irrigation ditch at Las Posadas.

## JOHN MILTON MORRIS (1835-1907)

Uncle John Morris was born in the Osage country of western Missouri. Hard work and poor food made him a sickly, under-sized lad; a lively, under-schooled mind made him a restless, intolerant man. He shared the migrations of his parents from slave-holding Missouri to Mormon Iowa in 1849, across the Missouri River to the Indian lands of Nebraska in 1854, where he helped elect the first legislature in Nebraska; and across the plains to California in 1857. He mined in Trinity, farmed in Napa County, was guard at San Quentin prison; mined again in the Nevada silver mines; was a prosperous store-keeper in Idaho; sent his brother as his substitute to fight for the Union because he could not qualify physically as a soldier; went to New York via the Isthmus of Panama after the war, and gathered together his family who had returned to the middle west during the war, and brought them again overland to California in the year 1867.

After a railroad trip east on the newly-finished transcontinental railroad in 1869, Uncle John fell upon hard times, and, coming again to California, started afoot as book agent, selling and delivering books all up and down California and Oregon. He walked himself into health and prosperity, married his wife Melissa, and bought the Moore's Creek ranch as a place in which to restore her health. After her death, the ranch was a refuge for all of his relatives upon whom misfortunes had fallen: his brother William and family; assorted nephews; a cousin and his wife, who lived there several years.

Melissa left John Morris one son. Later he married again, and four daughters were born to him. About the end of the century, the hardships of his early life reduced his vitality and resistance to illness, but he survived to the age of seventy-two.

John Morris was a loud-spoken little man, self-willed, active, and generous.

## SARAH MELISSA (HARMON) MORRIS (1842-1880)

When Grandfather Milton Morris died, and, by his burial, "Lookout Hill" became "Graveyard Knoll," Aunt Melissa had lain for over ten years in St. Helena cemetery. But Uncle John Morris wanted his family kept together even in death, so he had his wife's body removed to this family burial place. After all, it was for her sake that he had settled on Moore's Creek.

Melissa Harmon was a native of Foxcroft, Maine. She had come to Eureka, California, in the early 1870's, to keep house for her brother Charles, and there in her brother's home she met John Morris, the traveling book agent, and opened his eyes to beauty, her own and that of the world. Even her pictures, in the old-fashioned dress of her time, show how beautiful Melissa was. Her daintiness and grace of person, joined with good taste in dress, were a revelation to John Morris, the pioneer, to whom fashionable women were "fast women," and beauty was vanity. Melissa worked in a "Dressmaking Establishment" where she was in constant demand to choose materials, patterns and trimming for the ladies of the town, yet she kept her brother Charles' house perfectly, was quiet, well-mannered, and modest. John Morris could not keep away from the Harmon house, and prolonged his business in Humboldt County until he had courted and won his "Yankee Bride." They were married in 1875.

Melissa loved her husband devotedly, but the shadow of tuberculosis, of which she was a victim, hung over their married life. They spent three years wandering from place to place before they discovered Moore's Creek, said to be "the healthiest spot in the world." Nevertheless, two years on Howell Mountain were all that were left to her.

## MOORE'S CREEK RANCH*

### *Condensed from Memoirs of John M. Morris*

[Seeking to prolong the life of his wife, who was suffering from tuberculosis, John M. Morris spent the summer of 1878 with her, traveling and camping in the coast ranges between Napa and Humboldt counties. As in the summer before, she seemed to improve.]

Late in the season I left the family in camp on Cobb Mountain in Lake County, with my parents and my young nephew (the orphan Mittie Bartholomew), who had been with us in all our journeyings. I went on a land hunt . . . to find a place to live where conditions would be most favorable for Melissa's health. I never gave a thought to adding one nickel to my wealth.

Down through Pope Valley and Chiles Valley I kept hearing about a place on Howell Mountain owned by a man named Musso. This locality was thought unsurpassed for sufferers from lung trouble. I came to the place and found it to be a claim on government land. The price was one thousand dollars. On looking it over, I had seen nothing that suited me so well. Returning to my wife and child on Cobb Mountain, I realized that we must get into winter quarters at once, for poor Melissa had been near dying while I was gone. Unless father and mother went along to live with me, I would not buy, for my wife was too sick to go far from neighbors unless she had companions. So I sent my parents to look at the places I had chosen, and if they liked either one, to pay some money down to bind the sale. They went and looked and made payment to Musso on the Howell Mountain claim. It was a squatter's right to unsurveyed government land on Moore's Creek, Napa County. We broke camp and two days later, October first, 1878, took possession of the Moore's Creek claim.

This was a frosty, cold October, and we had only a little two-room shanty of slabs to move into. There was a fireplace in this shanty. Our goods were pretty well scattered in upper Napa Valley, stored in houses and barns of the neighbors we had lived among. We had a fearfully rough mountain road to haul over, twelve miles from Saint Helena. We were within one mile of Chile's Valley, half-way down the mountain to the east, with a very steep rough road on that side. There was hardly a passable wagon road into the claim we had bought. On the west, one mile uphill brought us to the top of Howell Mountain, a country of flat, poor lands covered with fir, pine, oak, manzanita, madrone, and, in the gulches, some redwood. The water privilege was the best part of the purchase. Excellent springs in the redwoods formed a creek that would irrigate ten or fifteen acres of flats and hillsides. But most of the water came out on grant lands owned by one Watson, cashier of the bank in Napa City. Hence we were buying for the most part in futures. There was nothing worth mention done on the claim: no substantial fencing, no barn except a log shanty, no land cleared. We had tackled a forest of rock and timber, with little good soil, but said by doctors to be the healthiest place in the world.

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*Editor's note: After John M. Morris' death in 1907, his heirs sold the ranch to Mrs. Anson S. Blake of Berkeley. In 1938, realizing the need of preserving its unique flora, Mrs. Blake gave the property to the State Board of Forestry. As Mrs. Blake says in a memorandum to the Quarterly: "The ranch was not given to the Park Department, because it was considered detrimental to open it to the public for recreational purposes. The State Board of Forestry accepted it as a gift with the provision that it should be used for conservation and study and not for recreation." [signed] Anita D. S. Blake (Mrs. Anson S. Blake).

First, we set about building our house. We hired teams, bought lumber, nails and doors and had them hauled in. Mr. H. Risley of St. Helena was hired to do the carpenter work. We built up fires out of doors to keep us warm. Mr. Risley got the frame up, and all the windows in and doors hung before the end of October, and the pantry well shelved up. We left father and mother the slab-house with its two rooms and stone fireplace, and for the first time since casting our lot together, Melissa and I were in our own home, a rough little new board house of two rooms and pantry. We felt we were monarchs of all we could see, for we claimed all the lands our eyes could behold from this basin at the head of Moore's Creek. We soon added another shed room for a kitchen, and were very comfortable. My farm work was close to the house, fencing, grubbing, and plowing with a small plow and one horse. The cabin where father, mother, and Mittie lived was only fifty yards away, and we had a milk house under the hill on the bank of Moore's Creek, within thirty steps of mother's door. There we kept our butter and milk cool. I bought two good cows and mother had made Mr. Musso agree to give her a cow when contracting the first payment, before we moved. There was enough hay on the ranch to feed the three cows and one horse for six months. Mother went to raising chickens and making butter to sell, and nearly supported father and Mittie independently of my help. We started our Moore's Creek home with money loaned out, and it was strange how I prospered there. For the most part I was well off financially from the very beginning of our life on the Moore's Creek ranch. We could very easily have changed the name to Morris Creek, for half the people coming in to fish or visit actually thought the true name was Morris Creek.

This is how the ranch came to be named. Away in the forties a family by the name of More had settled here and lived for some years. The husband was a drunken Irishman. All of a sudden the old Lady More took sick and died. Some of the neighbors hinted that the drunken husband may have helped his wife off from these mundane shores, but the suspicion was not sufficient to cause anyone to dig up the old lady after she had been buried at St. Helena. All agree that never was there such a time getting any one into a coffin or out to a cemetery. . . . The road to St. Helena was nearly impassable, so everybody engaged in that act of philanthropy remembered ever afterward their last respects to Old Lady More. Moore's Creek, it is, not Morris.

Half my time was spent indoors. My wife seemed better than in the previous winter, but could not do more than take care of our little boy, and show me what she wanted done. I devoted myself to housekeeping, and the ladies coming to visit us were surprised at the meals I could get up for them. They did not know about my cooking for a year in our hotel in Minersville, or that I had spent five or six years "batching." We had plenty in the house to cook, which was the principal key to the mystery. As soon as we had our small house up, the neighbors came pouring in to visit us. Teachers, preachers, and doctors came without being called for. In this out-of-the-way place we had three visitors to one who came in the thickly settled Napa Valley. Three preachers in one week came to see my wife. On spring coming on, Melissa was able to go down into Chiles and Pope Valleys to visit her new neighbors. It was only one mile from our place down to Chiles Valley by the steepest, roughest, worst washed out road I ever traveled. Yet I fixed it up so we were able to get out that way.

*(To be concluded)*

# The Jeffers-Willey Wedding

## Including an Account of Monterey in the Fall of 1849

*Transcribed, with an Introduction*

*By* MIRIAM DRURY

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INTRODUCTION. – The letter transcribed here speaks volumes for itself and needs little comment except, perhaps, to express wonder at its author, who, though tired almost beyond endurance, could yet muster the energy and observational power to give a sparkling picture – not merely of a family event but of the military, political, social, artistic, and physical conditions surrounding the transformation of a Mexican province into an American state, as viewed in the houses and streets of the former provincial capital.

Lottie Westcott, wife of Capt. George Westcott and writer of the letter, hesitates at nothing in her news coverage. People of all classes come in for mention; they perform their parts and, when we wish we knew more about them, the next sentence or two reveals their identities more completely and with more unusual details than any citations to existing information could furnish. Thus, we find wives of high-ranking officers (Mrs. Gen. Bennett Riley, Mrs. Maj. Edward S. Canby, and others) baking cakes for the wedding; members of the constitutional convention or their ladies (Rodman M. Price, Mrs. Charles T. Botts . . .) giving the happy couple presents, several of Chinese origin; military assignments are jotted down; we are given the latest on dress and hairdress. Bits of personal news come our way: for example, on Thomas O. Larkin; Mrs. John C. Frémont is laid up at the time with her feet; Caleb Lyon is said to be "quite a poet" in addition to his diplomatic accomplishments; Mrs. Lansford Hastings is revealed as cutting in on the scarce servant supply; the mountainous household washing has to be taken by the horns, so to speak, regardless of affairs of the heart and of state. Illumination comes from Lottie's pen on the architecture of Monterey: their own house is "outside very respectable looking – inside very forlorn"; the fleas, "almost devouring me bodily," she says, and proceeds to count them; the delayed mail, etc., etc.; and homesickness: ". . . how often we talk of you all and look at the Daguerreotypes." Meanwhile, crowds fill the streets and the inns – and the private homes.

As to the groom, the Rev. Samuel H. Willey (*b.* Compton, N. H., March 11, 1821), his activities in the religious and educational affairs of the west have been given wide recognition. (See, for instance, the index in William Carey Jones, *Illustrated History of the University of California*, published in San Francisco in 1895; H. H. Bancroft, *History of California*, vols. VI and VII; etc. Willey's own books, particularly *Thirty Years in California*, San Francisco, 1879, is of much historical interest and value.) He reached Monterey on the steamer *California* — her first voyage — on February 23, 1849. Aboard were Gen. Persifer F. Smith and his staff, and many persons who were to become prominent in the life of the state. Among them were Maj. Edward R. S. Canby, whose wife, it will be remembered, baked a cake, and the Rev. John W. Douglas, who performed the marriage ceremony for his fellow-passenger, Willey, and his bride.

The bride, Martha Jeffers of Philadelphia, sailed on a government transport around Cape Horn in company with Capt. and Mrs. George Westcott and their three children. As already pointed out, Mrs. Westcott was Lottie; she and Martha were sisters. When the family embarked on the transport in New York, Samuel Willey happened to be on the dock. He saw Martha, admired her, and when she disembarked at Monterey, he was at the wharf to greet her. Four months of courtship followed, during which they rode horseback over the Monterey peninsula hills. Six children were born to the union, and it is to their granddaughter, Miss Frances Jeffers Pray, daughter of Annie Brewster Willey and Amasa Pray, that sincere acknowledgment is made for permission to publish the letter.

Miss Fanny Jeffers, youngest sister of Martha and Lottie, and to whom the letter is addressed, came to California a few years after her sisters and subsequently married George M. Blake.

In the printed transcription, paragraphing, mostly lacking in the original letter, has been introduced, and occasional punctuation; spelling has been left unchanged. The letter itself is in the library of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, San Anselmo, California.

## THE LETTER

Monterey October 30th 1849

Dear Sis Fan

Well I promised to write and tell you all about the wedding — Mattie & brother Sam-i-vel had deputized me to enter into all particulars when lo! the Steamer came one day sooner than usual and very unexpectedly and so there was no alternative but to send his few lines to Mother with Mattie's addition while he was sealing other letters — for I had not had one moment to write but expected to sit up that night after our return from the dinner party given to Mr. & Mrs. Willey — How I teazed Mr. Willey about his letter to Mother — poor fellow how I pitied him in playing the *dutiful*. It was so hard to write without having known *the Mother* —

Nothing of importance came to pass from the time of writing last until the wedding on the 19th — A friend of Mr. W's — Mr. Douglas was sent for to "*tie the knot*" — At first it was intended to have a very private wedding — only the officers — but the 1st of September the Convention assembled to form a Constitution for the *State of California* — every one kept open house as there were no Hotels or Eating Houses or places to lodge — We had three staying with us — besides at meals as many at table as we could accommodate — always setting the table for 10 & 12 every meal — sometimes more — as it was considered the greatest favor & kindness — Mrs. Canby had also as many as she could put plates for — & every house in town was crowded and all hurry and bustle —

The Convention we expected would adjourn & every one quietly in their homes before the wedding — but the 19th came the Convention still in session & no nearer adjournment than two weeks before — It could not be postponed as we had written home about it — all was kept so quietly that the good people were quite taken by surprise when they received their invitations — we could not send them till Mr. Douglas came. It was not decided until the very day before to invite any but the officers but as there were so many staying with us & Mrs. Canby — in the very house sitting at the table every day with Mattie & nearly every day with Mr. Willey — that it would seem very odd not to invite them — and if we invited those who had been strangers to us before — we must also invite the American families and one or two Spanish families who had been very kind to us & then all those Members of the Convention who had been polite to us — accordingly I wrote myself 58 invitations about 50 came. — the room brilliantly lighted — the bride of course looking her very prettiest — as brides usually do — *(it is said)* her hair curled in front — *a white tarleton* with lace round the neck and sleeves — (bare neck and short sleeves of course — no ornaments except a magnificent pair of *bracelets* — chinese of *exquisitely wrought silver* — the most beautiful things I've ever seen so delicate and pure looking — presented by Mr. Lyon one of the gentlemen staying with us — & one of the Secretaries of the Convention he sent to San Francisco for them — & they came the very afternoon of the 19th by the Express — he was Consul to China & has been Bearer of Dispatches several times — came out in that capacity to some of the South American Republics — more generally known as *Caleb Lyon* of *Lyonsdale* — New York State — quite a poet also — a remarkably agreeable person & entertaining but *very eccentric* & odd —

Mrs. Botts sent her a beautiful white rose made by herself of the feathers of the albatross coming round Cape Horn — out of compliment Mattie wore it in her hair — altho not intending to wear anything —

Miss Bettie Botts sent her a little dressing box with Fancy Soaps and Perfumes — *Mr. Price* who Mattie talked so much about before we left home (who we saw in N Y.) gave her a very handsome & large Chinese Work box — I intended giving her one as my gift — but gave her instead a handsome Chinese writing desk. Mr. Douglass — the parson & Mr. W's friend gave her *3 ounces — $48* — for Silver — & George and I both did writing for the Convention at night to be able to have something to bestow — he was very desirous also to give her the wedding dress but there was nothing to be had as pretty as the tarleton which looked beautifully with a fresh new skirt — Mrs. Riley also gave her an elegant embroidered satin apron & what do you think she says? — that she made quite a speculation on her birthday — and then had such *another valuable birthday present* in *Samuel* — they are both very saucy & need taking down a great deal & then are so awfully in love still — It is quite painful to behold.

She has also been promised a breakfast sett of China — not arrived yet from San Francisco — don't you think *Sissy* fared well even in California but oh! such a time as we had to procure enough eggs for the Cake. Mrs. Gen'l Riley, Mrs. Major Canby, Mrs. Cap't Kane & Cap't Westcott made it all — as it would have been an utter impossibility to set a handsome supper table here to be creditable to the family — determined to have nothing but Cake & Wine — An immense fruit Cake — & two large Pound Cakes each two pounds round — making them very large *they were* all very nice & happened to be beautifully baked — never were Cakes more faithfully watched or more carefully made — the Ceremony was at 8 o'clock — & only the *married* officers invited & the family including Genl & Mrs Riley & Arabella, Major & Mrs Canby, Capt & Mrs Kane, Capt & Mrs Burton, Dr King — & the three gentlemen with us. Revd Mr Hunt from San Francisco & Revd Mr Douglass from San Jose both staying with us — the others of the company were invited at 9 o'clock — Mrs. Riley & Mrs Canby cut the cake — Dr King Capt Kane & Capt Burton (as the guests arrived soon after they paid their respects to the bride & groom) handed them Cake & Wine which was on a Side table in the corner behind the door — (which I have before described as the *office table* in a previous letter I think)

Capt & Mrs Westcott of course received the guests at the door — Mrs Canby's parlor was also thrown open — so tho' we made no pretension to any thing we had a very pleasant evening & no stiffness or awkwardness as generally at weddings — we had a number of officers — many of the members of the Convention — Col Frémont — Mr Jones his brother in law. Mrs Frémont was unable to come as she had poisoned her feet & not able to walk with either shoe or stocking for several weeks — You can imagine how *tired I was* as we had such a large family & Mattie hurried with her sewing. No one to help me — stupid servants — to play the agreeable to visitors about 20 times a day to some one or other calling — children to keep clean & presentable at all times — & then oh! oh! oh! — the washing up the next day—for they staid till nearly 12—& no one to help me — of course the bride could not —

I never was as tired but *once* in my life & that was when we moved from Buffalo to Mackinac — & then Wedding Cake to be sent to several families who were not invited & to others who did not come — & then oh dear — the very next day *the order* came for George to join his Company to which he had been promoted "E" company — & he was to get ready. I said it would be utterly impossible for him to go till Monday as Washing & Ironing must be done for him & we then expected *to move* on Monday — but fortunately were permitted to stay in the house until the 1st of October — George left on Tuesday 25th however for the Far West Camp on Bear Creek to be there all winter — he may possibly be down to spend Christmas & New Year — in the meantime the children & myself remain here this winter the Quartermaster has rented a house for me & the Genl allows me quarters the same as if George was here — he is very well (George I mean) Mr W & Mattie remain with me as long as I stay here — we shall be very comfortable I think for we have one Great advantage here a *beautiful kitchen* — with a nice dresser & a partition off for a servants room —

In addition to our other misfortunes the day before George went *our help* — Neill & Jo*h*anna left us with 10 in family constantly sometimes 12 — Mattie 4 days married & no human being to do a thing for us — well here was a pretty fix & I could scarcely drag one limb after the other — so tired — so tired but Samuel used to get up — make the fire — & so we got along somehow but Mrs Canby's Mexican boy assisted us a little when he had time cut the wood & drew the water — scorched the coffee & & — a Mrs Hastings offered Joanna $20 a week to come take care of her baby but as we could not afford to give that to keep her — they went & we did not care much as they were obliged to leave us soon to go to San Diego to join the company — we have been without any one until this time except a young girl 14 years old *Helena Parks* you remember her don't you in Buffalo? she can wash dishes clean knives & do a great deal — but she staid here to go to school this winter — she is a very nice child & the children think a great deal of her — we could not get any one to wash for us for less than $6 a dozen & as a favor might wash *1 dozen* only — so one day Mattie & Helena washed — another day — Charlotte & Helena & lastly Helena finished childrens panties — aprons — dresses — pillow cases — napkins & towels — and we have been in despair how we should get the sheets washed & the big tablecloths — as the last set of clean sheets are on the beds — but congratulate us — we expect a woman *on Friday* — she has a child 18 months old — & a husband a very nice man — a carpenter employed in the Quartermaster's Department they came from New Zealand I hope she may prove useful — at all events she can wash —

Imagine a white house way up on a hill overlooking the Bay of Monterey & commanding a view of the whole town & surrounding scenery with two front doors in the middle & a window on each side &you have our house. 2nd story 4 windows with one story adobe *lean to* for the kitchen back of it — 2 rooms down stairs — parlor & dining room — parlor has a fire place — the other none. My room over the parlor. Mr & Mrs to the other — the house is a mere shell only weatherboarded — neither lined or ceiled — *two* staircases — one in each room. We are however to have the house lined & a fence round the house too — "*poco tiempo*" by & by — outside very respectable looking — inside very forlorn — the joists plain to be seen — upstairs unbleached cotton tacked across the beams for a ceiling — & knot holes all round the house to cool the atmosphere & now it is raining tonight & I hear it drip — drip — dripping — & suppose my room will be all afloat when I go up to bed after finishing this — no matter — mere trifle here — very bad in Bridgton — of no consequence in California —

Our parlor looks very much like the *out room* up in the *3rd story* where the daylight comes in — only we have an old patched up carpet on the floor and our furniture in it which makes it look quite comfortable *comparitively* — stair case comes down & a railing in my room just like the *out room.* There is a Log House quite near — only a lot between which Major Canby expected to move into but the Kitchen floor was not laid & repairs not finished & so they rented part of a house opposite Genl Riley's — they staid with us several days until things were a little fixed & now they are quite far off from us — we are so sorry — for they were such kind friends & neighbors to be in the house with them 5 months & now be separated seems very lonely & the Convention has adjourned — our guests & every one else departed — the officers scattering to their duties — Genl Major Canby & several others go to San Diego 1st of Nov? and Southern places on a Tour of Inspection and the town will be quite deserted for a time — we hope the Genl will appoint Mr Murray his Aide in George's place — if so that will bring Mr M & *Sissy* as we call her back & we hope into the Log House on the hill beside us.

Mr. Willey has been away the last two weeks — to San Jose & San Francisco — to form a Presbytery & & — he expected to spend last Sunday at Sacramento City & talks quite strongly of going there to settle — altho he has just accepted the Chaplaincy here he seems to think his services more needed there — we don't know till he returns. It will be too bad if he does go this winter — for me to stay here alone & Mattie to go there but we do not allow ourselves to think of it — Willie wrote Mattie that as near as he could remember the only decent house was occupied by Mr Larkin — *our Alvarado* house we lived in before was just in front of it on the next street — their balcony looked out on our garden — but the fleas are biting me horribly — almost devouring me bodily which reminds me of a *flea story* you'll not believe I know but tis nevertheless true as can be — at Mrs. Canby's & all the way there many many fleas — one night Mattie & I had so many we thought we'd count those we caught — & the number reached *136* & we at length crept into bed perfectly exhausted & half frozen — & I couldn't sleep all night for their *nippings* —

We have recently had an addition to our circle — Major Smith — a new Paymaster who is very agreeable — his brother also but he has gone to San Francisco probably to remain — they are from Norfolk — sons of an old Paymaster & brother of Capt Smith 8th Infantry — Capt & Mrs Kane are also a great addition — Mrs Burton was here today — tomorrow she spends the day with us — on Thursday — Mrs Kane — is coming so I must sit up at night to write my letters in time for the Steamer on Thursday night — we have had no mail for two Steamers & no letters of later date than 26th of June — we feel very anxious indeed for the Mail — a Steamer has been expected for two weeks — but not yet made its appearance — tomorrow the mail comes from San Francisco & it may be that the Steamer has gone up there without stopping here — poor Mrs Riley has no Servants either — her girls married & left her — she has a Soldier & no one else — the Genl says she shall go in the December Steamer to Phila — but they have not decided as she does not like to leave the Genl when his health has been so miserable & thinks she'll try to have it out till Spring —

I did save a piece of wedding cake to send home & if we have a good opportunity will send it – we expect Mr Willey home in the Steamer but he may not come until the first of next week – poor Patsy is very lonesome after *Samuel*–"pauvrisito mio" he took my sister away – Mattie commenced a letter to Annie last night as it was her birthnight and just one year tomorrow since we parted from her in Trenton how often we talk of you all and look at the Daguerreotypes & on Saturday night we sat with our feet close in the ashes trying to remember the words of "I wandered by the brook side" & succeeded – bringing back so many pleasant recollections of Annie & the days gone by – Not a line have I had from any of the Westcott's – or Uncle – I suppose you have before this recd the Package by Major Rich – The children are very well – Carrie grows so very tall – & Ri is getting right saucy & cunning for her & is so imitative & think every thing Carrie does very smart – how I would like to hear from Salem & of every one – by next Steamer I hope to be able to write to every body *if we have "our help"* – shall try to write to Uncle & Sally Pepper this time – but Good night for now.

Thursday November 1st – Yesterday morning about ½ past 5 the Steamer came in bringing us the family letter from Willie Mother Maria & yourself – we were much disappointed in not hearing from Annie – yours was dated August 16th – We heard that two Steamers had gone up to San Francisco without stopping here – but we both felt right vexed that you should cut short your letters – which was it – scarcity of paper or fear of *too much postage* for us – if the *latter please remember in future* that if each one of you write and send a *whole* letter in *separate envelope* so much the better – for *by every Steamer* the more postage we have to pay & the more letters – the better we like it – & think it *very good Steamer.* We were delighted to hear once more from you all – & I crept into Patsy's bed to read it – Mr Willey came home today & Mattie is *happy* now. I thought I had been very particular in describing every thing so that you could see us as we were in the Alvarado house but I believe I was rather more precise in my letter to Maria also telling of *Samuel's* & *Martha's Courtship.*

Well – Mother was very anxious to know about *our furniture* beds & bedding. We brought out everything we could *afford* to bring – at least *raise the money to buy* – Our chairs are fancy black walnut – with *cane seats* – we *have a dozen* – they were made to take to pieces & pack in a small box – as also a dozen wooden ones in the same way – very like those in your kitchen – those I gave 4 to Mrs Murray when they left – for I divided my pans – dishes & cooking utensils with her – & she divided her *stores and groceries with me* – indeed we made an equal division of our household goods at parting. I have my two little mahogany hair seats rocking chairs – (Mrs. M had two large high backed) & card table I had in Buffalo – also the old dining room carpet we patched & mended up where the moths had eaten it – Since we moved here as we have a fire place in the parlor – I sold *my cooking stove* as we have a nice large one from the Quartermaster & sent to San Francisco last week for a new carpet. They can be bought there for $1 a yard ingrain $2 ½ for Brussels – The Transportation will be nothing in a QM vessel – & I sent for 25 yards to cover our parlor here – the patched one will make our dining room look more comfortable – the kitchen is floored with boards – it was *adobe* before & in the other house – our bed rooms are covered with Matting – Mr. Willey & I one Saturday just after Mrs Murray left made a lounge by nailing some boards on some sperm *candle boxes* – the cushion is made of *hay* with a little comfort on top & covered with that chintz cover you may remember I had *ready made* – we made the lounge to fit the cover – we had Mrs M's card table in the place when they were here – they had cane seat Maple chairs very like those in your parlor – with my *tea poys* (just like Annies) 2 lard lamps – bronze candelabras pretty table covers & pictures – our room is thought to be the most comfortable in Monterey – & it is except Mrs Capt Kane's – I have my walnut french bed-stead – & dressing glass (*on* that *box* (which was packed in the kitchen in B.) with a white muslin tacked round it & toilet cover – Mattie *had* a toilet table made of *half* the big tierce top our crockery was packed in – (as large as the one at home) she now has a very nice dressing bureau mahogany – she sent for by George & he procured the one Lt Moore brought out as he lived in a Tent – she has had a red wood french bedstead very nice looking – but now one Lt M brought with mattress & pillows – we have written to know if he will dispose of them – I have a trundle bed in which the children have slept – Now Maria sleeps with me & Carrie & Helena in the trundle bed. Mr Willey has quite a nice bureau also made of the Red wood of the country varnished – our china is white – very nice tho' not French China except the Coffee Cups – & fluted bowls – knives and forks – white handle balance – & our table looks very nice – my *bed ticks* are filled with straw – a comfort laid over – & the same bedding I had in Buffalo – my quilts you saw & my basins & pitchers are beautiful — The wash stand Kearney made me of red wood — my *castors* are very pretty revolving with a *broad plain band* & cut glass bottles like yours — as soon as I can raise the money I intend to have silver forks — perhaps in my next I'll give you a plan of the house — I shall not put up the curtains here until the walls are lined — We had in the other house plenty of tables belonging to the house — Here I've had some made of my boxes — with table covers any tables look well enough — Last night I had a letter from George — he was well — did I tell you of my pretty sett of Brittania just like Sally Nixon's — just the *shape* of Aunt Maria's *Tea Service* — I am so glad they were all down to make you a visit & Cousin Ben had so long been promising a visit — I did feel disappointed that Annie did not write us — Mr W will not go to Sacramento I think — this winter he has not said a word about it since he came home — I have had two letters from Rebecca since I came here — how are Ange & Mary Turner I have been unable to write to them yet — I'll try by next Steamer — Does Cousin James talk of coming to California? Since I last wrote we recd the letters by George Little cannot write to Margaretta now but we send a great deal of love — an abundance to them all & to all of our Bridgeton friends — Aunty Read — Mary & Charles — all of them — Mr Sheppard & Jenny & Maria & Mary — Did *Cornelia* ever receive my letter I wrote her from Fort Hamilton before leaving — I hope so — By the very next opportunity I shall write to him also? — I wish you to send me by the first opportunity *the other* Daguerreotypes of Maria & yourself to be taken *alone* the size of *Annie's of Maria* for Mattie has the *stolen one* of Maria & *mine* are not good & Auntys & Uncles too — not come — I shall not be able to write to Sally I'm afraid or to Uncle as I intended — or to Margaret — oh if she was only here with us — how often we do talk of our dear *Marny* — Uncle has never written either of us one word yet — I feel sad & out of spirits tonight & have all day — I don't know why — We are hoping the Genl will make Mr Murray Aide & bring them back — They are very uncomfortable at San Diego — have no ceiling — only mud floor — & very unpleasantly situated — The piece Mother sent of "*How they do in California*" (or the Ladies) we had seen — It has been published all over the Union — We recd a paper from Washington with it in — Johnny or James sent it — Baltimore Sun — but Mr. W wishes us to go down with him to see Major & Mrs Canby — the Genl & staff talk of going in the Steamer — but I must finish this as we have the letters to mail tonight Mattie has written o Annie & Willie — we did hope he would come out on that line of Steamers & then transfer some trip on this side so as to pay us a flying visit — What did you mean by *your destiny* & & quite mystified us — We are much obliged for the receipts — wish you in future to send us the *eggs* & *milk* with them as we cannot get either here — here-to-fore we have been able to have enough for our coffee — now none for that — eggs — as a *great favor* I procured a dozen for 1 *shilling a piece* — I declined any more at *that* price. . . .

Yours ever, Lottie

# Edward O. C. Ord on Frontier Defense

*Transcribed, with Foreword and Notes,*

*By* ROBERT W. JOHANNSEN

FOREWORD. – Edward Otho Cresap Ord, a native of Maryland, was closely identified with California during his military career, and in 1868, as major general, he attained command of the Department of the Pacific.[1] Ord was graduated from West Point in the class of 1838. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in the 3rd U. S. artillery and saw almost immediate service in the campaigns against the Seminole Indians in Florida. In 1846, following the outbreak of the Mexican War, Ord's regiment was ordered to California. Although they did not arrive until January 1847, too late to participate in the conquest of California, Ord, now a first lieutenant, together with Lieut. William Tecumseh Sherman, also of the 3rd artillery, played important roles in the maintenance of order. Early in 1850, Ord was assigned to Fort Independence, Massachusetts, from which he dated his letter. He returned to the Pacific coast after some two years, and remained there until the outbreak of the Civil War, except for a brief eastern assignment in 1859.

Ord's correspondent, Isaac I. Stevens, at that time a major of engineers in the U. S. coast survey, was the same age as Ord, and the two had graduated from West Point in the same class. During the Mexican War, Stevens served as an engineering adjutant on the staff of Gen. Winfield Scott; he then turned his attention to the vast area which had been annexed to the United States and to the part which the army would play in its defense and development. Stevens wanted a share in the work. He saw in New Mexico or in Texas ". . . a field for such of us as will go there with a determination to carve one out, if it is not, in consequence of the stupidity of superiors, offered us."[2]

The task of defending the new area necessitated, according to Stevens, a reorganization of the army on the frontier. The military administration of the region, he feared, would be more concerned with carrying out existing systems than with modifying those systems to meet the changed circumstances. The problem was: "How shall the question of the public defense in New Mexico be solved?" He conceived the plan of sending military colonies into the southwest, made up of farmers and artisans with their families, who would not only form a nucleus for an agricultural settlement but would provide a military force sufficient to keep the hostile Indian tribes in check.[3] While considering the problem, Stevens wrote to fellow army officers in all parts of the country, particularly to those who had seen frontier service, seeking advice and information. Ord wrote the following letter in response to Stevens' inquiries.[4]

The letter, published here for the first time, is in the Stevens Papers at the University of Washington Library. The original spelling has been preserved throughout; occasional paragraphing and punctuation have been introduced to conform with printing requirements.

## THE LETTER

Ft. Independence Mass July 23d, 52

My Dear Stevens,

As you desire in yours of the 19th inst. I will give you my ideas on the explorations needed, *if* we are to attempt an open road of any sort, to the pacific, across our present territory; and then Ill tell you, why such open road will not be made.

Parties to examine the great Basin and unsettled districts between the plains and Pacific should be fitted out as near the scene of operations as possible, and be composed of people interested in the result — i.e., they should, for the great Basin, start from the vicinity of Los Angelos Calia — from the Mormon country — or from Santa Fe. They should have so large a fighting force as not to be afraid of the settled or hostile Indian districts, and should invite gold hunters and traders to accompany them; providing that all who remained with the party should conform to the orders of its Commander — at present, & until such explorations satisfy us of the contrary — the whole of the country we received from Mexico at the treaty, except Texas & the strip of California between the Snowy Mountains & the Coast, is not found fit for occupation of *any* kind, except in remote and isolated valleys cut off from home by high & almost impassable mountain ranges, and by wide dry plains — these valleys are tis true when watered exceedingly fertile, like those of upper Asia & Africa — but destitute of navigable Rivers — connecting with the sea & hence unsuited to a commercial Republic — and we see that chiefs of Colonies — in New Mexico & Deseret have abused the unrestrained power which their isolated position gives them.

To establish a military Force at a series of these valleys even though the distance between the valleys most removed from each other should not exceed a hundred miles — would cost the government about three million dollars. Supposing there to be fifteen Posts from Independence via Santa Fe to the valley of the Mohave, near the Southern extremity of California; and each Post to maintain 100 men, such is the number of desertions and casualties that 3000 troops must be enlisted and paid, to maintain half that force in this wilderness — it would then cost two million dollars per annum to maintain these posts in food clothing and such necessaries as would have to be sent them — (not including the pay of officers and men), estimating at about the same rate per thousand lbs, as it now costs to transport provisions &c to the troops at the mouth of the Gila—by land—and not including the loss of life and property due to Indian hostilities, which, in case of a general war with the indians of the mountains around the great basin would far exceed those of the Florida war: Such a war I look upon as inevitable if we now attempt, to Colonise this Country in *any* way — the great elevated plains and mountain regions of Asia, Africa, Australia & South America, have never been settled by a quiet or agricultural people and even were we, to kill all the Indians now in these districts, they would be succeeded by predatory bands of whites & negroes, similar to the Tartars — & Arabs — and more difficult to manage than the indians — Cortez showed us the way to the Pacific — he went there at once & sent expeditions to California; while we over the widest if not worst part of North America have been more than three hundred years reaching that coast.

I have said nothing about the route to the Pacific, by what is called the northern pass in contradistinction to the southern pass, but this has long been the favorite way of the Hudson Bay Companie's employees, i.e. the voyageurs! (it has the advantage of long stages by water, going from Lake Superior by the chain of Lakes followed by Sir George Simpson into northern Oregon) because the English aware of the convenience of this route have kept it mostly within their Territory — the continent or that part of it from Lake Superior to Puget Sound is narrower than it is from any part of the Mississippi valley to the Pacific — as can be seen from a glance at the map and allowing for the short degrees of Longitude in high northern latitudes —

I have hinted above at the short and peopled route to the Pacific. The government of Mexico is not on so firm a base as to be beyond price, and for much less than it could cost to establish and keep open for five years a common road to the Pacific they would gladly sell the use of their northern provinces, which are now abandoned by them, and will soon be occupied by foreigners — if *we* do not take them.

Free Soilers cannot keep negroes from breeding, and to fix Geographical limits, when the press of population is increasing is as grinding a tyrany on them as prohibiting Emigration, until they have to kill their children, is *to the Chinese* — The mastery exercised over Slaves in the U. States is *solely* owing to the demand for products which no other labor than theirs can be found to produce – this will not be the case in northern mexico – a high cool & mountanous region – & I would look upon it as a benefit to whites Blacks and indians for the U. S. to possess northern Mexico open it to all, and let nature take its course – *Now*, that country is but the prey of wild Apaches –

As for the upper Colorado Country, I think it is the best and only part of the wild district, which has and will continue to support much life, these long rivers made from the small mountain streams & lakes all run through mountain Districts and have deep & rapid beds – I mean kenyons or canons as they are called in places many hundred feet deep, but their headwaters do not flow from & through such inhospitable regions – hence examinations may be made of the upper Colorado from Mormon valley with great advantage to the Mormons, but the depot at Deseret must be of a large regular force under sufficient discipline to protect itself from Mormon agrission, and spending money enough to make their presence desired – the Mormons have rendered good service under Regular Officers and could be made to do so again – in concert with regulars if they thought their interests to do so –

these ideas are the result more of reading of & conversing with travelers than of my own travels, though I do *know* something of the Country spoken of.

Yours truly,
[signed] E. O. C. Ord

[written in margin of first page]
I am not very well just now or I would write you more at length – you will find in the Topographical Bureau my copy of the original map of Padre Font[5] – who gives Father Garces route through this country[6] – his description of it you will find in Fontes California – there is a small German map[7] pasted up in the asst to Col Aberts room – which contains some items of importance.

## NOTES

1. H. H. Bancroft, *History of California*, IV, 759; V, 518, 520; see also Ord to his brothers, James and Pacificus, at the gold mines, May 21, 1849, in "Dr. John S. Griffin's Mail," *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, XXXIV (Mar. 1955), 22-23; and Bernarr Cresap, "Early California as Described by Edward O. C. Ord," *Pac. Hist. Rev.*, XXI (Nov. 1952), 340.

2. Isaac I. Stevens to G. W. Smith [n.d.], quoted in Hazard Stevens, *The Life of Isaac Ingalls Stevens* (Boston, 1900), I, 262-63.

3. Stevens to Maj. H. L. Kendrick, July 28, 1851, in Isaac I. Stevens Papers, Univ. Washington Library, Seattle.

4. In addition to the Ord letter, the Stevens Papers contain letters from other officers on the reorganization of the army on the western frontier. In 1853, Stevens was appointed governor of Washington Territory and placed in charge of one of the expeditions for the survey of a transcontinental railroad route.

5. A reproduction of Padre Pedro Font's map is given in Bancroft's *History of California*, I, facing p. 262; see also p. 259 (note).

6. See H. E. Rensch, "Fages' Crossing of the Cuyamacas," *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, XXXIV (Sept. 1955), p. 194.

7. Possibly Preuss' map of 1848, in *H. Ex. Doc.* 17, 31st Cong., 1st sess., p. 944.

# The McCloud River Affair of 1909

## *A Study in the Use of State Troops*

*By* James J. Hudson

Nearly all of the legislation with respect to this country's militia or national guard has been concentrated on the problem of making it an efficient instrument for repelling invasion. Yet as a state force the militia makes its greatest contribution to the community by coming to the aid of civilian auhorities during emergencies – emergencies that may arise out of civil disturbances or out of natural calamities. In the spring of 1909 the California National Guard was called upon to quell a riot of several hundred Italian lumbermen in the Siskiyou County town of McCloud.

Late in May a dispute over labor conditions had broken out between employes of the McCloud River Lumber Co. and the management. Within a few days the controversy developed into a strike which threatened to become serious. Some 700 Italian workmen not only refused to work but also threatened to prevent non-strikers from doing so unless the lumber company acceded to their demands.[1] On May thirty-first the company officials appealed to Charles B. Howard, Siskiyou County sheriff, for protection from the strikers.

Sheriff Howard responded immediately and appointed about sixty special deputies to aid him in the protection of the property of the McCloud River Lumber Co. The sheriff and some of his posse stationed themselves in the company's box factory, hoping to prevent the strikers from interfering with that operation. But the strikers surrounded the building and, after informing the sheriff that any person who attempted to work in the plant would be killed, demanded that the peace officers leave the building. At this point, the sheriff decided to abandon the attempt to hold the building. He was convinced, as he afterwards stated, that resistance on the part of himself and his deputies would have "caused a riot with which he could not have coped, and that the starting of such a riot would have meant the destruction of life and property."[2] Therefore later that day (May 31) he wired Gov. J. N. Gillett, stating that the McCloud affair was serious and requesting that a company of soldiers be sent to assist in protecting life and property.[3] Gillett was reluctant to send state troops without further information on the necessity of such a move and he advised Sheriff Howard that the state would not comply with his request until it was definitely shown that the sheriff's office could not cope with the situation.[4] After sending the telegram, Gillett apparently made up his mind that it would be politically unwise to delay sending the troops, for he dispatched the following message to Adj.-Gen. J. B. Lauck:

> Communicate at once with the sheriff of Siskiyou County at McCloud. If he advises you that he cannot control the situation and requests troops to prevent rioting or breaches of peace, take at once a sufficient number of troops to McCloud and restore order immediately, disarming all who are bearing arms. In accomplishing this use your own judgment.[5]

Later in the day, Lauck received word from Sheriff Howard urging that troops be sent. The sheriff reiterated the seriousness of the situation and added that the strikers had "just taken possession of the powder-house, undoubtedly for use as bombs or like service."[6]

Adjutant-General Lauck was not convinced of the seriousness of the situation but ordered Col. A. W. Bradbury, assistant adjutant-general, to proceed to McCloud for the purpose of making a thorough investigation, and he indicated that he would then act on Colonel Bradbury's report.[7] Bradbury arrived in McCloud on the afternoon of June 1, 1909. The lumber-company officials informed him that the strikers had seized the mail train running from McCloud to Bartle over the McCloud River Railroad, and had, in addition, seized a logging train belonging to the same railroad. Furthermore, the striking Italians, according to the company officials, had made threats to destroy the mills, the store, the homes of certain company officials, and other company property unless "their demands were complied with by a certain time."[8] It was also stated that by threats of violence the Italians had driven men from their work in the mills and the box factory and had actually beaten two men. Finally, Bradbury was told, the strikers had attempted, though unsuccessfully, to break into the powder house where much black powder and dynamite was stored. Once again the sheriff explained that he was powerless to cope with the situation, and both he and the company officials implored Colonel Bradbury to recommend to Governor Gillett that troops be sent to McCloud at once.[9]

At first, Coloney Bradbury seemed to be unconvinced as to the necessity of using national guard troops. He states in his report:

> I informed these gentlemen that I was by no means satisfied of the necessity of the presence of troops, and until I had seen some demonstrations or acts of violence on the part of the strikers, and had made certain investigations which would be justified in my own mind in recommending that troops be sent, I most certainly would not suggest such a thing to the Governor or to the Adjutant-General.

Bradbury also severly criticized the sheriff for not performing properly his official duties. The colonel contended that if the sheriff had made an attempt in the "beginning of the trouble to arrest the leaders, the strike would have ended then and there."[10]

Despite his disgust with the situation, Bradbury continued his investigation. During the afternoon of June first he talked with several non-striking workmen around the plant. For the most part they corroborated the sheriff's statements. About 5:00 p.m., Colonel Bradbury sent Lauck the information he had obtained and explained that he had not yet talked with the strike leaders. He advised the adjutant-general to alert four guard companies for possible action in case the situation grew worse.[11]

On the next day (June 2) Bradbury urged the sheriff and company officials to attempt to load a few cars, so as to determine what the rioters might do. This request was rejected by the officials on the grounds that such action would mean the destruction of the plant and perhaps bloodshed. It was apparent by this time that the sheriff and many of his men did not relish a fight and could not be relied upon in case a riot or disturbance broke out which might necessitate resistance by force.[12]

Following this interview, Colonel Bradbury secured the use of an interpreter and made an attempt to confer with the leaders of the strike movement. He was informed, however, that these leaders would not meet or confer with him. He tried again later in the morning but met with the same answer. This time the strikers sent word, through the interpreter, that they intended to make a demonstration that afternoon and proposed to prevent the operation of the electric light plant that night. The leaders also stated, according to the interpreter, that regardless of the wishes of the governor or any other person, they would "do as they pleased."[13]

The demonstration took place as scheduled at about 2:00 p.m. with some 600 strikers in attendance. Threats were made to destroy the mills and the factory unless their demands were met, the strike leaders reiterating their plans to close the lighting and power plants by 5:00 p.m. After the meeting was over, the strikers advanced on the machine and car shops where they forced the men working there to halt operation. Some of the rioters broke into the lighting and pumping plants and forced the engineer to draw the fires under the boilers,[14] thus depriving the town of McCloud of lights and fire protection.

Bradbury now had to make a decision. Greater violence could, very likely, be expected. The sheriff seemed unable or unwilling to enforce law and order. After considering these facts, Colonel Bradbury felt the situation was sufficiently serious to recommend that troops be rushed to McCloud. Late in the afternoon of June second the adjutant-general was notified of this decision.[15]

Companies A, E, and G, 2nd infantry, and Troop B, cavalry, California National Guard had been held in readiness for active service since June first. Upon the receipt of Colonel Bradbury's telegram, the adjutant-general ordered these troops, along with Col. H. I. Seymour, commanding the 2nd infantry regiment, and staff, and a detachment of the regiment's hospital corps, to proceed at once to McCloud. Lauck assumed personal command of the movement.[16]

At 8:20 p.m., June second, nearly 200 members of the above-named units boarded a special train in Sacramento. Company A, 2nd infantry, was picked up at Chico. The troop train was met at Sisson by Colonel Bradbury who reported to General Lauck and outlined the situation at McCloud.[17]

Precautions were taken to guard the train from possible violence. A few miles from McCloud, three flat cars were placed in front of the locomotive and ten national guard sharpshooters from companies A and E under the command of Capt. John F. Sherburn, the regimental commissary officer, were posted "thereon for the purpose of protecting the train." A fully armed soldier was placed at each window and on the platforms of the several coaches. Both these and the sharpshooter detachment were ordered to fire upon anyone seen tampering with the track or the train during the remainder of the journey. Thus armed and protected, the train bearing the state troops arrived in McCloud at 12:15 p.m., June third.[18]

As it pulled up to the station, Company A was ordered to drive back some fifty strikers who appeared to be making their way to the back of the train. A line of troops was quickly thrown across the tracks and the order executed. In the fracas one striker was slightly wounded by a national guard bayonet. Fortunately, the injury was not serious.[19] The guardsmen immediately detrained and established camp.[20] Because of the necessity of communication facilities, General Lauck established his own headquarters in a house belonging to President Quale of the McCloud River Lumber Co.[21]

On the afternoon of June third, Sheriff Howard requested a permanent guard for the pipeline conveying water into the town and also a guard for the powder house, located just south of the town. Small detachments commanded by non-commissioned officers were sent to take over these duties. Other guard units were assigned to various parts of the McCloud River Lumber Co. plant.[22]

The whole operation took on somewhat of an international complexion on June third when Lauck received the following telegram from Governor Gillett:

> The Consul-General of Italy has by telegram just received requested me to caution the Militia to afford the most constant protection and security to the subjects of his country. If there are any Italians at McCloud who are not engaged in riotous action and in violating the laws of this state and need protection from anyone who is doing so, see that this protection is extended to them."[23]

Lauck replied that "any Italians not engaged in riotous action will have our best protection."[24] But not all Italian groups seemed to be satisfied by this statement. The city editor of *La Voce Del Popolo*, an Italian language newspaper published in San Francisco, left for McCloud on June fourth.[25] On June fifth Governor Gillett informed Lauck that Consul-Gen. Salvatore Rocco "is leaving tonight on the Oregon Express for McCloud," and went on to say, "you will kindly meet him."[26] Gillett was thus doing everything possible to avoid an international incident.

On the morning of June fourth, Adjutant-General Lauck was successful in arranging a conference between the strike leaders and the lumber company officials. At the meeting, Lauck emphasized strongly that the national guard was at McCloud "simply to preserve order, maintain peace, and prevent destruction of property." He went on to impress upon all concerned that the guard was "just as much the friend of the strikers as the company; and would assist the sheriff to prevent the company from doing unlawful acts just as quickly as assist him to prevent strikers from committing violence." The strike leader, Frank Levati, seemed duly convinced and promised no further violence would occur. Another conference held later in the day proved barren of results.[27]

The next morning the troops were advised that the sheriff would make an attempt to arrest the strike leaders. A cordon of national guard troops was secretly thrown around the entire camp of the striking Italians to prevent their escape and also to prevent reinforcement from another Italian camp south of McCloud. When all was in readiness the sheriff and his posse entered the strikers' camp and quietly arrested three of the strike leaders. With this task accomplished the state troops returned to their own camp. The three Italians were taken to jail and at a hearing the following day, were held for trial under $1000 bail.[28]

With the arrest of the three strike leaders, quiet prevailed in the lumber camp. On June sixth the Italian consul-general arrived and after conferring with Lauck moved to take a hand in settling the dispute. In a conference with company officials, Rocco discovered that much bitterness prevailed[29] and decided it would be wise simply to have his countrymen leave McCloud and seek employment elsewhere.[30]

Operations at the lumber camp were gradually resumed and the next two days passed without incident. With the situation apparently well in hand, the adjutant-general decided to withdraw the troops on June ninth. At the request of Sheriff Howard, however, the withdrawal was postponed until the following day, to allow the majority of the departing Italians to leave McCloud. On June tenth, the California National Guard units returned to their home stations.[31]

Strike duty is perhaps the most disagreeable and controversial task which ever confronts the national guardsman. Seldom is he permitted to take the initiative but must show patience and tact, even when subjected to insults and derisive name-calling. In the performance of its duty at McCloud, the California National Guard was afforded no unusual opportunities to distinguish itself. On the other hand, the fact that no opportunity was supplied is a strong indication of the high caliber of service rendered, for the rioters made no attempt at violence toward either civil or military authorities after the arrival of the troops.

## NOTES

1. San Francisco *Chronicle*, May 30, 1909.

2. Calif. Adj. Gen.'s Office, *An Rept.* [hereafter cited as *AGO Rept.*] 1909-10 (Sacramento, 1910), p. 54. Much of the McCloud River material, in the original, is filed in the adj. gen.'s office. Where possible, citations are made to the material published in his report of that year rather than to the originals. Unless otherwise stated, telegrams and letters cited are filed in his office.

3. Under California military law the highest officials of state, city, and county governments may request the governor to call the national guard.

4. Telegram, Gillett to Howard, May 31, 1909.

5. *AGO Rept.*, 1909-10, p. 45.

6. Telegram, Howard to Lauck, May 31, 1909.

7. *AGO Rept.*, 1909-10, pp. 45-46. 8. *Ibid.*, p. 54.

9. *Ibid.* Sheriff Howard's May 31 telegram to General Lauck, stating that the strikers had "just taken possession of the powderhouse," seems to have been in error. Howard had either confused the powderhouse with one of the other buildings taken by the strikers or had deliberately misinformed Lauck in order to speed up state action.

10. *AGO Rept.*, 1909-10, p. 54.

11. Telegram, Bradbury to Lauck, June 1, 1909. Also see *AGO Rept.*, 1909-10, p. 46.

12. *AGO Rept.*, 1909-10, p. 46.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 56. 14. *Ibid.*, pp. 56-57.

15. Telegram, Bradbury to Lauck, June 2, 1909. See also *AGO Rept.*, 1909-10, p. 57.

16. *AGO Rept.*, 1909-10, p. 48.

17. *Ibid.*, p. 49. 18. *Ibid.*, p. 59

19. *Ibid.* See also medical report contained in letter from Seymour to Lauck, June 4, 1909. 20. *Ibid.*, pp. 59-60.

21. As Lauck informed Governor Gillett, he chose the company's house not only because it was equipped for telephone and telegraph communication but it also afforded a place where Lauck could hold conferences in private when necessary. *Courier Free News* (Redding), June 4, 1909.

22. *AGO Rept.*, 1909-10, pp. 59-60. 23. *Ibid.*, p. 50.

24. Telegram, Lauck to Gillett, June 3, 1909.

25. Memorandum in AGO files, undated.

26. Telegram, Gillett to Lauck, June 5, 1909.

27. *AGO Rept.*, 1909-10, pp. 50-51. 28. *Ibid.*, p. 51.

29. The president of the McCloud River Lumber Co. indicated that his firm did not intend to employ Italians again. *Courier Free News*, June 8, 1909.

30. San Francisco *Chronicle*, June 7, 1909.

31. *AGO Rept.*, 1909-10, p. 61.

# Mexicans in the California Mines, 1848-53

*By* Richard Henry Morefield

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When the Mexican territory of Alta California was conquered by North Americans, their first thought was to make it safe for citizens of the United States and its institutions. By their very numbers the native Californians were considered a threat, and apprehension as to the form that threat would take was at the bottom of some of the actions of the military governors in the period just preceding and after the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo (Feb. 2, 1848). "... the authorities," said one early observer,

> ... made it an aim everywhere, and particularly here in San Francisco, to build up a community that would overawe the Mexican population of the entire territory and create such an interest on the other side that the country could never go back to Mexico. The tendency of all their acts was in that direction—throwing out great inducements for people to come here who would be anything else but Mexican.[1]

The discovery of gold settled in no time the problem of creating an interest in California; there would be little chance of California ever going back to Mexico. But a new problem now faced the military governors: what was to be the place of the Mexican and Mexican culture in California society?

In 1848, two things tended to resolve this question. First, the majority of the Mexicans in California in the first year of the gold rush were native Californians, who would become citizens of the United States by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo unless they individually turned down the opportunity. As such, they had just as much right to the riches of the public domain as any "Yankee."[2] Second, the only large number of persons in California in 1848 who knew anything about mining were the Sonorans of northern Mexico, and the value of their example and instruction made them welcome additions in and around the mines.[3]

The first year, then, was one of little trouble. The average Californian who went to the placers had probably joined a party of several rancheros and their servants, with perhaps a group of Indians to do the actual digging; an early American settler or two might have gone along. When winter came, the Californian would go home to his rancho and may or may not have returned to the mines in 1849.[4] Despite the money he made in the diggings, he might have been disappointed by occasional troubles caused by the poorer elements of society who flocked to the mines, by the hostility of free-roaming Indians, or by the tendency of his own Indians to desert his service for the gold they could find.[5]

At the beginning of the winter of 1849-50, the feeling among native Californians was that the relatively settled and peaceful times would continue—that the threads could be picked up where they had been dropped at the end of the previous season. The mines continued to be the place where young members of the gente de razon could recoup the family fortunes,[6] and where the pioneer who had lost his savings in a poor business transaction could more than remake them in three months.[7]

It was soon obvious, however, that there had been a change in the mines and in the attitude of the Americans. A few of the Californians, seeing the change, gave up mining and returned to their ranchos.[8] The mines were filling up with new arrivals and, as more and more people poured into them, inter-racial troubles began to grow.[9] For example, in the southern mines, where a great percentage of the Mexicans were congregated, lack of water added to the scarcity of worthwhile claims,[10] so that early in August 1849 it was evident that prejudice against the foreigner was mounting.[11] By the end of September, notification was given that "none but Americans [are] allowed" on the North and Middle Forks of the Stanislaus River. Though actual violence had not yet broken out,[12] some Mexican miners were ousted from Sherlock's Diggings in Mariposa where they had been working on shares with the discoverer; when he went prospecting in the mountains, a group of Americans had run the Mexicans off the claim.[13]

All the foreigners—which to most Americans included the native Californians—were given an example of what to expect if they resisted American persecution, by the treatment meted out to Chileans in the Calaveras Diggings at the end of December 1849. When the Chileans resisted the actions of the Americans, first by legal appeals and then by force, three of their leaders were shot and the rest were flogged and then banished from the mines.[14]

Insight into the feelings of the Mexican concerning this type of treatment is given by Coronel in his "Cosas de California," where he describes how a party of Americans jumped his claim. The Americans could not speak Spanish, but their leader made it clear that they claimed the diggings as their own. According to Coronel: "Excited, I answered with some harsh words, but fortunately he did not understand me. In a few moments I could reflect that the value of gold was not enough to jeopardize my life in such a manner."[15]

Mexican Californians were unanimous in explaining how the troubles in the mines arose: the immigrants from Sonora, they said, were experienced miners and therefore recognized the choice gravels and became rich quickly; Mexican Californians, by being on the scene first, were able to learn the mining trade sooner than the Americans; many of the thousands who flocked to California during the gold rush were of low social standing; and, finally, the majority arriving in 1849 and 1850 were "possessed by the terrible fever to obtain gold . . . they wanted to become rich in a moment."[16]

On their part, the Americans were concerned over the establishment of the "rights" of American citizens and the suppression of foreign trespassers on the public domain; hence their support of a tax on foreign miners that was proposed in late 1849 and early 1850. The feeling that the non-citizen was robbing the American of his just share in the wealth of the public domain was carried by many to an illogical extreme—Bayard Taylor, for instance, who, after describing the entrance of "*armed bands*" into the mining districts and the amount of gold they carried away with them, warned: ". . . If not excluded by law, they will return and recommence the work of plunder. They may, with as much right, gather the harvest in the valley of the Connecticut, the Ohio, or Mississippi."[17] Even the sinister hand of the foreign capitalist and his agent was seen in this "theft," and allusions were made on the floor of the state senate to some kind of conspiracy:

> It is a matter of great national policy that the vast amount of California gold, or at least a portion of it, should first find its way through out our own country. . . . The United States Constitution forbids an export tax; and in the absence of laws in this and other respects, we all know that up to this time three quarters of all the gold sent from this State has passed directly to other nations. The foreign proprietors of gold diggers, and the agents of foreign bankers control at present this matter in their own quiet way. . . .[18]

Perhaps the most important reason for animosity toward foreigners was the fear that the mines were not endless and that the wealth would someday run out. To quote from one observer's diary-entry on the last day of 1849:

> . . . unless still greater discoveries should be made, at the close of another mining season, with the vast additions which will undoubtedly be made to the numbers of persons operating in the mining districts during the past year, the *placeres* will be so much exhausted that they can not be worked without cheap labor and expensive machinery.[19]

The closing sentence of the preamble to the foreign miners' tax of 1850 shows the temper of the legislators at the time: ". . . it is an inalienable right in the citizens of this State to enjoy and defend life and liberty, to acquire, possess, and protect property, and to pursue and obtain safety and happiness."[20] But, though aimed at hurting the uncommonly skillful or lucky foreigner, the excessive tax had the result of keeping out not the gambler, the cut-throat and the thief, but the industrious sober foreigner—the ordinary worker who had the same ups and downs as his American counterpart.[21]

Trouble began even before the law went into effect on April 13, 1850. Foreigners in the Sonora (California) region complained that the monthly tax of $20 was beyond reason, but that they would gladly pay a tax of three or four dollars. This suggestion was met by the convergence of Americans on the area to help the sheriff, if necessary, collect the tax.[22] Some foreigners declared their intention of becoming citizens before the authorities, or claimed citizenship by virtue of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. They obtained certificates to that effect and used them as protection from abuse in the mines.[23] Although most of the foreigners were hard-pressed for money, many of them payed the tax and returned to work. Others left for the mountains in the hopes of finding new diggings, while many left the mines altogether. One group of five hundred Sonorans left immediately for Mexico.[24] That the foreigners—especially the Sonorans—were leaving the mines aroused little concern and no little amusement.

> We learn from a private source that in consequence of the probable enforcement of the mining tax the Sonorians are leaving for their own "stomping grounds" in large bodies. We are glad they are taking this step—or these steps rather—but think that they are exhibiting great folly in doing so as far as their own interests are concerned. "Let 'em go, Johnny".[25]

The exodus was aggravated by an extremely dry winter, to such an extent that some of the southern mining camps were ruined.[26] By September 1850, from one-half to three-fourths of the Mexicans had left the area,[27] with Columbia reduced to only nine or ten men.[28] The number of Mexicans in the southern mines had been estimated at about

15,000,[29] of whom about 10,000 were in the Sonora region alone,[30] so that the effects of this mass exodus on the merchants can be easily imagined. They and the press began to clamor for the law's repeal. Its effect, said the merchants, is "to cripple our commerce and destroy our local trade."[31] One by one the reasons for imposition of the tax were criticized.

> Much has been said of the amounts of gold taken from the mines by Sonorians, Chileans and Peruvians, and taken out of the country. As a general fact . . . not one pound in ten, gathered by these foreigners, is shipped off to their credit: it is spent in the country for provisions, clothing and in the hazards of the gaming table.[32]

Comparing the foreign miner with the American, the merchants found that the former was a better customer:

> From Mexico and Peru and Chile they flocked here, better miners than our own people. They dug, they got gold, and they spent it freely. . . . We wanted people to work and to purchase, and they furnished the supply. They usually expended nearly all of their gold as they lived. . . . Even those who occasionally left for their homes, generally purchased a good stock of various articles before leaving. . . . Our own countrymen came here only to make a pile and carry it out of the country. They seldom purchased anything to take away, and expended just as little as possible in the country while they remained here.[33]

The complete reversal of policy signalized by the repeal of the tax in March 1851 was aided by the change that was taking place in the mines. By the end of 1850 the placers in the southern mines had been well worked, and there were quartz mines to a depth of fifty feet.[34] All through the spring of 1851 the talk in the press was of quartz mining; there was little about placers. When, as an April Fools' Day joke, an advertisement in the *Alta California* offered ten dollars a day to miners, over a hundred men plagued the two Mexicans whose address had been given.[35] By the summer of 1851, wages were $20 to $30 a week and board, although most miners went prospecting as soon as they had saved enough for a grubstake.[36] It was now clear that the heyday of the placer mine was over, and that the quartz mine had become the basis of the industry.[37]

A need arose for a new type of miner—one who would work for wages. The American would rather mine "on his own hook" and take the chance of finding a rich claim; the burden of working the southern mines therefore fell upon the Mexican and Chilean.[38] Some had stayed through the early troubles and were joined by their compatriots at the rate of forty or fifty a day.[39] They were joined also by large numbers of

Peruvians in 1851 and 1852, because of internal troubles in that country.[40] The newcomers were welcomed, now, said the *Alta California:*

> During the winter . . . business was dull . . . but the sun shone behind the cloud and is now breaking over the land. . . . [The] accessions . . . to our population are of daily occurrence . . . and within one month past, 10,000 Mexicans have arrived in the Mariposa and Tuolumne regions and have become customers.[41]

Until the concentrated outbreak of anti-Chinese feeling, the troubles after this period were of one kind: the attempts to take rich claims from their foreign discoverers.[42] One method that the Mexican used to circumvent the bias against his owning a rich quartz mine was to take an American partner,[43] as the idea, referred to above, that only American citizens or those who had declared their intention to become citizens should be allowed to own claims, was obtaining wide currency.[44]

In the spring of 1852, the growing antipathy toward Chinese led to the second foreign miners' tax, its passage being traceable partly to the large numbers of Chinese who came that year, but primarily to the fact that they were being hired by contract in China to work for $3 to $4 a month and board.[45] However, it was not the miners who first complained about contract labor in California but the contractors. They found it impossible to enforce the contracts in California and wanted a law to make them binding. The law was almost passed, but, when the miners realized what it would mean to them, they began to talk, to hold meetings, and to pass resolutions.[46]

The difference in the economic interests of various parts of the state can be seen even at this early date in the different attitudes toward contract labor. The miner recognized the difference in interests when he condemned the ship owners, capitalists, and merchants, whom he claimed wanted to flood the state with cheap labor in order to sell more goods.[47] To answer these charges it was pointed out that the Chinese contributed "in no small degree to the general prosperity by consuming food, clothing, and implements of labor, by giving employment to ocean and inland shipping, and by the addition in a hundred ways to the business of the country."[48] The business interests also pointed to the fact that the miners, themselves, were looking out for their own special interests. When a resolution introduced at a mining convention in Sacramento called for "a difference in the privilege extended to miners who are citizens of foreign countries and those who are citizens of this,"[49] the *Alta California* commented: "It being evident that unworthy motives are mixed up with their view, very little confidence is placed in their deliberations."[50]

During 1853, the feeling developed that the miners' tax was insufficient to protect the interests of the American miner. The payment of a "paltry" tax gave the foreigner the rights of citizenship, the argument ran, but none of the duties and responsibilities.[51] To most of the miners this concerned the Chinese, and the action taken at the Sacramento miners' convention to exclude the non-citizen, or him who had not declared his intention of becoming a citzen, was used more and more to exclude orientals.[52] By the end of 1853 and early 1854, discrimination was aimed chiefly at them.[53]

Looking back over this period in the mines, we have seen how the Mexicans, when trouble broke out, attempted to stabilize their position either by returning to their homes in Mexico or to their ranchos elsewhere in California, while others of their number stayed on in the mines and moved to less attractive phases of mining or to allied fields. Thus, the Mexicans were the first to go into quartz mining,[54] which was generally unsuccessful in California until new processes were developed in the Comstock lode in Nevada. In fact, the only successful quartz miners as a group were the Mexicans; they were willing to take the special pains that made success in this type of mining too slow for most Americans.[55] They used the arrastra, and worked only the richest bodies of ore. Profits came slowly, but with "experience in the observation of quartz, and a mode of working in which failure was almost impossible, these Mexicans frequently did very well."[56]

The Mexicans also turned to working for wages, or to working for an American for a share of the profits.[57] When, in later years, more and more miners were willing to work for wages, Mexicans and other foreigners usually did the manual labor while the Americans became specialists in handling machinery and equipment.[58] The related industry of quicksilver mining also attracted Mexican workers.[59] As early as September 1849, the New Almaden mine was advertising for employes among the "Hispanic-Americans of good conduct."[60] By 1851 the mine was in full operation, employing some 200 workers.[61]

Another field that the Mexicans entered was the hauling of freight. When they arrived in the mines in 1849, some of the California rancheros saw the large profits that could be obtained for the fruits of their ranchos and they turned to supplying the miners. Whenever trouble broke out in the mines, the Mexican trader usually lost his goods, because the Americans were quick to take advantage of his social standing,[62] but up until 1850 most of the owners and operators of the mule freight lines were Mexicans. With the large increase in miners, Americans entered the business; and, although control of freighting soon passed into their hands, the majority of the mule drivers remained Mexican because it was a skill that called for long experience.[63]

An attempt has been made to describe the position that Mexican and Spanish-speaking miners occupied in California in the period 1848-1853, and to show how the American attitude changed toward them as their economic value to American society changed. The areas of acceptance varied as conditions in California varied, but the basic American conception of the Mexican as a group, whether expressed openly or merely implied, was settled early in the period:

> When gold shall begin to fail, or require capital or machinery, you will want these hardy men to quarry the rocks and feed your stampers, and when you shall plunge into the Cinnebar mountains, you will want them to sink your shafts and kindle fires under your quicksilver retorts. They will become the hewers of wood and the drawers of water to American capital and enterprise.[64]

## NOTES

1. George Hyde, "Statement of Historical Facts on California" (manuscript, Bancroft Library), first draft, p. 26. M. H. Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1884-90), VI, 403, refers to Gen. Persifer F. Smith's views on exclusion of foreigners from the mines in February 1849.

2. Antonio Franco Coronel, "Cosas de California" (manuscript, Bancroft Library), p. 178; and Bayard Taylor, *El Dorado, or, Adventures in the Path of Empire* (New York, 1850; 1861; citations here are to 1949 edition), p. 67.

3. John S. Hittell, *Mining in the Pacific States of North America* (San Francisco, 1861), p. 15; William Kelly, *A Stroll through the Diggings of California* (London, 1852), p. 28; Bancroft, *op. cit.*, VI, 405; Rodman Paul, *California Gold* (Cambridge, Mass., 1947), p. 112.

4. J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, *Four Months among the Gold Finders in Alta California* (New York, 1849), pp. 21-39; Coronel, *op. cit.*, pp. 141-42; William H. Ellison and Francis Price, eds., *The Life and Adventures in California of Don Agustin Janssens, 1834-1856* (San Marino, Calif., 1953), pp. 136-42.

5. Ellison and Price, *idem.*

6. Mariano G. Vallejo, "Documentos para la Historia de California, 1789-1850" (manuscript, Bancroft Library), vol. 13, no. 15.

7. *Ibid.*, no. 48.

8. J. J. Pico, "Acontesimientos" (manuscript, Bancroft Library), p. 77.

9. According to Kelly (note 3 above), pp. 28-29, "... the Yankees regarded

every man but a native American as an interloper, who had no right to come to California to pick up the gold of the 'free and enlightened citizens'."

10. Enos Christman, *One Man's Gold* (New York, 1930), pp. 171-72.

11. *Alta California*, Aug. 2, 1849.

12. *Ibid.*, Sept. 18, 1849.

13. *Ibid.*, Oct. 25, 1849.

14. *Ibid.*, Jan. 5 and Feb. 9, 1850.

15. Coronel (note 2 above), p. 166 (translation is mine).

16. *Ibid.*, p. 183 (translation is mine).

17. Taylor (note 2 above), p. 372.

18. Senate of the State of California, *Journal*, 1850, pp. 493-97.

19. Albert Lyman, *Journal of a Voyage to California and Life in the Gold Diggings* (New York, 1852), p. 146.

20. As quoted in the *Alta California*, Apr. 22, 1850.

21. Josiah Royce, *California from the Conquest in 1846 to the Second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco* (New York, 1886; 1897; citations here are to 1938 edition), p. 284.

22. *Alta California*, May 27, 1850.

23. *Ibid.*, July 1, 1850 (steamer edition); and 31st Cong., 1st sess., *H. Ex Doc.*, no. 17, pp. 698 and 700.

24. *Alta California*, June 3, 1850.

25. *Ibid.*, May 24, 1850.

26. *Ibid.*, Feb. 7, 8, and 21, 1850.

27. J. Heckendorn and W. A. Wilson, *Miners' and Business Men's Directory* (Columbia, 1850), p. 183.

28. Herbert O. Lang, *A History of Tuolumne County, California* (San Francisco, 1882), pp. 26-28.

29. Hittell (note 3 above), p. 706.

30. T. Butler King, *Report on California* (Washington, 1850) [31st Cong., 1st sess., H. Ex. Doc., no. 59], quoted in Taylor, *op. cit.*, p. 365.

31. *Alta California*, March 10, 1851. See also A. P. Nasatir, ed., "A French Pessimist in California. The Correspondence of J. Lombard, Vice-consul of France, 1850-1852," *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, XXXI (Sept. 1952), 254, on diminished yield of mines and desertion of towns, as of Jan. 20, 1851.

32. Walter Colton, *Three Years in California* (New York, 1850), p. 367.

33. *Alta California*, March 17, 1851.

34. *Ibid.*, Nov. 2, 1850. 35. *Ibid.*, April 3, 1851.

36. *Ibid.*, July 30, 1851. 37. *Ibid.*, July 17, 1851.

38. Stockton *Journal*, Sept. 10, 1851.

39. *Alta California*, Sept. 2, 1850.

40. *Ibid.*, April 5, 1852. 41. *Ibid.*, April 21, 1851.

42. Royce (note 21 above), pp. 287-88; Thomas Allsop, *California and Its Gold*

*Mines* (London, 1853), p. 25; *Alta California*, 1851-52 *passim.* Two incidents do not seem to fit this pattern: the lynching of the Mexican woman Juanita in Downieville (Royce, *op. cit.*, pp. 290-95); and the branding and flogging of two Mexicans in Sonora *(Alta California*, July 11, 1852). As both events took place on July 5, 1852, the effects remaining from an excess of patriotic and alcoholic spirits on the day before may have played a part.

43. *Alta California*, Aug. 1 and Oct. 20, 1851.

44. *Ibid.*, Sept. 28 and Oct. 18, 1852.

45. Senate of the State of California, *Journal*, 1852, pp. 373-78.

46. *Alta California*, March 8, 1852. 47. *Ibid.*, May 15, 1852.

48. *Ibid.*, April 26, 1852. 49. *Ibid.*, Jan. 24, 1852.

50. *Ibid.*, Feb. 1, 1852.

51. *Ibid.*, Jan. 24, Feb. 7 and 15, June 29, 1853.

52. J. Ross Browne, *Report on the Mineral Resources of the United States* (Washington, 1867), pp. 236, 238, and 240; Heckendorn and Wilson( note 27 above), p. 8.

53. E. S. Capron, *History of California* (Boston, 1854), pp. 235-36.

54. Allsop (note 42 above), p. 35.

55. Browne, *op. cit.* (1868 edition), p. 8; Bancroft, *op. cit.*, VI, 417 (note); and S. Laird Swagert, "British Comment—As of 1849-1852" *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, XXXII (Sept. 1953), 273-74, who quotes contemporary periodical on California quartz mines.

56. Browne, *op. cit.* (1867), p. 21.

57. Taylor, *op. cit.*, p. 66; and *Alta California*, Oct. 25, 1849.

58. Paul (note 3 above), p. 323.

59. William Henry Brewer, *Up and Down California in 1860-64*, ed. by Francis P. Farquhar (New Haven and London, 1931), pp. 121-30.

60. *Alta California*, Sept. 27, 1849. 61. Browne, *op. cit.* (1867), p. 172.

62. Coronel (note 2 above), pp. 170-72. 63. Taylor, *op. cit.*, p. 75.

64. Colton (note 32 above), p. 368.

# William Herman Rulofson

## Pioneer Daguerreotypist and Photographic Educator

*(Concluded)*

*By* Robert Bartlett Haas

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In each portrait, Rulofson showed another aspect of his inner self. As multiple in his roles as an actor, these self-dramatizations reflect his response to the business and family pressures which were adding new dimensions to his development.

In 1867 his oldest son, William Howard Rulofson, was sent to sea aboard the *White Swallow*, to escape the wiles of an actress—who managed, nevertheless, to smuggled gold pieces to him baked in a cake.[35] He was later to become part-owner of the "Elite" gallery in San Francisco.

The second son, Alfred Currie Rulofson, to escape the severity of his father's punishment, ran away to sea on his own initiative and joined the crew of the schooner *Sarah G. Merrill*, of which Winslow G. Hall was the master. As they sailed down the Central American coast, young Rulofson and the captain became very good friends, so much so that upon the return voyage the captain held his vessel for two days off Honduras, while he hunted for the young man who was not anxious to return to his home city. Before reaching San Francisco, it was agreed that Captain Hall would request permission from William Herman Rulofson to legally adopt young Alfred Currie. Thus it came about that the very day after their return to San Francisco, William Herman Rulofson voluntarily relinquished his parental control to Capt. Winslow G. Hall.[36] Alfred Currie Rulofson ultimately became heir to Captain Hall's estate, and reached great business and social prominence in San Francisco.

Fanny Rulofson, William Herman Rulofson's oldest daughter, and a great beauty in her time, married the poet and Bancroft worker, T. Arundel-Harcourt. The marriage was at first considered brilliant, since Harcourt came of noble family, but he turned out to be penniless and a bit undependable. Parental pressure may have dictated the match, but domestic infelicity finished it off. Fanny Harcourt fled the situation for another of her choosing,[37] and mysteriously and stubbornly disappeared from family recollections.

Two other daughters of the first marriage resisted parental influence and boldly married according to their wishes. Rulofson flatly refused to attend the ceremonies, but he was discovered concealed in the church.[38]

The older members of the first family rather naturally resented the father's re-marriage to a girl so nearly their own age. Anecdotes of the rifts between the two families abound. Unfortunately they were focussed in a tragedy (1877) in which the youngest child of the first wife, Mattie Rulofson, died under circumstances for which the second wife and her first son were blamed.[39] Rulofson remained loyal to his second wife, although the affair must have cost him great heartache. Shortly afterward the celebrated *Dance of Death* appeared.

Rulofson's satisfactions, under these pressures, flowed from his consuming interest in portrait photography and the numerous honors brought to Bradley and Rulofson through his efforts. With an historian's instinct for recording and preserving the great personalities of his time, he photographed everybody who was anybody. Wagon loads of the cumbersome glass plates were stored away against the day when the public would recognize their educational value and call for them to be reprinted. In 1878 his files contained "negatives of every person of note who . . . visited this coast since 1849."[40] This "methodical habit of mind and a keen sense of the historical significance of the events happening around him," he shared with Buchtel of Portland, with Savage of Salt Lake, with Brady of Civil War fame, with his student, J. Pitcher Spooner of Stockton, and with the older men (from whom he no doubt caught the idea) — Vance of San Francisco, and "the great Fitzgibbon" of St. Louis, who bought Vance's frontier pictures and made them the wonder of his gallery. One after another, these vast collections have disappeared — through negligence, fire, or accident. Rulofson's plates were sold with the gallery in 1883. His successor, oppressed by the mounting storage bills, got rid of them wholesale to the Poet of the Pacific, Joaquin Miller, who had them scraped clean to build a hot-house at "The Heights," his property in the Oakland hills.[41]

These plates, in their day, brought Ruloson fame. He was the recipient of complimentary letters from the world's great ones.[42]

> "The finest photographs I ever had," wrote Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil.

From Buckingham Palace: "Her Majesty, the Queen, commands me to thank you for the very excellent photographs of the Earl and Countess of Dufferin you kindly sent her." "A better picture than I was even able to get in Paris, London, or elsewhere, has been taken of me by the firm of Bradley and Ruloson"—P. T. Barnum. "Telegraph price 5000 cabinet to sell during my Eastern engagement"—Edwin Booth.

Rulofson became the moving force in establishing the Photographic Art Society of the Pacific Coast, for which he frequently prepared and delivered professional papers,[43] sharing and encouraging the sharing of new photographic processes. He was elected president of the American Photographic Association in 1874. He received the star decoration of the Order of Progress. He was made honorary president of the Institut de la Photographie.[44]

A world traveler and consistent exhibitor at international expositions, Rulofson won gold medals in Vienna (1873) for the best photograph in the world; in Chicago (1874) for the best photograph in the United States; in San Francisco (1875) for the best photograph in the city. Other honors were gained at Santiago (1875), and at the Paris Exposition (1878) where he sent his wife to install the life-sized photograph of his daughter, Mary Jeanette, which was overpainted to resemble an oil portrait and became the talk of the day.[45] Family legend has it that Rulofson produced this enormous photograph by converting his darkroom into a gigantic camera, the lens for which was mounted through a hole in the door. A glass plate was exposed as a negative and then developed in the same room to make the largest contact-print of that time. The print was then overpainted by Carl Schultz. This astounding picture, the realization of Rulofson's dream to make photographic portraits which would compare favorably with oil portraits, is still in San Francisco, in the possession of Rulofson's grandson, Robert Rosenberg.

The human face fascinated Rulofson, and he was no doubt subject to the popular notion[46] that the face was the window of the soul, and to the tantalizing personal belief that he could reveal this photographically. He rarely strayed from the portrait branch of his art.[47] His portraits and portrait groups are, technically speaking, well conceived and well executed. He was not touched with the extraordinary genius of Muybridge for pictorial atmosphere or radical experimentation. He saw people and he saw them clearly, preferring to work for a dependable standard within the limitations of his chosen style. He recognized men of mark, he photographed men of mark. He recognized beautiful women, and he photographed beautiful women.

Morse, Dall, Watkins or Taber frequently produced pictures as fine as his, but he had set the pace; he was clearly the dean of San Francisco photographers. In himself, he was a man of mark: he had projected an ideal, created an institution, aspired, presisted, educated his community, and built his own status through consistent performance.

## THE FALL OF "HELIOS" AND THE RISE OF ICARUS

Two episodes in Rulofson's life during 1874 throw light on the quality of his personal and professional relationships.

The first concerns his appearance as character-witness at the trial of Eadweard Muybridge, whom he characterized as his intimate friend and employee. Muybridge, the master photographer (now remembered for his sequential photographs of Leland Stanford's race horses in motion) had been provoked by the infidelity of his beautiful young wife, Flora Stone Muybridge, to a fatal assault on Major Henry Larkyns, a popular Beau Brummell, amateur actor, and newspaper man of San Francisco. At the trial, which caused a great furore in its time, Rulofson stood by Muybridge and contributed substantially to the procedure through which the brilliant young defense lawyer, W. W. Pendegast, effected his acquittal in 1875.

A subsequent cooling of the relationship between the two photographers occurred and was climaxed when Rulofson submitted a violent letter to the Philadelphia *Photographer*, in which he denounced Muybridge's experiments in instantaneous photography as "photographically speaking . . . 'bosh' . . ." In conversation he referred to Muybridge's electrically-exposed plates as producing nothing better than "galloping tintypes."[48]

It is probable that complex personal motivations lay behind this reversal of attitude toward Muybridge. Some connection may exist between Muybridge's domestic tragedy and Rulofson's violent attack on the waltz, *The Dance of Death*, written by him in 1877 and printed under the pseudonym, "William Herman." A study of this book and the circumstances which surrounded its publication is at present under way.

The second episode of interest concerns Rulofson's election to the presidency of the American Photographic Association on July 16, 1874. The *Proceedings* of the Chicago meeting contain the stenographic record of his dramatic addresses. He spoke, as a distinguished western visitor, on progressive business practices for photographers. He described the operation of Bradley and Rulofson. He switched to his concern that the association be cleared from debt and made some concrete proposals. On the strength of these, he was nominated to the presidential slate. His offer to act as auctioneer of photographs and photographic equipment, contributed by members, met with tremendous approval, and, largely through his efforts, the debt of $3500 was wiped out on the spot. As described later that year:

> He purchased liberally of the articles which were given for the debt fund, and gave himself the handsome collection of large portraits and views he had on exhibition; and further, he stood upon a pedestal one evening for over two hours, in the *role* of the auctioneer, and in his inimitable style sold his own and other pictures to the highest bidder. We do not think that those who were present at this auction ever had more real mirthful enjoyment crowded into two hours than they had on that occasion.[49]

The next day he was elected to the presidency on a wave of good feeling and occupied the position for three years.

In one of his presentations he revealed the core of his professional philosophy:

> I am glad to look back and see the progress that has been made. I can remember when my kit could be packed in my trunk, but those days have gone by and are lost in the distance, and I am permitted to aspire to a position amongst men of commerce, and amongst men of sense, and amongst men of uprightness. How has this been accomplished? By my individual efforts? By no manner of means. I have always sought the humblest laborers, the humblest co-workers in this direction, taken them in hand and shared with them what ever prosperity I ever had. I have looked up to those above me, and said, "Reach down here and give me a helping hand." That is what I recommend to all of you. I pledge my sacred honor, always, as long as reason is on its throne, to occupy that same position.[50]

## MAN OF LETTERS

It is interesting to notice that in his last publication, *The Celebrity Catalogue* (1878), he lists himself in the section, "Painters, Artists, Sculpters, etc.," as "Rulofson, William H., *Author.*" Although his contribution to portrait photography far outshadows his literary accomplishments, he undoubtedly perceived himself in his later life as a litterateur. He encouraged this picture of himself in others, no doubt influenced by his friendship and admiration for the literary figures of his time: Horace Greeley, Stephen Massett, J. Ross Browne, H. H. Bancroft, T. A. Harcourt (his son-in-law), and Ambrose Bierce. His obituaries allude to his literary proficiency "in several departments,"[51] which would seem to embrace addresses, memorials, letters for publication, biographical sketches, articles for professional journals, lush advertising copy, and that curious and much disputed piece of social criticism, *The Dance of Death,* frequently mis-attributed to Ambrose Bierce, T. A. Harcourt, or both.

Very probably *The Dance of Death,* for which he assumed complete credit and responsibility during his lifetime, was a work of his own inspiration and authorship. It set off a chain of attacks in the press and a legal battle which seems so contrived that the book has traditionally been regarded as a hoax. Whatever Rulofson's private motivations were in writing the book, its effect was ambiguous in its own time and remains so today. Its overdriven moralizing converts it into a salaciousness more concentrated than the social evils which it purports to attack: ". . . the modern waltz is not merely 'suggestive,' as its opponents have hitherto charitably styled it, but an open and shameless gratification . . . an actual realization of a certain physical ecstacy which should at least be indulged in private. . . ." Rulofson may well have been deliberate in this stylistic tone and may have taken the risk of criticism consciously in order to heighten a message rather specifically aimed. Although a bold book, it is consistent in method with the many other bold devices employed by Rulofson in his business practice. These have earned for him the appropriate title, "The P. T. Barnum of American Photography." *The Dance of Death* earned other honors for him: an eastern edition of the book, a counter-volume entitled the *Dance of Life,* endorsement by numerous religious bodies on the Pacific coast, membership in the Legion of Honor, and a tombstone in the Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris—all on the strength of it.

## THE FALL OF ICARUS

Rulofson's death, caused by his fall from the roof of the gallery where he had gone to inspect construction work on a new skylight, terminated with characteristic drama,

"My God," he is reported to have said while falling, "I am killed."[52]

And then a curious thing happened, which was never reported in the San Francisco press. A friend of Horace Greeley's who was visiting the gallery heard the alarm:

> Suddenly a great commotion upon the streets attracted him outside, and the celebrated Rulofson lay upon the sidewalk, crushed and mangled. Rulofson had fallen from the roof to the sidewalk. Greeley's messenger went with the crowd to the street and saw his mangled remains there. A miniature picture of some unknown person was found in his inside pocket. It was produced. No person present could tell who it represented, except Greeley's messenger, who recog-

> nized it at once as the picture of Edward H. Rulloff, whom he had interviewed in the Binghampton jail a few nights before his execution.... His parents were respectable people, and his brothers and sisters were above reproach although they were watched over by the same father and mother.... Ruloff's correct name was Rulloffson, and the celebrated photographer of San Francisco was his brother. Rullofson's family did not know of his relation to the celebrated Rulloff of New York, but notwithstanding his brothers awful deeds and life, and notwithstanding he had disowned him, still he seems always to have carried the picture of his unfortunate brother next to his heart."[53]

The "celebrated Rulloff of New York," as was suggested earlier, had a brilliant but erratic career.[54] After being involved in thefts and burnings at Keator and Thorne's, he was given a prison sentence in St. John. In 1842 he appeared in Dryden, New York, depressed, having failed in a business established for him by an uncle. His personal magnetism and remarkable intellectual capacities catapulted him from day labor to the community teaching-post. He married his student, Harriett Schutt; she disappeared two years later with their six-month-old child and was never heard of again. Rulloff was sentenced to ten years in Auburn Prison (1846-1856) for the abduction of his wife. He was released, convicted of the murder of his child, escaped and found his way to Allegheney College in Meadville, Pennsylvania, where he was granted a teaching certificate (under a pseudonym in 1857) by the Rev. Dr. Baker, who testified to his knowledge of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French and German. He went to Ohio as a teacher, was again apprehended and finally freed in 1859 on a legal count for which he established the precedent himself. In 1860 he began ten years of life as a professional criminal, master-minding a gang of thieves in New York. He carelessly shot a clerk during a burglary and made the mistake of returning to the scene of the crime, where he was recognized, convicted, and hanged at the Tompkins County Jail in May of 1871. To the end, he hoped for a commutation of sentence which was refused by the governor. His linguistic genius had made him an object of wide public sympathy which nearly saved his neck: Horace Greeley set out to visit him in prison but turned back, afraid that he would break down completely if confronted by the prisoner; Tolstoi, impressed with Rulloff's theory of universal language, tried to intervene from abroad. Rulloff was as free in quoting character references—W. T. Sherman, S. F. B. Morse, Governor Hoffman—as he was in adopting aliases. He died believing himself misunderstood, feeling that no man had ever had higher or nobler ambitions than he; and he astounded the spectators by putting his hands into his pockets after the death trap had fallen.

We can now see why the facts of William Herman Rulofson's early life remained so obscure. Constantly seeking to cut himself off from his eldest brother, he recorded precious little that would associate them in anyone's mind. His trip to Europe coincided with Rulloff's sentence to Auburn Prison. The voyage to California in 1849 may have been partially motivated by the same desire to avoid identification with a brother whose various aliases came dangerously close to revealing his family connections. A Bancroft worker, collecting data on the early 1870's for a "Pacific Encyclopedia," got no further with Rulofson than this: "Rulofson, W. H., 429 Montgomery. — will provide us information on his trip to this coast, etc. Called (again) May 14, will not fail to do it."

Biographical sketches of the late 1870's, to which Rulofson must have contributed the essentials, are strangely silent about his early life. Pioneer records are unaccountably missing from the files. The obits and family records are sketchy and conflicting.

It is clear that Rulofson wished to forget, as he wished others to forget, the story of a brother, toward whom his feelings remained loyal and secret to the end. What it may have cost him, financially and psychologically, to conceal this conflictful relationship from family, friends, and the general public, we can only guess. The skeleton in the family closet is taken much more for granted today. But so much of Rulofson's life was played to an exacting public that his story only gains in humanness when we learn that his public successes were tempered by a private drama.

Rulofson's own death, to complete the story, was surrounded by persistent rumor. Some thought it suicide, some accident, others murder. Ambrose Bierce referred to the event ambiguously in 1911: "Rulofson himself executed a dance of death by stepping off the roof a building."[55] Whatever the truth of the matter, Rulofson was definitely putting his affairs in order in the spring of 1878. With what would seem almost premonition of death, he wrote his wife, then in Paris: "I wish you to understand that if anything happens to me before you return, that *all my property belong to you.*"[56]

The letter was fortunate for he died leaving no will and the two families rivalled for control of the estate. Mary Jane Rulofson was declared executrix and received an ample monthly income. Recently discovered documents disclose the estate inventory:

Personal property — ½ interest in Photo Gallery — of probable value of $5000 —

> copyright of the book "Dance of Death" value unknown. The sum of $385 or thereabouts in hands of Keller and Company—same being proceeds of sale of said book—650 copies of Do in hands of do of probable value of $700—shares capital stock—unknown value—gold watch and chain probable value $100.[57]

There were also properties to the value of $36,000, substantial rents therefrom, and other items. When Mary Jane Rulofson died in 1914 she had in her possession stock certificates of the Tuscarora and Divide Mining Co. of Nevada, dated 1877, with a par value of $50,000. One suspects this represented a plunge into the Nevada Bonanza which left many Californians virtually ruined. Rulofson must have experienced financial reverses, for he wrote to his wife in Paris that the "property would not justify" keeping all of the girls in private schools. He urged that they become self-supporting as soon as possible.

There had always been plenty of money before this time. Rulofson maintained a handsome home, sent his family abroad frequently, was a free spender on women and charities and spiced his life at intervals with adventure and lavish entertaining. In the nervous years of 1876-77 he became embroiled in law suits that proved costly. Bradley accused him, along with Dall, of mishandling gallery funds. Rulofson sued a politically important customer for payment of a long-overdue photographic bill and got into more trouble than he bargained for. J. Pitcher Spooner, Stockton photographer, writing in 1884, put the story on record: "That father Rulofson won his lawsuit I know—and also that he was so sorry that he ever sued anybody for a Photographic Bill—at least he so told me the last time I saw him alive." Rulofson wanted money at the time of his death—so did many other San Franciscans.

Three months after his wife returned from France with a new-born son, the final tragedy occurred. Rulofson was dead. The widow's grief at the funeral left no doubt that the second marriage had been a good one. That he was a devoted father was remarked by all. The Photographic Art Society of the Pacific Coast asked its membership to close their places of business on the day of the funeral; and appropriate resolutions, reviewing his contributions to the profession and the community, were presented to the family and forwarded to the National Photographic Association in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Rulofson continued to occupy herself at the gallery until its sale to John H. Dall in 1883. Regret was expressed amongst the photographic fraternity that she did not go to the head of the business.[58]

Thus passed out of notice the gallery which had won world-wide acclaim, and, with it, the "man of quick decision, and nothing but indomitable energy, clear foresight, and consummate skills," who had brought Bradley and Rulofson about. Like Icarus, he had flown against the sun. But in the half-century of his flight, he learned to catch its rays and make it do his bidding. When he went down at last, having flown a little too high, William Herman Rulofson must have heard the war cry of the old-time daguerreotypists ringing out his victory: *Secure the Shadow ere the Substance Fades!*

## NOTES

35. Information from Mrs. Gus Wandke, Mill Valley, Calif.

36. Information and phrasing communicated by Miss Carol Rulofson, daughter of A. C. Rulofson, Jr., San Francisco.

37. Information contained in two letters from Ambrose Bierce to Charles Dexter Allen, Sept. 27 and Oct. 25, 1911.

See also Ambrose Bierce's "Prattle," Feb. 5, 1888, in San Francisco *Examiner.* All family information about the fate of Fanny Harcourt has been lost.

38. Information from Mrs. Wandke. The reference was to Belle Rulofson's wedding to Hoyt of Virginia City.

39. *Ibid.* No reference to this happening appears in the newspapers of the time, although it is well known in the family. The child died from pneumonia, contracted during a long walk in the rain to the Palace Hotel, where she had been sent with a note about arrangements for a party to be given there by Mary Morgan Rulofson. At the inquest, welts were found on the body which were presumed to have been inflicted by her half-brother, Charles, in a fit of nine-year-anger. This episode created the final rift between the two families. Shortly after, *The Dance of Death* appeared. Mrs. Rulofson subsequently went to France for the Exposition and the birth of her last child.

40. *Bradley and Rulofson's Celebrity Catalogue* (San Francisco, 1878). Quoted material from the Preface, probably written by Rulofson shortly before his death.

41. Clipping of story by Joaquin Miller for a San Francisco newspaper (no date) in a Rulofson scrapbook, inherited by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fridley, Santa Cruz.

42. *Celebrity Catalogue* (note 40 above), "Opinions."

43. Rulofson's paper, "Retouching Negatives," prepared for the Photographic Art Society of the Pacific Coast, was later printed in the *British Journal of Photography,* Sept. 1876, pp. 564-66.

44. *Pacific Life,* as above.

45. This astonishing picture is in the possession of Robert Rosenberg, to whom it descended from his mother, Mary Jeanette Rulofson (Rosenberg).

46. See, for example, entry in "Business Log" (manuscript) of J. Pitcher Spooner, one of Rulofson's early workmen and students, where Rulofson is credited with speaking of his "34 years assessing faces...." (Communicated by John A. Spooner, Stockton.)

47. "On one occasion, when taking official photographs of fortifications for the Secretary of War, he was arrested as a Confederate spy but was released." (Young, note 16 above). This information, checked against the correspondence of the western command at the national archives (Letter Book No. 13, pp. 22-24, Aug. 2-5, 1864) shows that such an arrest was made, and that the plates were suppressed. No name was recorded. The investigations revealed that Rulofson had suggested the scheme of issuing the militarily unimportant views in the series as stereoscopic slides for public sale. This typically double-barrelled business scheme (which mis-fired) was to have brought revenue to Bradley and Rulofson, while at the same time reducing the cost of the whole series to the government. The stereoscopic cards which did reach circulation are still to be found in family collections and second-hand bookstores in the San Francisco area.

48. *Philadelphia Photographer*, XV (Aug. 1878), 247. The general pettishness of this letter, quite unlike Rulofson, is some indication of his state of mind in the months before his death. Muybridge's pen-name was "Helios." For accounts of the trial, see "The People of the State of California *vs.* Eadweard Muybridge," Napa City courthouse; also, Napa *Daily Register*, Feb. 3 to 6, 1875.

49. Condensed from the *Philadelphia Photographer*, XI (Aug. 1874), 243; and XI (Sept. 1874), 280-81.

50. *Report of the Sixth Annual Convention* ... (note 30 above), p. 6.

51. *Pacific Life*, as above. See also his 10-stanza poem, "The Merchants' Exchange," in the *Overland Monthly* for 1872, p. 93, carrying his initials but heretofore unidentified.

52. Obituaries, *Alta California*, Nov. 3, 5 and 6, 1878; *Pacific Life*, Nov. 10, 1878; *Photographic Times*, VIII (Dec. 1878), 266.

53. S. D. Halliday, "Ruloff, the Great Criminal Philologist," De Witt Hist. Soc. of Tomkins County, *Publication*, No. 1, 2nd edition (Ithaca, N. Y., 1906). For a popular account of Rulloff's career, see W. A. Swanberg, "The Case of the 59-ounce Brain," *True*, May 1953, pp. 37 ff.

54. *The Man of Two Lives, being an Account and Authentic History of E. H. Rulloff, Philologist and Murderer* (New York, 1871). This account was found by accident while the present author was searching in the British Museum for information about T. Arundel-Harcourt.

55. Bierce to Allen, note 37 above.

56. Letter in California Historical Society library; previously in possession of Rodney M. Rulofson. It reads:

My dear Mary. San Francisco, February 13th, 1878

I have law business which will keep me away from the Gallery all day—so I come down very early to drop you a line before starting. We had the heaviest storm last night I have seen in California—it seems it will never stop pouring.

I dreamed of you and Charlie last night, was nervous about you all day yesterday—and am still so. I wish you to understand that if anything happens to me before your return, that *all my property belongs to you*—in that case you could not keep Bella at School as the property would not justify—I would rely upon your assisting and encouraging Emma and Bella—but I would request that you do not take them to your home or attempt to treat them as your children. Emma would not appreciate it—and though Bella would if left to herself, those around her would not permit it—Bella seems in earnest in her desire to earn her own living. Emma must attempt also before long—with much love to you and all the children I am your devoted husband. William H. Rulofson

This letter has been withheld from publication before this time on the grounds that it was a suicide note. The dates disprove that.

57. Documents in California Historical Society library.

58. "Business Log" (note 46 above), entry for June 23, 1882, to J. H. Dall:

"Kindly give Mrs. Rulofson my regards. (How I feel for her and her little flock—I cannot express it on paper.) Really I cannot see the slightest objection to her going to the head of the business . . . you will find her quick eye and keen perception—of great—indeed incalculable value to your business—and I think, moreover, the influence of her presence will be very beneficial."

*Ibid.*, entry for Sept. 14, 1882, to J. H. Dall:

"Your words in praise of Mrs. Rulofson's clerkly ability are not a bit of a surprise to me, sir—in fact our humble letter to you predicted the same result—and we rejoice that you have in her, some one among the people of your gallery that not only *can* but *does* take some thought farther than self in their day's employment—and you will find her business qualifications inside another year to be of almost wonderful comprehensiveness."

# San Francisco Teamsters at the Turn of the Century

*By* Robert M. Robinson

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Ox teams, crossing the continent to California in the gold rush, found barely-traceable roads already congested with traffic, so that, from the beginning of the mass migration of 1849-51, the drivers of wagons and carts were in a position to exert pressure on a population dependent chiefly on them for the conveyance of its supplies. As early as November 1849, we find draymen, among others, resolving "to abstain from Sunday work when possible"[1]—in other words, "the noise of the rattling of the wheels, and of the prancing horses," spoken of, centuries before, by the prophet Nahum,[2] was to be stilled on that particular day.

Some progress toward united action among teamsters in San Francisco was made in 1850, when the problem was competition from members of their own group.[3] In the summer of 1853, they joined other groups of workers—carpenters, shipwrights, longshoremen, steamboat firemen, etc.—in efforts to form or else to perfect their individual organizations, but, though enthusiastic, they lacked experience and the results were short-lived.[4]

At that time, most of the local firms engaged in the transportation business were one-man enterprises, in which the owner-operator performed all of the economic functions of wage earning, price determination, and profit making. When these self-employed workers joined together, their association more nearly resembled a guild than a labor union; also, as capital requirements were not great, wage-earning teamsters could reasonably hope to move up the economic ladder to ownership, and many of them tended to identify their interests with those of their employers. However, as larger-scale firms became typical in the teaming trades, the wage workers grew aware of the divergence that was developing between their aims and the interests of the employers.

In 1876 emerged an organization known as the Draymen and Teamsters' Union. Ten years later (April 1885), the action of this association in passing a resolution favoring the organization of sailors into the Coast Seamen's Union, made it apparent that employes and sympathetic self-employed teamsters had become more powerful in the group than the employers.[5] After the anti-union drives by employers' associations in 1886-87, this relationship was reversed and the membership of the Draymen and Teamsters' Union declined to 90 (most of whom were employers) out of an eligible 900.[6]

Between 1888 and 1895, unionists seeking to establish effective organizations were faced by economically depressed conditions as well as by the growing solidarity among employers. It was a period when both workers and employers were coming to realize that strength in each case lay in united effort. As to the workers, the Council of Federated Trades (later, the San Francisco Labor Council) reported that in July of 1891 there were 44 unions in the central trades federation of San Francisco, the year being called the high water-mark in point of numbers of unions, high wages, and short hours.[7] Meanwhile, the employers' industrial associations had joined into one central body, the Board of Manufacturers and Employers of California, which had sufficient authority to enforce its control.

In a seaport city such as San Francisco, sailors and longshoremen, together with teamsters, were vital to the distribution of goods. For several years, then, the attempts of various maritime workers to form stable unions had been familiar to their close workers, the teamsters, engaged, themselves, in trying to organize on a permanent basis. Finally, in 1891-95, depression in business began to give way to recovery, and, with the improvement assured by 1897, came renewed union organization among wage earners,[8] included in the movement at this time being the heretofore unorganized, unskilled workers.[9]

The new prosperity expanded the markets of the west, and larger-scale firms were required to handle the draying and hauling business of San Francisco. Employes far exceeded employers in number, and small owner-operator firms became relatively less important in supplying drayage services. By 1901, some employers hired as many as 50 to 150 teamsters. The San Francisco *Examiner* of July 23, 1901, reported 248 employers and 1800 teamsters, an average of more than seven employes per firm. "Boss" draymen in the larger, and even in the medium-sized, firms no longer worked side by side with the men they hired. The interests of the employers were now centered in rates, costs, and competition in the pursuit of profitable operations. Wage earners had become increasingly conscious of their need for protection against competition from their fellows and oppression from the "boss." Both groups organized in 1900—the employers in January into the Draymen's Association and the wage-earning teamsters in August into the Brotherhood of Teamsters. The old Draymen and Teamsters' Union of 1876 now became merely a social organization, inasmuch as both employers and some workers retained membership but looked elsewhere for organizations with which to achieve their economic aims.

During this period a number of teamster unions were organized in the United States. On January 27, 1899, the American Federation of Labor granted a national charter to the Team Drivers' International Union, and in August 1900 the San Francisco Brotherhood of Teamsters became Local #85 of the national organization.

The national union faced some difficult problems. First and most important was the question of eligibility. The by-laws of the Team Drivers' International Union were framed to admit persons, eighteen years of age or older, engaged in driving a truck, wagon, hack or other vehicle, provided such persons did not own nor operate more than five teams. The larger owners were thus formally excluded, but it left the field to small team-owners with their restricted views on wages. This was objectionable to the Chicago teamsters, who seceded from the international union in 1900 and formed a new national union composed only of teamsters (including those who owned the actual teams they drove) and helpers.[10] In 1903 the international union adopted the basis of union membership as laid down by the Chicago organization.

A second problem was the diversity of work performed by union members. Then, as now, drivers in one industry had little in common with drivers in other industries, *e.g.*, the problems of coal teamsters were dissimilar to those of the hackmen or heavy dray drivers. In small towns all drivers were, and still are, organized into a "general local"; but, as specialization proceeded in urban centers, each separate occupational group was organized into a local, with a joint council of these locals to control jurisdictional quarrels and strikes, the individual locals being self-governing within the larger framework of the by-laws of the national union. It has been stated that the Chicago teamsters "were the first to establish two principles new to the occupation—craft autonomy and wage unionism.[11] However, since this claim is made for the year 1902, its priority appears to be clouded, for the San Francisco teamsters adopted identical principles in 1900 and 1901.[12]

The nature of the hauling business gave wage workers a better opportunity for organization where employers were "contractors" or specialists in selling hauling services. Among such contracting team-owners, the wages of teamsters and their helpers constituted 50 to 75 per cent of the total expense. Therefore competition among team owners was based mainly on the question of wages and hours, and increases in wages were recovered through increased rates, which were in turn achieved by the formation of employer associations.

It is among these contracting team-owners that what has come to be called a market theory of unionism explains the relatively rapid and easy acceptance of the teamsters' unions in the enlarging markets of urban areas at the turn of the century. This theory states that trade unions are apt to be most welcome to employers, (1) where there are a large number of firms in the industry; (2) where labor costs are a large proportion of total costs; and, (3) where the industry is not a new one, dominated by the psychology of market expansion, and is not undergoing rapid technological changes.

In January 1900, the San Francisco contracting team-owners formed an association to protect themselves from the evils of cut-throat competition.[13] Their first efforts were naturally directed toward stabilizing prices and gaining as full a membership as possible among those eligible. It was not long, however, before members of the association perceived that a union among their employes would aid them in stabilizing hauling rates by equalizing labor costs as between employers. In July 1900, five or six teamsters became the nucleus of an organization which, on the fifth of the succeeding month, with thirty-five charter members, affiliated with the Team Drivers' International Union to become the Brotherhood of Teamsters, Local #85.

The new union was quickly put to a test. On Labor Day, 1900, McNab and Smith, one of the largest of the local draying firms, discharged three drivers who acknowledged membership in the new union. The rest of the firm's drivers then refused to take out their teams until the three were reinstated. The management acceded to their demands after eight hours, and a settlement was made through the union. This gave the new organization an excellent beginning; it encouraged all teamsters to look to it for improvement in their conditions, and more than 1300 men were reported to have applied for membership at the next meeting.

Shortly after this victory, the Brotherhood of Teamsters proposed to the Draymen's Association a classified and sliding scale of wages according to the capacity of the truck or wagon, and the number of horses required. The new scale of wages and conditions was accepted late in September to be effective October 1, 1900. Wages were increased by approximately 45 per cent for the highest paid drivers, and by approximately 100 per cent for the lowest paid beginners and helpers; more important than wages were the gains in eliminating long hours,[14] Sunday work (except at penalty rates), and the unpaid stablemen's chores which had been part of the drivers' regular duties. The union agreed to a clause that its members would work only for members of the Draymen's Association—thus aiding that organization to press for industry-wide coverage and tending to eliminate wage differentials in the inter-employer competition on prices.

In the months following the adoption of the new agreement, practically all of the local teamsters eligible for membership became associated with Local #85. With the aid of the union, the employers succeeded in organizing additional firms; it was estimated that in April 1901 at least 80 per cent of the eligible employers were members of the association.[15]

Teamsters engaged in specialized forms of hauling were also organized during this period, *viz.*, hackmen, milk wagon drivers, laundry wagon drivers, and sand teamsters, among others. None of the specialized locals succeeded in organizing all of the eligible workers. In some cases, the union was plagued with the owner-operator problem. Capital requirements could be small, as with some of the modern taxicab drivers, and entry into (and exit from) business was not difficult. In others, the union faced employers who hired only a few drivers as an adjunct to their main business, *i.e.*, merchants and manufacturers who retained equipment of their own and hired drivers to haul for them rather than contracting with a "boss" drayman. Such merchants and manufacturers were more difficult to persuade than the contracting drayman, who sought to stabilize competition on hauling rates through stabilizing the wage costs of each hauling firm.

The new Brotherhood of Teamsters, then, was anxious to make common cause with unions in allied occupations and so consolidate labor's strength. As said above, the most experienced workers in union principles were the men in maritime occupations, especially the sailors and longshoremen. They had learned to work together only after a period of friction. The sailors and longshoremen had fought over the right to load and unload cargo. Sailors had long performed this work but, with the increased size of modern ships, the specialized longshoremen became essential for efficient operations. Soon after the teamsters' initial successes, they entered into a secret agreement with longshoremen to refuse delivery of cargo destined for Hawaii to anyone except longshoremen, thus boycotting vessels where seamen claimed their customary rights to this work. In September and October 1900, sailors were replaced by longshoremen until finally Andrew Furuseth, a prominent leader of the sailors, persuaded the teamsters to revise their agreement with the longshoremen; under the new accord, teamsters would handle freight regardless of which union group loaded it upon vessels, but would handle it from union men only.[16]

Thus, the closing months of 1900 found the waterfront unions and the teamsters consolidating their forces. The leaders met in November and December and laid plans for federating on a more formal basis. In January 1901, forty-four delegates representing 13,000 men appointed a committee to draw up a constitution for the "City Front Federation"—the second organization in San Francisco labor history to bear this title, the first having become defunct in 1892. It was composed of sailors, longshoremen, marine firemen, porters, warehousemen, pile drivers, hoisting engineers, ship and steamboat joiners, steam and hot water fitters, marine cooks and stewards, coal cart teamsters and the heavy freight teamsters. Combined assets in the various treasuries were estimated at $250,000. Funds were to be raised by assessment when needed; a two-thirds vote of the federation delegates could authorize a strike, but affiliated unions had to ratify such action before the strike could begin.

The revival of unionism in this period of prosperity extended to many trades besides these waterfront occupations. All of the unions were at that time members of the San Francisco Labor Council. When organization had proceeded sufficiently in many of the trades, the leaders, acting with the advice and endorsement of the city central body, submitted proposals to their employers in which they mainly sought to reduce hours and improve working rules; requests for wage increases were comparatively few. Employers were generally disposed to grant the demands of their workers early in 1901.[17]

The Sand Teamsters' Union won improvements after a short strike in February 1901. About 600 men were involved in the dispute, which lasted from February 18 to March 5. The union obtained a wage increase from $1.75 per work day of 15 or 16 hours to $2.50 per work day of 12 hours. In addition, the objectionable "camp life" was abolished and regular pay days were established.[18]

This relative state of harmony between employers and unions did not continue for long. In April 1901, the San Francisco newspapers carried announcements of the formation of a new employers' association. Nearly all of the wholesale merchants and manufacturers, and many of the larger retail merchants, united in an organization which they called the Employers' and Manufacturers' Association. It is claimed that a fund of $250,000 was raised for an anti-union campaign, and that members signed heavy bonds to stay with the association until its work was accomplished.[19] The most significant provision of the association's by-laws was contained in Article VIII, which transferred the management of all contests with unions from the individual employer, or group of employers immediately concerned, to the association. Article VIII further stated that no settlement or adjustment of differences, disputes, or demands should be made except by and with the consent of the executive committee of the association.[20] Membership lists, names of directors, officers and the executive committee were kept secret and confidential. The association retained an attorney who handled all communications with the newspapers, municipal authorities, and the public. Secrecy was used to protect members from union hostility which might take the form of boycotts or overt acts. Secrecy was also a protection for those members with political aspirations, since the labor vote in San Francisco was powerful and discriminating.

During April, May, and June, the Draymen's Association (which had joined the Employers' and Manufacturers' Association) and its employers conducted negotiations, via the grievance machinery established in the 1900 agreement, on overtime regulations, the men stating that they were not receiving pay for overtime at the penalty rate of time and a half. After five conferences with their employers between April 1 and June 16, 1901, the union was forced to abandon negotiations.

In May, the teamsters sympathetically supported the Carriage Blacksmiths, Woodworkers', and Painters' Union, which had negotiated a new agreement with its employers' association early that month. The Employers' and Manufacturers' Association, under Article VIII of its by-laws, intervened to prevent these employers from signing what had been agreed upon. Iron-supply firms notified the employers that supplies would not be sold to those who signed the union agreement; a strike took place on May 8. On May 16, the teamsters' union announced that its members would not haul any goods unless union shops were supplied with iron. On May 22, the Carriage Makers' Association signed the original agreement. The Employers' and Manufacturers' Association was not yet ready for the major contest, but this temporary victory for the unions forecast the strategy to come.

A dispute between the Brotherhood of Teamsters and the Draymen's Association occurred in July 1901, which gave the Employers' Association the opportunity it had been awaiting. The dispute could and probably would have been quickly settled by the interested parties in the absence of the Employers' Association, which had the power, as mentioned above, to take over the conduct of the labor relations of its subsidiary member-associations. The economic livelihood of employing draymen depended upon their good relations with manufacturers and particularly merchants. The large manufacturers and merchants were the secret members of the association, and in an excellent position to bring pressure on the contracting draymen. Thus, the Employers' Association gained the adherence of several "boss" draymen, including the officials of the Draymen's Association.

## THE STRIKE

Headlines in the Oakland *Tribune* of Monday evening, July 22, 1901, informed its readers:

> TEAMSTERS TIE UP SAN FRANCISCO HOUSES
>
> Twenty-five hundred men have gone on a strike and it is difficult to have any hauling done in the City ... it is thought that this number will be greatly added to during the next few days, owing, it is said, to the fact that employers are determined not to yield a point to the striking men.

Two days later (July 24, 1901), the *Tribune* commented editorially on the quality of the work performed in the community by this group of men:

> At first thought the impression would obtain that any experienced driver could take the place of a striking teamster. This, however, is not the case. To be an experienced teamster demands almost as many attainments as those of an accepted trade. He must possess many of the qualifications of a shipping clerk in that, to those business houses who do not employ such an official, he must be able to impart general information as to routing, railroad rates, shipping points and so forth. Then, again, to handle a big dray on a city street is a feat beyond the capacity ... of any save those trained to the business for years....

The employers may have been "determined not to yield a point," but they found the teamsters well organized. Eight of their locals were united in a central body called the Team Drivers' Joint Executive Council, the membership of the locals being distributed as follows:[21]

| | |
|---|---|
| Brotherhood of Teamsters | 1,800 |
| Coal Yard Teamsters' Union | 600 |
| Sand Teamsters' Union | 600 |
| Milk Wagon Drivers' Union | 400 |
| Hackmen's Union | 400 |
| Retail Delivery Drivers' Union | 300 |
| Sanitary Wagon Drivers' Union | 250 |
| Laundry Wagon Drivers' Union | 200 |
| Total | 4,550 |

The Brotherhood of Teamsters was affiliated with the City Front Federation, which had the following membership:[22]

| | |
|---|---|
| Stevedores (four branches) | 3,000 |
| Sailors' Union | 5,000 |
| Unions of marine firemen, ship clerks, ship joiners, steam and hot water fitters | 1,800 |
| Porters' and Packers' and Warehousemen's Union | 2,000 |
| Total | 11,800 |

Early in July 1901, the officers of the Brotherhood of Teamsters learned of a contract between Morton's Special Delivery Co. and Morton's Drayage Co., which provided that the former would obtain extra teams, when needed, from the draying concern. Morton's Drayage Co. was a member of the Draymen's Association, but the special delivery company was not affiliated. Michael Casey, business agent of the Brotherhood of Teamsters, after conferring with Manager Renner of the Draymen's Association, notified Morton that the brotherhood members could not haul baggage for the special delivery company. Casey contended that to do so would be contrary to the constitution of the Draymen's Association, as may be seen from section 2 of Article III: "It shall be the duty of each and all members of this association to patronize a fellow-member when they need extra teams, and no member of this association shall furnish teams to any drayman who is not a member."[23]

Prominent members of the Employers' Association, aware of the pending dispute, filed articles of incorporation in the county clerk's office on July 15, 1901, for a new draying concern, the Merchant's Drayage and Warehouse Co., to serve as a possible rival should the members of the Draymen's Association not adhere to the policies of the Employers' Association.

In convention at the time in San Francisco was the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Morton Drayage Co. asked its drivers "to help in the hauling of baggage which the Morton Special Delivery had contracted to haul, but for which in the rush of the Epworth convention it claimed not to have enough wagons and drivers."[24] The drayage company employes were requested by Michael Casey to quit work, and, all of them being union members, they struck.

*(To be concluded)*

## NOTES

1. H. H. Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1884-90), VI, 246 (note 82); see also vol. VII, 349-51, for progress of unionization among San Francisco workers, 1867-77, with note on hours and on wages received by different groups of workers (p. 350, ox drivers and teamsters).

2. The Bible, *Nahum*, 3:2. For information on animals used in early California draying, see Bancroft, *op cit.*, VI, 144-45, 152, 154.

3. Ira B. Cross, *A History of the Labor Movement in California* (Berkeley, 1935), p. 15.

4. *Idem*, pp. 22-23.

5. San Francisco *Daily Report*, April 28, 1885, p. 1.

6. California State Department of Labor, Bur. of Labor Statistics, *3rd An. Rept.* pp. 128-29.

7. Ed R. Rosenberg, "San Francisco Strikes of 1901," *American Federationist*, IX (1902), 15.

8. *Labor Clarion*, Feb. 28, 1902, p. 1.

9. Cross (note 3 above), p. 229.

10. John R. Commons, "The Teamsters of Chicago," *Quarterly Journ. of Economics*, XIX (1905), 400-401.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 404.

12. According to the San Francisco *Examiner* of July 21, 1901, at least seven locals, in addition to Local #85, had substantial percentages of their specialized jurisdictions organized by the summer of 1901.

13. *Ibid.*

14. Twelve hours became the regular work day.

15. San Francisco *Examiner*, July 28, 1901.

16. Paul S. Taylor, *Sailors' Union of the Pacific* (New York, 1923), p. 95.

17. Twenty-one unions were granted increased benefits. *Coast Seamen's Journal,* Aug. 7, 1901, p. 1.

18. Sand teamsters had been able to hold their jobs by agreeing to eat and sleep in shacks adjoining the stables; hence the men's own phrase—camp life. See *Labor Clarion,* Sept. 4, 1908, p. 16.

19. Lucille Eaves, "A History of California Labor Legislation," *Univ. Calif. Publs. in Economics,* II (19010), p. 64 and note 171; Cross, *op. cit.,* p. 239.

20. Thomas W. Page, "The San Francisco Labor Movement in 1901," *Political Science Quarterly,* XVII (Dec. 1902), 668-69.

21. San Francisco *Examiner,* July 21, 1901.

22. *Idem.*

23. *Ibid.,* July 28, 1901.

24. Rosenberg (note 7 above), p. 17.

# News of the Society

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To honor the following persons, friends of the Society have made substantial monetary or other gifts:

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Kenneth Michael Mackenzie
Edna Martin Parratt
Lewis Madison Terman

## REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT

### For the Year Ending December 31, 1955

In many respects, the Society crossed the threshold into a new era of organizational activity during the year just passed. A new managing director was secured; new temporary quarters were obtained; and important policy-making meetings were held to discuss plans for future undertakings in a permanent home of our own.

Mrs. Edna Martin Parratt, the very able managing director of the Society for nine years, resigned on February first. Mrs. Parratt's administration was characterized by a great increase in the membership and in the general scope of the Society's collecting and research activities. To find a qualified successor to Mrs. Parratt, a committee of three board members was appointed, consisting of Mrs. Richard Y. Dakin, Mr. Carl I. Wheat, with Mr. Warren R. Howell as chairman. Many months were spent in surveying the field of candidates both in California and across the country, but this wide search returned them to the San Francisco Bay area, where they secured the services of Mr. Augustus Pollack, our new managing director.

The second important event of 1955 was the removal of the offices and library collections to new quarters. After seventeen years of pleasant association with the Society of California Pioneers in their McAllister Street building, expansion plans of both societies made it necessary for us, as tenant, to seek other quarters. A special committee on new and enlarged quarters, mentioned in the president's report for 1954, had been exploring a number of possibilities, but when the time came to vacate the McAllister Street premises, the committee's work was still essentially at a planning stage. You will agree, I feel sure, that the committee and the board acted with wisdom when they secured a temporary location in the Flood Building, 870 Market Street, San Francisco. In all our explorations for both permanent and temporary quarters, we were fortunate in having the expert guidance of our board member, Mr. Colbert Coldwell. The move to our temporary location will allow time for judicious consideration of a permanent location in a well-planned building, of which we may eventually be proud. As encouragement to others of similar mind, two of our members, knowing in advance of these long-term plans, presented gifts of $1000 and $5000 in December as a building-fund nucleus. In 1956, I think we may anticipate plans calling for formal solicitation of building-fund subscriptions among the members and the friends of the Society.

Most of us can testify to the excellence of our luncheon meetings, held during the past year under the committee chairmanship of Mr. Aubrey Drury. Below is the list of such meetings, with the names of the speakers and their subjects:

January 28, Carl I. Wheat, "Early Mapping of the American West."
March 10, Wendell T. Robie, "Murderers Bar and the Gold Rush on the Middle Fork of the American."
April 14, William Wallace Chapin, "Forty Years after the 1915 Exposition."
May 12, Aubrey Drury, "William Walker, Filibusterer – From San Francisco to Nicaragua and No Return."
June 11 (at residence of Waddell F. Smith in San Rafael), Aubrey Neasham and John Hussey, "Early-Day Transportation and Communication in the West."
June 29 (Officers' Club, Presidio of San Francisco), Theodore Treutline, remarks on the 179th anniversary of the founding of San Francisco.
September 8, Mrs. Helen Follett Williams, "Richmond's Golden Anniversary, 1900-1955."
October 13, the Rev. John B. McGloin, S.J., "From Market Street (1855) to Ignatian Heights (1955)."
November 10, Edmond D. Coblentz, "A Roving Reporter Fifty-Five Years ago."
December 10 (at residence of Countess Lillian Dandini di Cesena), remarks on the French Chateau, "Carolands."

The QUARTERLY completed in 1955 its 34th year of publication. The year 1955 also marked completion of 25 years of service in various official capacities by the QUARTERLY's skillful advisory-committee chairman, Mr. Allen L. Chickering.

Alexander T. Leonard, Jr., M.D., chairman of the committee on historic names and sites, represented the Society on numerous occasions throughout the year. Worthy of special mention were his activities as co-chairman of the annual San Francisco founding-day celebration in June, and as chairman-of-the-day, in charge of the James W. Coffroth plaque dedication in Columbia in December.

Gifts to the Society's library collections have continued to be both valuable and numerous, owing particularly to the very active interest of Mr. Ralph H. Cross, chairman of the committee on library and gifts. During 1955, the library acquired, by gift of Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Bechtel, a magnificent collection of Californiana which included the papers of W. D. M. Howard and the original Rivera Diary of 1774. This gift, described in the June QUARTERLY of 1955, may be called the third milestone in the list of great Society accessions, following the gifts of the Templeton Crocker and C. O. G. Miller collections.

Our membership rolls remain strong and constant. Evidence of interest in our aims and of the usefulness of the work performed is the encouraging increase of names to be found in the sustaining, patron, and associate membership lists published in the QUARTERLY. The last-named category of membership, containing the names of business firms, was increased two-fold during the year, largely through the personal efforts of the Society's treasurer, Mr. George L. Harding.

The accomplishments of the year 1955 could not have occurred without the wholehearted cooperation of all board members. Because of it, your president is happy to report that the year's closing finds the Society in a strong position for increased service to our membership and to California generally.

JOSEPH R. KNOWLAND

## UNVEILING AT COLUMBIA

On December 4, 1955, the California Historical Society dedicated a memorial in the plaza at Columbia, California, to honor the achievements of James Wood Coffroth, a man of many attainments, including skill in printing, in oratory and (hence) in politics, and in the foresight which brings into being large-scale works for the use of the public. A. T. Leonard, Jr., M.D., chairman of the Society's committee on historic names and sites, presided, assisted by his fellow-committeeman Emmett P. Joy of the Native Sons of the Golden West, and Aubrey Neasham, historian for the state park commission. The plaque was accepted for the state by the Hon. Joseph R. Knowland, chairman of the park commission and the Society's president.

Speaker-of-the-day was Donald I. Segerstrom, editor of the Sonora *Herald,* whose reasons for labeling Coffroth one of the state's "remarkable people" were clearly presented. Coffroth, a native of Pennsylvania (b. 1829), had already had experience as printer and editor when he reached Sonora in May 1851. He was also "good-looking," according to Mrs. Lewis C. Gunn, wife of the Sonora *Herald's* editor, and wrote poetry, acceptable to that newspaper. Scarcely three months later, he ran and was successful in winning the office of assemblyman on the Democratic party ticket. In November of the same year he moved to Columbia; was elected to the state senate in 1852, and again in 1855 as a candidate of the Know Nothing party—but not for long, as, the next year, he was back in the Democratic fold.

In the late fall of 1855 (Oct. 10), his reasoning power and use of words enabled him to turn the threatened lynching of John S. Barclay for the shooting of J. H. Smith, a respected miner, into an orderly exercise of retribution on the murderer, no longer by a mob of 5000 heedless men but by men whose emotions were under control, the episode being recorded for posterity by J. C. Duchow, pioneer editor of the *Tuolumne Courier.* This heightened Coffroth's popularity with the miners, begun in March of that year when he formed the Columbia and Stanislaus River Water Co., in response to an agitation, started by the miners, because of high charges for water necessary in their operations. The construction involved sixty miles of ditch and flume, from the Middle Fork of the Stanislaus to Columbia, which was brought to conclusion on November 28, 1858, amid a great demonstration of admiration for "the enterprise and indomitable will" of the citizens, who had, as Senator Coffroth, the then speaker-of-the-day, said, "expended their capital and exerted their skill to supply the miners with a cheap, constant and abundant supply of water."

At his death on October 9, 1872, in Sacramento, Coffroth was praised by the Sacramento *Union* as "a partisan without bitterness" and the "readiest man that ever faced a California audience on the hustings...."

Upon completion of Mr. Segerstrom's address, Dr. Leonard, the meeting's chairman, requested Mrs. Joseph R. Knowland, Mrs. Emmett P. Joy, Mrs. P. A. McHenry, and Mrs. Ruth Ann Newport to remove the Bear Flag which was covering the plaque. This formality completed, the inscription stood revealed as follows:

JAMES WOOD COFFROTH

Here on November 29, 1858, was held the celebration in honor of the completion of the Columbia and Stanislaus Water Company's Ditch, which brought water from the North Fork of the Stanislaus River to Columbia. James Wood Coffroth, attorney, journalist, legislator, and orator, and widely known as "Tuolumne's Favorite Son," was the speaker of the day.

Plaque placed by the California Historical Society in cooperation with the California State Park Commission.

1955

# Book of Remembrance

On view in the Society's library is a finely bound "Book of Remembrance," recording the names of persons in whose memory contributions have been made to the Library Fund for the purchase of books and manuscripts. As each item is purchased, it becomes a part of the library, and has affixed to it a bookplate, perpetuating the memory of the individual honored, and bearing, as well, the donor's name. Below are the names that have been inscribed since the commencement of the memorial:

Frank Howard Allen
Joseph Emmanuel Anderson
Marion Atkins
Thomas P. Bacon
Isabelle Ball
Arthur John Bancroft
Oscar Thomas Barber
Harvey Wetmore Beard
Rae Griswold Behrens
Edward Washington Bender
Mrs. Marcus P. Bennett
Katharine Esther Bennitt
Julia Stamper Berman
Mariana Bertola, M.D.
Edith Ward Berwyn
Clarence Leo Best
Francis Edward Bishop
Sally McKee Black
Lilian Hoogs Blaisdell
Edwin T. Blake
Hope Bliss
Herbert Eugene Bolton
Charles Philip Boone
Eleanor Smith Boone
Marie Wilson Bradley
Philip Read Bradley
Paul W. Brannon
Arthur H. Breed
LeRoy H. Briggs, M.D.
Frances Des Marais Brogan
Ella M. Brooke
Leonard W. Buck, M.D.
Eldridge Ayer Burbank
John R. Burns
Charlotte Wilson Cadwalader
George Toland Cameron
Rumsey Campbell
William W. Carruth
Katherine Thayer Cate
William Cavalier
Bessie Hobart Chapman
Isaac Flint Chapman
Ralph Perry Chessall, D.D.S.
Randolph Clement
Frederick Herman Coon
Oscar Cooper
George Mackey Cornwall
Lilian A. Cross
Florence Osterero Cullen
Abraham Lincoln Danziger
Lilly E. Davis
Jerry W. DeCou
Monroe E. Deutsch
Alice Eastwood
Maude Wyman Eberts
Ernest Frank Eckhardt
Glada V. Elden
Paul Eliel
Minnie Walker Engs
Alfred I. Esberg
Helen Richardson Espy
Edward Lilburn Eyre
Estelle Lyon Fay
Edward B. Field
Roy S. Folger
George August Fuhrig
Amy Corder Gaines
Robert B. Gaylord
Morton R. Gibbons, M.D.
Frank Carroll Giffen
William M. Gilliland
Eliza Jane Gilman
Mary Glide Goethe
Lutie D. Goldstein
Irene L. Goudey
Olive Martha Gould
Charles Francis Griffin, M.D.
Abraham P. Hankes
Lowell E. Hardy
Jessie Vaughan Harrier
Margaret N. Hart
Frederick Harvey

Thomas Norman Harvey
William Dunn Henley
Armand Leon Hering
Flodden W. Heron
Emily Coey Hittell
Mabel L. Holmes
Mary Pardow Hooper
Grant James Hunt
Joseph Henry Jackson
Virginia Utz Jobe
Caroline Lendelof Johnson
Frederick B. Kellam
Arthur C. Kennedy
George E. Kennedy
Gerald Driscoll Kennedy
Elizabeth Thacher Kent
Emma T. Kessler
Dudley Kinsell
Helen Kinsell
Emelyn West Knowland
Eva M. Koch
Ethel A. Krook
William James Laing
William C. Latham
Abbie Hyde Lewis
James L'Hommedieu
Douglas Stuart Loud
George Dunlap Lyman, M.D.
Helen Flint Lyman
M. Hall McAllister
Richard Henry McCarthy
Ruby McCormick
James H. McDonough
Jean Howard McDuffie
Jean Parker McEwen
Blanche Baldwin McGaw
Charles M. MacGregor
Eileen Leonard McInerny, M.D.
John A. McNear
Robert L. McWilliams
John Ward Mailliard, Jr.
Arthur S. Maloon
Edna Rodden Martin
Irving Martin
William O'Hara Martin
Winifred M. Menzies
Charles Washington Merrill
George Lovett Merwin
Helen Knox Merwin
Olga M. Meyer
C. O. G. Miller
Ruth Comfort Mitchell
James Kennedy Moffitt
F. J. Morin
Helen Freer Morris
La Verne Scott Moss
Ruby Muther
Ralph W. Myers
John J. Newbegin
Frank H. Norcross
Thomas Wayne Norris
Frank M. Ogden
Albert Leslie Oliver
Edwin Letts Oliver
Emily Oliviera
Mrs. E. O. C. Ord
Martha Lamberton Osmer
William G. Paden
Whitney Palache
Robert J. Parker
Haig Patigian
Henry Hawley Patterson
May Hawley Patterson
Ann May Perry
Barbara Peters
Mrs. G. Baltzer Peterson
Thomas L. Phillips
Minna Dohrmann Pischel
Paul P. Pitchlynn
Elizabeth Keith Pond
George A. Pope
Mrs. George A. Pope
Margaret James Porter
Katharine Hutchinson Post
J. Sheldon Potter
Mabel Gray Potter
Frank J. Reagan
Ida M. Reed
Mrs. Mark Requa
Ruth Loring Richardson
Thomas M. Robinson, Jr.
Laura Carmany Rulofson
Warren Russell
Julia D. Sammer
Irving Murray Scott, Jr.
William C. Sharpsteen
Edward J. Sheppard
William Henry Shine
Frederick Ortman Shumate, M.D.
Gertrude Miller Simmons
Louis F. Sinsheimer
John Joaquin Smith

Henrietta L. Stadtmuller
Rosalie Meyer Stern
William Ely Stewart
Herbert F. Suhr
J. D. Sweeney
Mrs. Leslie Symmes
Willard Brown Thorp
L. Deming Tilton
Reuben Lukens Underhill
Eugenia Kendrick Vaughan
Uda Waldrop
Harry C. Warren, M.D.
Willard O. Wayman
Dixon Wecter
Lynn Townsend White
Charlotte Anita Whitney
Betty Loren Whitsell
Gerald Wessen Wickland
Otis Buckminster Wight, M.D.
Ray Lyman Wilbur, M.D.
Gordon F. Williamson
Theodore P. Wittschen
Louise E. Wormley
Willis A. Zane
Gonzalo Zapata

# In Memoriam

## ARNOLD M. BALDWIN

In his capacity as Santa Cruz County's surveyor for many years, there were few parts of its terrain with whose needs Arnold M. Baldwin (*b.*, Santa Cruz, Dec. 30, 1882) was not familiar. Consequently, when motorists after 1914 found themselves riding with ease over the mountains between Los Gatos and Santa Cruz, they were not on the old Mountain Charley road with its steep grades, nor on the Soquel-San Jose road, also steep, and, for some distance, located in the bottom of a canyon with a torrential creek in winter. Instead, they were taking the route from Glenwood through the Santa Cruz Mountains to the summit of Woodwardia. Had they known, they might have paused to give thanks for their easy traveling to the genius of Arnold Baldwin, for it was he who made the survey for such a route, after its need had been visualized by C. C. Martin, owner of a large tract of land where Glenwood now is, and also by Ralph Martin, a district supervisor. In the route's favor, as laid out by Mr. Baldwin, were its mild grade and the fact that no bridges were required and but four culverts. State engineers being persuaded of its feasibility, the road was constructed in 1914; it was surfaced with concrete about 1921, and finally re-routed in the mid-1930's, with portions in use today as secondary roads. Its surveyor had graduated from the University of California with the class of 1904. Six years later (1910) he began his first term as county surveyor. Then, in 1938, Arnold Baldwin was again elected county surveyor and continued in office until his retirement in 1955.

During the years that he rode and walked over Santa Cruz County in the pursuit of his calling, Mr. Baldwin saw other things besides bare terrain. He became interested in native trees and shrubs, in wild flowers and birds, and in fishes. Each opening of the trout season found him in action on Baldwin Creek in the old Refugio Rancho where he had lived as a child.

One matter that occupied his time as surveyor was the clearing up of a question involving the portion of Rancho Punta Del Ano Nuevo's boundary that in 1868 had become the San Mateo-Santa Cruz county line. Solution of the problem required a survey through what is known locally as "the chalks" — a scenically beautiful area, but one that is broken by deep canyons. Mr. Baldwin used a jeep, and joked about "disappointing the buzzards," referring of course to the danger to himself from the rugged terrain; but the ornithological threat was doubly significant because of the recent severe surgery he had undergone. Ill health, coupled with a serious automobile accident, interfered with his work. Nevertheless, he was able to complete it and testify in court. Surgery again became necessary. Reassuring news came to him at last, on January 3, 1955, the day his retirement commenced, when he was told that the presiding judge had sustained his findings in the boundary survey.

Though in ill health to the day he died (June 2, 1955), his mind remained keen and alert, and his sympathies as well, particularly toward young land surveyors.

History likewise interested him, and he had recently been one of the organizers of the Santa Cruz Historical Society.

Among the members of Arnold Baldwin's family who survive him are a brother, Roscoe Baldwin, and a niece, Miss Carolyn Baldwin, with whom he made his home.

CATHERINE (MRS. WILLIAM F.)STEELE

## EDITH McDONALD CHAMBERLAIN

On November 25, 1955, was announced the death of Edith McDonald Chamberlain, widow of Selah Chamberlain, Sr., and one of seven children born to Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. McDonald of Santa Rosa. McDonald came to California just after the first gold rush, being preceded here by his brothers, James (called "Captain") and D. L. McDonald. Upon his arrival, they interested Mark in constructing a road from Sacramento to Virginia City, whose mines were then attracting great attention. With this practical road-building experience as a foundation, he next turned his energies and pronounced talents into the financial side of mining and of large-scale improvements by securing a membership on the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board. Here his six feet four inches, coupled with his success in discounting the market, won him the name of "Ursa Major."* His residence in Santa Rosa began in 1879, after his marriage to Miss Ralphine North some twelve years earlier, and his investments in the town's real estate led to more railroad building (this time, a street railroad) and also to the development of an adequate water supply, made possible by his work in organizing the Santa Rosa Water Co. It is recorded that his real-estate properties were made beautiful by the planting of trees and shrubs in great variety (on McDonald Avenue, for example). Thus, his daughter Edith and her sisters Mabel and Florence, together with their elder brother Mark L., Jr., were initiated early into the graces of suburban life—including its intellectual side, because of Mr. McDonald's personal fondness for books. It was he who established Santa Rosa's first free library, merged later with Carnegie's provision toward the same end.

Among the members of Mrs. Chamberlain's family are names long familiar in the business and social life of Santa Rosa and the San Francisco Bay area. Her sister Mabel married William H. Hamilton of San Francisco, and to them was born a son, Alexander. (Mrs. Hamilton's death in Berlin in 1917 was announced in the San Francisco *Examiner* of February 24th of that year.) Florence McDonald married Maxwell McNutt, also of San Francisco; and Mark L., Jr., who became prominent, among other interests, in the dried fruit business in Santa Rosa, was married in December 1896 to Miss Isabelle Juilliard, daughter of Charles F. and Sarah A. (Chilton) Juilliard. One of their children, Juilliard McDonald, was a member of the California Historical Society during the 1930's.

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*Thomas Gregory, *History of Sonoma County* (Los Angeles 1911), pp. 257-59; *Pacific Coast Annual Mining Review and Stock Ledger* (San Francisco, Oct. 1878), pp. 36-37. For information on Mark L. McDonald, Jr., see Gregory, *op. cit.*, pp. 360-61.

Mrs. Chamberlain was for many years deeply interested in the Garden Club of America; for a time she was one of its directors. She had a beautiful home at Woodside in San Mateo County, and divided her time between it and an apartment in San Francisco.

Among her many admirable qualities, one of the most engaging was her naturally easy and cordial manner; and social gatherings where her friends might, as formerly, have looked forward to seeing her, now have lost one of their most certain attractions.

Surviving Mrs. Chamberlain are her daughters, Mrs. Edith C. Field and Mrs. Ellen C. Martin; and two sons, Selah Chamberlain, Jr. and Joseph P. Chamberlain.

ALLEN L. CHICKERING

## ALFRED I. ESBERG

At Los Altos, California, on November 17, 1955, occurred the death of Alfred Esberg, a former director and vice-president of the California Historical Society, whose membership dated back to the first year of its reorganization in 1922. His interest in historical matters had continued unabated during those thirty-odd years: the month of his death he issued a report on some investigations he had been making into the history of Rancho San Antonio – from 1839, when Governor Alvarado bestowed the land on Juan Prado Mesa ("our San Antonio Mesa," as Esberg called him), to 1889, when it passed into the hands of Stone & Sanborn, real-estate subdividers; thence he carried the reader through subsequent purchasers to its present status as the site of a "thousand homes – a college – a convent – a golf course."

Alfred Esberg was one of the sons of Mendel and Matilda Hirschfeld Esberg, whose marriage had taken place in March 1868, some fourteen years after the bridegroom's arrival in California from Germany. Mendel Esberg had learned the cigar business in Germany and looked to it to support him in his new surroundings.† Accordingly, he opened a tobacco shop in San Francisco in 1856, after a brief excursion to the then-depleted placers. As his first three sons – Alfred, Henry, and Milton – grew to manhood, they joined him in the business, which, some years previously (1861), had ceased to be retail. The next decades saw rapid expansion from the firm of (Mendel) Esberg & (Simon) Bachman, formed in 1870, into the Leaf Tobacco Co., then partnership with M. A. Gunst & Co. (their former rivals), its consolidation with the United Cigar Manufacturers Co. of New York, and the subsequent transformation of the latter into the General Cigar Co. In these plans and their realization Alfred Esberg participated, as an officer and as eastern representative. In 1917, he returned to San Francisco‡ from New York, to take upon himself such civic responsibilities as membership on the board of education, serving as its president from 1925 to 1931. His extensive interests in real estate date from the 1930's, when he became president of the Annex Corporation. Subsequently he took up his residence in Mountain View, afterwards at Loyola. Real estate was a fertile field for his historical turn of mind, and it is easy to understand how it led to his unraveling of the background for such subdivisions as Rancho San Antonio.

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†The reader is referred to *A Man and His Friends* (San Francisco: privately printed, 1953) for an interesting and detailed account of Milton Esberg's family.

‡A news item in the San Francisco *Chronicle* of Feb. 3, 1917, dated from Washington, D. C., on the previous day, announced the re-election of A. I. Esberg of San Francisco as a director of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

The results of another piece of investigation were published in San Francisco in 1944 under the title, *Forty-nine Opinions on our Japanese Problem*, composed of answers to queries which he had addressed to a like number of individuals, seeking a solution. "Inasmuch," he said in the opening paragraphs, "as I have not been able to clarify my own mind, I am asking some people, like you, who think, what they think." His intimate friends would say that this was characteristic of him—that he gave every angle of every problem he had to deal with, whether in business or in civic affairs, the most elaborate and painstaking study. In consequence, his conclusions were eminently practical and sound.

Up to the time of his sudden death and despite his eighty-four years, he was a physically, as well as a mentally, vigorous, alert and rugged individual. He loved the out-of-doors and indulged in long walks over the San Mateo hills. He enjoyed, in his quiet way, the rather Spartan-like existence which he led after the death of his wife.* Although at times somewhat blunt in manner, he was held in great respect, esteem and affection by all those who knew him well.

Surviving Mr. and Mrs. Esberg are a daughter, Emily Louise Esberg, and a son, Alfred M. Esberg.

SIDNEY M. EHRMAN

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*Before her marriage, Mrs. Esberg was Marie Louise Sussman of San Francisco.

## MARION LEALE

The sudden death on November 26, 1955, of Marion Leale (*b.*, San Francisco, Dec. 13, 1882), one of San Francisco's most loyal and able women, shocked and saddened the wide circle of her friends, who in recent weeks have paid tribute to her memory. She had been a member of the California Historical Society for the past eight years.

Two daughters, Marion and Edith, were born to Captain and Mrs. John Leale of San Francisco. Their father, who had spent his boyhood in the salty air of the Channel Island of Guernsey, was captain for thirty-six years on San Francisco's ferry system, during which, according to his daughter's account,* he "traveled more than a million miles back and forth," carrying safely "millions upon millions of passengers." The bay bridge has now taken over his work of ferrying—a fact which prompted Miss Leale to speak of the great span's "confident spirit of youth." And it was her remarkable talent of recognizing not only the exploits

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**Recollections of a Tule Sailor, Captain John Leale (1850-1932), Master Mariner, San Francisco Bay*, with Interpolations by Marion Leale (San Francisco: George Fields, 1939), pp. 7-8.

but the problems and needs of youth that gave such success to her work for enlisted men in both world wars, through the facilities provided by the National League for Woman's Service, in the organization of which she was associated with Mrs. Duncan McDuffie and other devoted women of similar generosity. In 1925-26, as an outgrowth of the earlier organization, the Women's City Club of San Francisco was founded. Again it was Miss Leale and her associates who worked out the financial and organizational details for the club's beautiful building at 465 Post Street, and who gave their best efforts toward maintaining the high purposes for which it was founded. Reinforcing their efforts in this direction and to which Miss Leale herself contributed, is the club's monthly magazine, keeping the membership informed of important musical, dramatic, and civic events, besides publishing timely articles on travel, books, etc.

Among Marion Leale's extra-national interests has been the Sir Francis Drake Association, of which she was until recently acting-president. Aside from its main object of keeping alive the memory of Drake's landing on the west coast, she looked to it also as a means of strengthening Britain's and America's joint zeal in behalf of world peace. She was academically trained (University of California, 1904), and although this does not necessarily imply the ability to base enthusiasms on calm deliberation, it seemed to have so operated in her case; otherwise, her election to the limited membership of the National Institute of Social Sciences would hardly have taken place.

To refer again, in closing, to the volume mentioned earlier, the "interpolations" that Miss Leale makes in her father's recollections, and the recollections themselves, create a picture of family life and fortunes in San Francisco a half century or so ago, which, in addition to being a valuable contribution to Californiana, reminds many of us of once-similar households.

Miss Leale is survived by her sister, Edith Leale, of San Francisco.

EDITH SLACK GLADYS WICKSON

## GIFTS RECEIVED BY THE SOCIETY

December 1, 1955, to February 15, 1956

Monetary gifts and materials of great interest have been contributed by many friends in many places:

ALAMEDA
W. Barclay Stephens, M.D.

ATHERTON
Mrs. Eli H. Wiel

BELVEDERE
Mrs. Richard Y. Dakin

BEN LOMOND
Dudley Dexter

BERKELEY
Anson S. Blake
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Cross, Sr.
Mrs.Hugh T. Dobbins
Perry Evans
Mrs. C. V. Heimbucher
George D. Louderback
Mr. and Mrs. Hobart M. Lovett
Miss Lillian Roark

Stuart A. Rugg
Mrs. C. A. Shuey
Miss Doris Marion Wright

BURLINGAME
Mrs. Leonora Wood Armsby
Miss Ethel Cooper
Mrs. Frank W. Fuller, Jr.
Walter S. Martin

CARMEL
Mrs. Rogers P. Parratt
Mrs. Clinton Walker

CARSON CITY, NEVADA
Mrs. Blake Darling

CEDAR RIDGE
Elbridge J. Best, M.D.

COULTERVILLE
W. F. Gabriel

DUTCH FLAT
Miss Anita M. Crellin

FULTON, NEW YORK
Leon C. Baldwin

GRASS VALLEY
Mrs. Edna D. Sampson

GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
Mrs. Antoinette Naglee Spruyt

HANFORD
Mrs. E. L. Jacoby

KENTFIELD
F. Bourn Hayne

LAFAYETTE
James Rolph Moore

LA JOLLA
Mrs. H. W. Furlong

LOS ALTOS
Mrs. Edna K. Lenzen

LOS ANGELES
Homer D. Crotty
Mrs. Edward L. Doheny
Frank S. Dolley, M.D.
Gordon G. Hair

LOS GATOS
Miss Mary McRae Corbus

MENLO PARK
Mrs. Silas H. Palmer
Carl I. Wheat

MONTEREY
Mrs. Henry W. Toulmin

NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS
Mrs. Kent King

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
Frederick W. Beinecke

NILES
Mrs. J. C. Shinn

OAKLAND
Mrs. Ralph Coffey
Arthur E. Corder
Bruno A. Forsterer
Joseph Fount Le Roy
Miss Claire A. Glendenning
Hon. Joseph R. Knowland
Mrs. Hugo Methmann
Mrs. Maxwell C. Milton
Mrs. William H. Voiles
William W. Winn
Mrs. William A. Wood

ORINDA
Mr. and Mrs. H. Burt McFarland

PALO ALTO
George L. Harding
Miss Margaret A. Jacks
Mrs. Stuart Middlemas
Percy M. Pettigrew

PASADENA
James R. Brehm
Robert B. Honeyman
George C. White

PETALUMA
Leo V. Korbel

PIEDMONT
Allen L. Chickering, Sr.

PORTLAND, OREGON
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Davies
Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr

REDDING
Hon. Albert F. Ross

RICHMOND
Perc S. Brown

ROSS
Mrs. B. K. Dunshee
Mrs. Milton H. Esberg, Sr.
Mrs. Morton R. Gibbons

SACRAMENTO
C. M. Goethe
Miss Eleanor McClatchy

ST. HELENA
Miss Ivy M. Loeber

SAN BERNARDINO
L. Burr Belden

SAN FRANCISCO
Irving C. Ackerman
American Trust Company
Philip H. Arnot, M.D.
Don Jose F. Aubertine
Alexander R. Baldwin
Kenneth K. Bechtel
Phil K. Bekeart
Miss Carmelina M. Bianchi
Miss Giovannina N. Bianchi
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# Recent Californiana

## *A Check-List of Publications Relating to California*

Barker, John. San Joaquin Vignettes; the Reminiscences of Captain John Barker. Edited by William Harland Boyd [and] Glendon J. Rodgers. Bakersfield, Kern County Historical Society, 1955. xi, 111 p. Illus., port. $2.50.

Bingham, Edwin R. Charles F. Lummis; Editor of the Southwest. San Marino, Huntington Library, 1955. x, 218 p. Illus., ports. $5.00.

Blair, Hosea and Nellie A. Monuments and Memories of San Francisco; Golden Gate Park. [San Francisco, Authors, c1955] 112 p. Illus., ports. $5.00.

[Bliss, Carey S., and Amelia B., comp.] Catalogue of Books & Manuscripts in the Estelle Doheny Collection, Part Three. Los Angeles [Privately printed] 1955. xii, 170 p. Illus., port.

Ferguson, Alfred Riggs. Edward Rowland Sill; the Twilight Poet. The Hague, Martinus Nijhoff, 1955. xi, 255 p. Guilders 16.50 [$4.37]

Frickstad, Walter N. A Century of California Post Offices, 1848 to 1954. Part I, Their Establishment and Period of Operation; Part II, the First Decade, Official and Unofficial Lists of 1849 to 1859. Oakland [Philatelic Research Society] 1955. xix, 395 p. $12.50.

Green, Robert B. On the Arkansas Route to California in 1849; the Journal of Robert B. Green of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Edited by J. Orin Oliphant. Lewisburg, Bucknell Univ., 1955. ix, 87 p. [Apply to publisher]

Gregg, Jacob Ray. History of the Oregon Trail, Santa Fe Trail, and Other Trails. Portland, Binfords, 1955. 313 p. Illus. $5.00.

Henry, Helga Bender. Mission on Main Street. Boston, W. A. Wilde Co., 1955. 200 p. Illus. $2.75.

Hikozo. Floating on the Pacific Ocean [Hyoryu ki] Translated from the 1863 ed., by Tosh Motofuji. Los Angeles, Dawson, 1955. 89 p. Illus. $7.50.

Holdredge, Helen. The Woman in Black, the Life of Lola Montez. N. Y., Putnam [c1955] x, 309 p. Illus., ports. $4.50.

Jensen, Lee. The Pony Express. N. Y., Grosset & Dunlap [c1955] 154 p. Illus., maps, ports. $2.50.

Lee, John D. A Mormon Chronicle; the Diaries of John D. Lee, 1848-1876. Edited by Robert Glass Cleland and Juanita Brooks. San Marino, Huntington Library, 1955. 824 p. Illus., map. 2 vols., $15.00.

McCain, Ella. Memories of the Early Settlements: Dulzura, Potrero, and Campo. [Potrero?, Author] c1955. 146 *l.* [Apply to author]

Margo, Elisabeth. Taming the Forty-Niner. N. Y., Rinehart [1955] x, 245 p. Illus. $3.75.

Meyers, William H. Journal of a Cruise to California and the Sandwich Islands in the United States Sloop-of-War Cyane . . . 1841-1844. Edited by John Haskell Kemble. San Francisco, The Book Club of California, 1955. xvi, 68 p. Illus., map. [Available to Club members]

Paden, Irene D., and Margaret E. Schlichtmann. The Big Oak Flat Road; an Account of Freighting from Stockton to Yosemite Valley. San Francisco [Privately printed] 1955. vi, 356 p. Illus., maps, ports. $12.50.

Palo Alto Community Players, Inc. 1001 First Nights; the First Quarter Century of the Palo Alto Community Players, 1931-1956. [Palo Alto, The Players, c1955] 44 p. Illus. [Apply to The Players]

Pollak, Victor F. 110 Years of San Francisco; My Memories. [San Francisco, The Author, 1955] 9 *l.* Illus., port. 25 cents.

Robinson, William Wilcox. The Story of Ventura County. [Los Angeles, Title Insurance and Trust Co., c1955] 48 p. Illus., map, port. [Apply to publisher]

Root, Riley. Journal of Travels from St. Josephs to Oregon with Observations of That Country, Together with a Description of California, Its Agricultural Interests, and a Full Description of Its Gold Mines ... Oakland, Biobooks, 1955. 130 p. $10.00.

Russell, Osborne. ... Journal of a Trapper. Edited from the Original Manuscript in the William Robertson Coe Collection of Western Americana in the Yale University Library; with a Biography ... and Maps of His Travels While a Trapper in the Rocky Mountains. By Aubrey L. Haines. [Portland] Oregon Historical Society, 1955. xviii, 179 p. Illus., maps. $10.00.

Saxon, Gladys. California Camel Adventure. Caldwell, Idaho, Caxton, 1955. 183 p. Illus. $3.50.

Stadtmuller, Edwin W. Those Early Years. [San Francisco, Privately printed, 1955] 94 p.

Storer, Tracy I., and Lloyd P. Tevis, Jr. California Grizzly. Berkeley, Univ. of California, 1955. vii, 335 p. Illus., ports. $7.50.

Tyson, James L. Diary of a Physician in California; Being the Results of Actual Experience Including Notes of the Journey by Land and Water and Observations on the Climate, Soil, Resources of the Country, etc. Oakland, Biobooks, 1955. vii, 124 p. $10.00.

Valentine, Alan. Vigilante Justice. N. Y., Reynal, 1956. x, 173 p. Illus. $3.50.

Weight, Harold O. Twenty Mule Team Days in Death Valley; with Some Observations of the Natural History of Mules and Muleskinners, and the Mining of Desert Borax, and a Reprint of Henry C. Hanks' Report on Death Valley, 1883. Twentynine Palms, Calico Press [c1955] 44 p. Illus., map, ports. $1.25.

White, Michael C. California All the Way Back to 1828 by Michael C. White. Written by Thos. Savage for the Bancroft Library, 1877. Los Angeles, Dawson, 1956. xvi, 93 p. Port. [Apply to publisher]

Wilson, Carol Green. Alice Eastwood's Wonderland; the Adventures of a Botanist. San Francisco, California Academy of Sciences [c1955] 222 p. Port. $5.00.

Wilson, Neill C., ed. Deep Roots; the History of Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Pioneers in Papers Since 1855. San Francisco [Privately printed] 1955. 109 p. Illus., ports. [Apply to business firm]

Young, Otis E. The West of Philip St. George Cooke, 1809-1895. Glendale, Arthur H. Clark, 1955. 392 p. Illus., ports. [Apply to publisher]

# Marginalia

For biographical note on ANSON S. BLAKE, former director and president of the California Historical Society and now an honorary member, see the June 1947 *Quarterly*, pp. 185-86. MRS. FRANK C. (EDITH) GREGORY, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Morris, was at one time a resident of Berkeley. Her present address is not on record.

MIRIAM (LEYRER) DRURY was born in Santa Ana, and attended California schools, including the University of California. She is the author of stories and songs (words and music) for children and for adults, being well versed respecting the former through three of her own. Her husband is Clifford M. Drury, professor of church history at the San Francisco Theological Seminary in San Anselmo.

A note on JAMES J. HUDSON, assistant professor of history, University of Arkansas, appeared on page 190 in the June 1955 *Quarterly*, when the Society published his article, "The California National Guard and the Mexican Border, 1914-16."

ROBERT W. JOHANNSEN (Ph.D., Univ. Washington, 1953) is assistant professor of history at the University of Kansas, following his work as instructor in the same subject at the University of Washington. His book, *Frontier Politics and the Sectional Conflict*, has just been published by the University of Washington Press.

As a native of San Diego, RICHARD H. MOREFIELD (A.B., 1951, Univ. San Francisco; M.A., Univ. Calif., 1954) started his life in close proximity to the subject of his present studies on "The Mexican Adaptation in American California, 1846-75." The article printed here is part of the larger picture.

From 1951 to 1953, ROBERT M. ROBINSON (A.B.; M.A.; and Ph.D. [1951] Univ. Calif.) was with the U. S. office of price stabilization, first as district economist in Portland, Ore., and then as regional economist, Seattle, Wash. He was an associate in economics at his Alma Mater 1953-54, and in 1955 took his current post as assistant professor of the same subject at Sacramento State College.

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June 1956

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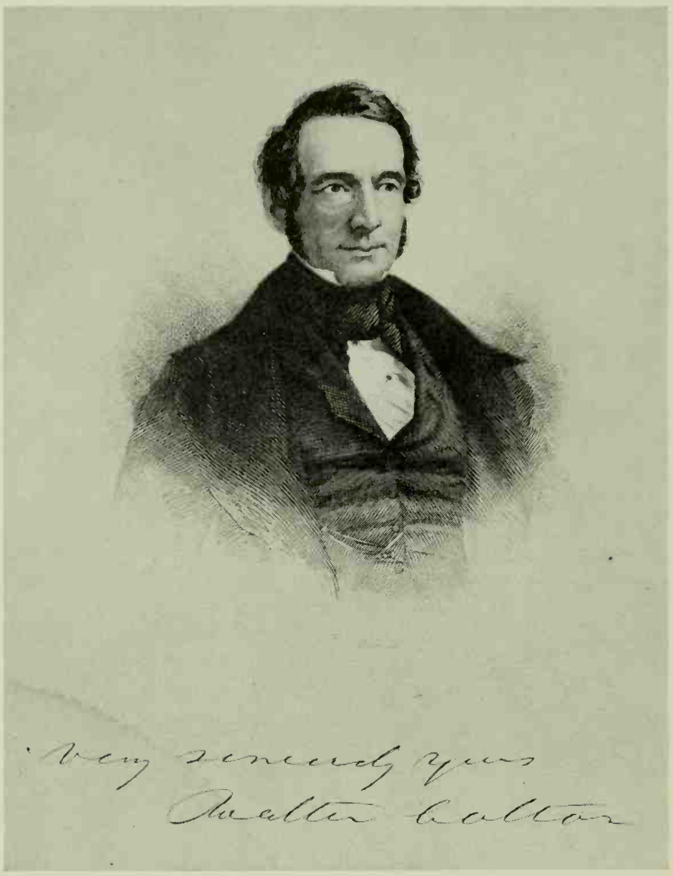
Very sincerely yours
Walter Colton

WALTER COLTON

Reproduced from *The Sea and the Sailor* (frontispiece),
New York, 1851.

# Walter Colton, Chaplain and Alcalde

*By* Clifford M. Drury*

*. . . Congregational minister, historian, author, and editor, who served as the first Alcalde of Monterey, from September 15, 1846 to October 1848. On August 15, 1846, in partnership with Robert Semple, Colton established California's first newspaper, "The Californian"; he impanelled the first U. S. jury ever to be summoned in this State on September 4, 1846; and in 1847 was appointed Judge of the U. S. Court of Admiralty.*

* * * *

Thus runs the inscription on the bronze memorial which, at a public ceremony on November 28, 1955, was affixed to Colton Hall, Monterey.[1] This is not the first time that Walter Colton's name has been formally associated with Colton Hall. On June 3, 1951, a tablet, placed there by the historic landmarks committee of the Native Sons of the Golden West, reads as follows:

> In this building from September 1 to October 15, 1849, assembled the Convention which drafted the Constitution under which California was admitted to Statehood, September 9, 1850. The forty-eight delegates met on the upper floor which was the length of the main building. Robert Semple was chairman and William G. Marcy, Secretary. The stairway leading to the Convention Hall was in the rear of the building.
>
> Reverend Walter Colton, first American Alcalde in Monterey, erected this building, which bears his name, as a public hall and school house. Colton and Robert Semple established in Monterey on August 15, 1846, the first American newspaper in California.

From a comparison of the two inscriptions, one sees that the emphasis in 1951 is on the hall; the plaque unveiled on November 28, 1955, on the other hand, is concerned chiefly with Chaplain Colton himself. He received recognition elsewhere in the west when, during World War II, one of the chapels at the receiving barracks, Shoemaker, California, was called the Walter Colton Memorial Chapel. In the eastern part of the United States, a tablet honoring him can be seen in the David Adams Memorial Chapel (navy) at Norfolk, Virginia.

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Walter Colton was born in the County of Rutland, Vermont, on May 9, 1797.[2] His parents were members of the town's Congregational Church, which the senior Colton is said to have served as deacon for fifty years. Walter was the third of twelve children. While living with an uncle in Hartford, Connecticut, where he had been sent to learn a trade, the young man became acquainted with the Rev. Nathan Strong, a Congregational minister, who urged him to study for the ministry. Accordingly, we find him at twenty-one entering Yale College as a ministerial student. He was graduated in 1822 and then went to Andover Theological Seminary for the usual three-year course in theology. In 1825 he was licensed by the Congregational Church. Two years later he was ordained.

For a few years, Colton taught and wrote for the newspapers in Middletown, Connecticut, and in 1828 published a pamphlet entitled *Remarks on Duelling*—"a vicious custom" he called it—which contained a series of lectures addressed particularly to some cadets who were members of "the American, Scientific, and Military Academy."[3] Colton pours out his scorn on the common arguments advanced in that day for dueling and calls the duelists murderers.

His journalistic ability led to his taking up similar work in Washington, D. C., until, in 1830, he sought and was granted a commission as chaplain in the U. S. navy. He spent the rest of his life as a navy chaplain, serving aboard such historic frigates as the *Vincennes*, *Constitution*, *Macedonian*, and the *Congress*—all dependent on changeable winds for motive power.

Colton's attitude toward his new profession was stated in a letter to Secretary of the Navy Levi Woodbury, in November of the year following his appointment:

> . . . a Chaplain, in order to succeed and be useful in his situation should possess a thorough knowledge of human nature. . . . He should be able to discover at a glance the way—the manner in which different men are to be approached, and not endeavor to *force* his way to their heads and hearts over those obstacles which an unfortunate education or untoward habits of life have cast around the individual. He must not be too refined and abstracted for the common conceptions of the sailor, nor too rude and uncultivated for the more learned and polished

> officer. . . . He must not be too fellow-like . . . for those who regard with . . . reverence the sacred symbols of his office, nor too sanctimonious for those who respect less the forms than the substance of religion. . . .[4]

As we shall see later in connection with the problem of a chaplain's appearance, Colton had a healthy respect for form.

In contrast to the ministry on land, Colton says that a navy chaplain's parishioners are in the most compact of all possible shapes.[5] He does not have "to ride around among five hundred families located at all points of the compass. He cannot stir without coming in contact with them." However, the vicissitudes of a sea life may cause them "to break away from the chaplain's constraining influence. They may be brought back again," he says, "but it is too often through the deepest self-inflicted humiliation." In Colton's opinion, the religious sentiment in a crew aids discipline; if you have that, "you may sink your handcuffs, cats, and colts in the depths of ocean."[6] Though he considers corporal punishments as opposed to the spirit of the age, he realizes the difficulty involved in their abolition: "he would be worthy a monument who could invent an adequate substitute on board a man-of-war."[7] In the closing chapter of his *Two Years Before the Mast* (New York, 1840), Richard Henry Dana expresses similar hesitation in endorsing a positive enactment which would "prohibit the captain from ever, under any circumstances, inflicting corporal punishment."

Shore duty occupied his time in 1834-35, when he was in Washington lobbying on behalf of increased pay for naval officers, including chaplains – a subject which had been agitating officials and navy personnel for some years. Colton's views had been expressed in a letter[8] dated November 16, 1831, in which he held that the $660 a year, then received by a chaplain, was barely adequate for his personal needs; when ordered out of the country he must "leave his family to the precarious provisions of charity or to starve. . . ." But if the government excuses chaplains with families from foreign duty, then "the perils, privations and hardships of sea service must devolve upon those who are without these domesticities and responsibilities." On the one hand would be "the extremities of want"; on the other, "the oppressiveness of unrelieved duty." Two months afterwards, Colton's forcefulness in presenting alternatives was again utilized in a formal appeal to the U. S. senate for action on chaplains' compensation.[9] At length, on March 3, 1835, Congress passed "An Act to regulate the pay of the Navy of the United States," and among its provisions chaplains were to receive $1200 per annum when on active duty, $800 when on leave or while awaiting orders.[10]

March 1835 to June 1837, Colton was attached to the Boston Navy Yard, followed by special studies and a short tour of duty in the *Macedonian.* The Philadelphia Navy Yard was the scene of his next assignment, commencing in 1838. It enabled him to resume his newspaper work, this time as editor of the *North American.* But Secretary of the Navy A. P. Upshur wrote him four years later (Aug. 4, 1842), objecting to the arrangement. To which Colton replied on August eighteenth:

> Sir, I have the honor to acknowledge your order requiring me to abandon either the North American or the Navy. Your order will be obeyed in the relinquishment of the former.
>
> It is due to myself to say that my connection with the North American, commencing two years since, was with the written sanction of the head of the Navy Department; and up to the date of your order no token of official disapprobation has reached me. It has been my aim in the conduct of this paper to sustain, among other great interests, the efficiency of the Navy and the patriotic purposes of its friends. And I take this occasion to say that during this period I have not penned a single editional paragraph of a character incompatible with the courtesy and respect which should characterize my relations to the National Executive and the Head of the Department. The evidence of this is in the files of the North American kept at this office. . . .[11]

There was no "relinquishment," however, of Colton's activity in sustaining "the efficiency of the Navy and the patriotic purposes of its friends," outside the aegis of newspaper editor. There was, for instance, the question of a proper uniform for chaplains. At the request of "several Chaplains of the Navy," he wrote[12] to the Secretary of the Navy David Henshaw expressing their wish "to have the color changed from blue to *black,* the coat to have a black velvet collar, with Navy buttons, the same as now, – this uniform to be worn in foreign ports and on state occasions." Continuing, he requested that chaplains be permitted "to officiate on the Sabbath either in the black silk gown such as is generally worn by the clergy, or the plain black coat . . . the use of the silk gown can be made obligatory when attached to cruising vessels. . . . It is in harmony with the etiquette of a man of war . . . and is a graceful garment for a public speaker. . . ." Secretary Henshaw acceded[13] to the request by issuing a regulation on the subject, dated January 20, 1844.

The question received considerable notice, as may be seen by an article, "The Gown in the Navy," which appeared in the *North American,* and was copied by the *Army and Navy Chronicle* in its issue of

March 14, 1844. It was signed by Walter Colton, chaplain U. S. navy, and was in answer to the charge by "several religious papers" that the gown had been introduced into the navy for sectarian purposes.

> ... Now if any one supposes this originated in a spirit of sectarianism, or that there is anything in it which squints at Episcopacy, I can only say that it had its sources mainly with those who do not belong to that persuasion.... Or, if any one thinks the blue coat and Navy buttons a more appropriate costume for a Clergyman while performing religious services, than a plain black gown – so be it. There is no accounting for tastes. Or, if any one thinks a Chaplain in the Navy should have no uniform at all, no evidence of his office, no outward tokens of his profession, I leave him to the simplicity of his idea....

Revisions of uniform regulations have taken place since this episode. Chaplains now have the same uniform as all other naval officers, with of course the necessary distinguishing marks showing the corps to which the officer belongs.

Seamen's consumption of grog (the half-pint allowances of whiskey per man per day, mixed with unsweetened water in a large tub) had been criticized by chaplains ever since a daily ration of "one-half pint of distilled spirits" was provided for in the *Laws of the U. S. in relation to the Naval Establishment and Marine Corps*, 1826 (p. 50). The several chaplains had forthwith given grog its verbal due: one writer labeled[14] it "the mother of abominations" to the seaman, the "source of most of his degradation." Walter Colton called the whiskey ration "a curse to the service, and a damning blot on our national legislation"; as a substitute, another chaplain proposed coffee and sugar as the "night drink for the deck watches."[15] On February 16, 1842, the naval secretary agreed to the plan by authorizing[16] the "necessary apparatus for preparation of Coffee or Coco. . . ." At the same time, the grog ration was reduced. By July 14, 1862, when the "spirit ration in the Navy of the United States" was abolished[17] and spirituous liquors were admitted on board only as medical stores, Chaplain Colton had already died; but, as will appear below, he had continued the anti-drunkenness campaign on land in California during his term as alcalde of Monterey, 1846-48.

Before leaving for the west, and while chaplain at the Navy Asylum (now the Naval Home) in Philadelphia to which he had been appointed in 1844, Colton had had to combat excessive drinking on the part of certain pensioners, and had tried to find other things that would satisfy them – music, books, and periodicals. As to music, an appeal[18] addressed to Secretary of the Navy George Bancroft on May 28, 1845, resulted in a Packard organ, manufactured by the Fort Wayne Organ Co., which is still in use at the Naval Home.

Shortly after commencing his work there, Colton had been married (June 26, 1844) to a distant cousin, Miss Cornelia B. Colton of Philadelphia. To this union a son was born. But events[19] conspired to separate the newly-wed couple, namely, his assignment to duty on the frigate *Congress*. On board would be Robert F. Stockton (then a captain), who was under orders to join the Pacific squadron and await developments in the dispute between President James K. Polk of the United States and the Mexican president, José Joaquín Herrera. Colton, convinced of the good that the men under his care would derive from reading-material on their long voyage around the Horn, wrote to his friend Dr. H. H. Boardman of the Presbyterian Board of Publication. The letter, dated September 17, 1845, from the *Congress* while still at Norfolk, Va., reads as follows:

> My dear sir: We are making up a Library for our ship and I am very desirous of having some works of a religious character in it. We can have no appropriation from the Government for this purpose. The day for such appropriations has not yet come, though I think the star that harbingers it is above the horizon. It has occurred to me that you might perhaps feel disposed to introduce the subject to your Board of Publication and that they might think it expedient to place in our Library some of their excellent works. The Books will constitute a part of the Library of the Frigate Congress and remain permanently with her. As we have but a week or ten days to remain longer in port dispatch is necessary.... We have an excellent selection of officers in the Congress, and as fine a crew as ever trod a deck....
>
> Very affectionately yours, Walter Colton, U. S. Navy[20]

On October 25, 1845, the *Congress*, with Stockton, Colton and the "Library" on board, sailed from Norfolk. Less than three weeks after sailing, Colton, homesick, and faced with the prospect of not seeing his wife for at least a year (as he then thought), wrote[21] in his journal on November 16th: "... none but old bachelors and hen-pecked husbands should go to sea. The latter flies from persecution, the former from that wretchedness which a sight of real domestic happiness inflicts...." He spent much of his time writing in his journal—a process performed, as he says,[22] "on a table lashed down to prevent its being capsized, in a chair secured with laniards against the force of the ship's lurch, and the manuscript tacked to its place...." But it was all to good purpose, as his journal was transformed into two books—*Deck and Port* and *Three*

*Years in California*, which Bancroft speaks[23] of as being ". . . justly regarded as standard works on the annals of '46-48."

To Chaplain Colton, sailors were thoughtless, improvident, but they underwent "hardship, privation, and suffering with unclouded cheerfulness."[24] One of the hardships was the food. After the third week out, according to Colton, the cook had "seemingly nothing left for his pot but the recollections of his coop. Recollections make very good poetry, but they simmer badly into a soup. . . ."[25] Worst of all was when a ship had to stand to sea for six months; then mere existence might depend on what he characterized as the "last dish of gastronomic desperation – lobscouse"[26] (pilot biscuit, stewed in water with pieces of salt meat). To remind the reader, primitive refrigerating methods were not introduced on board ship until just before the Civil War. An added item to woe was seasickness. In the case of a chaplain, it immediately put him at a disadvantage in performing his duties.

By testifying before the officers and men of the *Congress* as to the restraining influence of religion, and denouncing "as insane a disposition to trifle with its precepts,"[27] Stockton well sustained Colton in his work during the nine-months' cruise, via Cape Horn, Valparaiso, Callao, and the Sandwich Islands. At last, on July 15, 1846, the ship entered the Bay of Monterey. The week before (July 7th),[28] John D. Sloat, in command of the Pacific squadron, had raised the flag of the United States over the Monterey customhouse, to the salute of twenty-one guns from each of the three men-of-war in the harbor; and had appointed Surgeon Edward Gilchrist and Purser Rodman M. Price of the *Cyane* to serve as justices-of-the-peace, in place of alcaldes Manuel Diaz and Joaquín Escamilla.[29] The two latter had been elected in December of 1845, under the Mexican regime, and had been holding office since January 1, 1846.[30]

Having "jueces de paz" serve in place of alcaldes was not uncommon in the province, and therefore not a shock to the inhabitants of Monterey, who, the year before, had become used to irregularities, including actual abandonment of their responsibilities by those in charge of municipal affairs, on the grounds that the military officers in town were disregarding their authority.[31]

On July 23d, Sloat made Stockton commander-in-chief of all the forces on land. Six days later, the former sailed for home, and Stockton assumed command of the Pacific squadron. On August first, the new commander himself set sail, leaving behind him as alcalde of Monterey his appointee, Chaplain Colton of the *Congress*, in place of Surgeon Gilchrist and Purser Price — "two distinguished gentlemen," Colton calls them, whose services were "deemed indispensable to the efficiency of the ships to which they were attached."[32] Three weeks later, Stockton, then at Los Angeles, ordered[33] that an election be held on September 15, 1846, in the several towns and districts of California; automatically, by their votes, the inhabitants would indicate recognition, if not acceptance, of the fact that the switch from one set of authorities to another had been made.

In the interim between August first and September fifteenth, Colton proceeded to set in motion innovations vitally connected with the institution of civil government, namely, a newspaper and trial by jury.

Accounts of the first appearance of Walter Colton's and Robert Semple's *Californian*, and of the technical means that brought it about, contain many picturesque details:[34] the press, once the property of Agustin V. Zamorano — not a printer by trade, but an army engineer of Mexico and secretary for two of its California governors — press and type being acquired by Zamorano in 1834; the presence of mice-burrows in the balls (leather-covered cushions attached to handles and used for inking the forms); the absence, for a time at least, of rules and leads, and the rusty types "all in pi." But paper, of the kind used in the cigar industry and of about foolscap size, was secured, with the result that on August 15, 1846, the new sheet appeared, to be followed every Saturday night until May 1847, when its "thunder" was transferred to San Francisco.

Colton's second innovation was jury trial. As he saw it, "If there is anything on earth besides religion for which I would die, it is the right of trial by jury."[35] Accordingly, on September 4, 1846, the first jury to be summoned in California was impaneled;[36] Isaac Graham was plaintiff, Charles Roussillon, defendant. Graham, from Kentucky and an early trapper on the plains, had opened a distillery and drinking-place east of Monterey in 1836. His schemes and associates were extremely questionable, but he had certain industrious traits such as lumbering at his rancho near Santa Cruz (within the Monterey jurisdiction), in which he was engaged at the time of the trial. Roussillon, a Frenchman and trader, had been in the lumber business, also in Santa Cruz, since 1844.

To try the case, "involving property on one side and integrity of character on the other," Colton selected the following jurymen:[37]

José Abrego, Mexican hatter, trader, soap manufacturer, and Monterey storekeeper, who came to California in 1834, and had been in charge of territorial finances from 1839 to the American occupation.

Charles Chase, possibly fleet surgeon on the *Savannah.*

Manuel Diaz, Mexican trader and shipmaster, well disposed to the U. S., who came to California in 1843 and was serving as alcalde (see above) at the time of American occupation.

Talbot H. Green, from Pennsylvania to California in 1841; in Monterey, as an associate of Thomas O. Larkin, from 1842; well liked and prosperous; was made collector of the port of Monterey, 1846-47; and that year, upon a trip to Mazatlan, he contributed to Colton's and Semple's *Californian.* (Only later [1851] was he exposed as Paul Geddes, a defaulting bank-clerk from Pennsylvania.)

W. E. P. Hartnell, of English birth, and South American business connections; to California in 1822 as one of the agents of Begg & Co., meat packers of Lima, Peru, and interested in mission produce. His life up to 1846 had included ranchero, collector of taxes and customs, school enthusiast,[38] and visitador general of the missions; at first, friendly toward idea of English protectorate for California; afterwards, rendered valuable services to U. S. authorities.

Milton Little, native of New York and trader in Monterey since 1844. As will appear, he won an office in the September 15th election, and a bride in 1848.

Juan Malarin, a native of Peru and a shipmaster, had been in California since 1820, making his home at Monterey between voyages; said to have been a man of excellent character.

George Minor, lieutenant on the *Savannah*, then in Monterey harbor; later in '46, and in '47, at San Diego; testified for the defense in Frémont court-martial, Washington, Nov. 2, 1847–Jan. 11, 1848.

Pedro Narvaez, Mexican naval lieutenant; captain of the port of Monterey 1839-44, and military commander in 1845.

Rafael Sanchez, Mexican sub-lieutenant; to California in 1842 with the new governor, Manuel Micheltorena, and also acting as his secretary; customhouse officer at Monterey in 1845.

Florencio Serrano, from Mexico to California in 1834 with the Hijar and Padrés colony; a teacher at San Antonio Mission in 1835 after secularization; from 1836, municipal duties at Monterey, including 2d alcalde in 1844; advocate and secretary of the prefecture, 1845-46; succeeded Colton as alcalde in 1848-49.

Robert Hasty Thomes, native of Maine, to California in 1841; carpenter and builder in San Francisco, later in Monterey, as partner of Albert G. Toomes; desired no part in politics.

Enumerated by Colton, three factors enabled this varied group to function: "the silent attention which prevailed, the tact of Mr. Hartnell, who acted as interpreter, and the absence of young lawyers." As a result, "we got along very well," says Colton;[39] Roussillon was acquitted of fraudulent intent, and a balance of $65 was found due the plaintiff, Graham, who agreed to make written apology to Roussillon. Nevertheless, it took enterprise of some magnitude on Colton's part to assemble such a cross-section of local tongues and talents in so short a time—from July 28, when he went ashore to take up his residence temporarily at Thomas O. Larkin's, to September 4th, when the jury convened. Larkin left for the south with Stockton on August first, so that Colton hardly had time to tap that fund of experience,[40] enmeshed as the secret and confidential agent of the United States was in international affairs. Alcalde Colton himself does not enlarge on the subject; but, as above, he acknowledged Hartnell's aid in conducting the sessions—aid, as we shall see, that was made inclusive ten days later in the September 15th election. Josiah Royce, writing in 1884-86 on the history of the conquest (chiefly, as he says, from "official and private documents of original value"), gives[41] his reasons for Colton's success with the people while in office: "He studied them thoughtfully; applied from the first a sensible mind to understanding and to helping them . . . and was an example of the more enlightened American influence . . . in a time of transition." The reader will be reminded of the closing words in Commodore Sloat's general order of July 7, 1846, to the crews of all the ships in the harbor: ". . . it is of the first importance to cultivate the good opinion of the inhabitants, whom we must reconcile."[42]

Unless a new regime can keep order, there can be no "reconcilement." To U. S. navy chaplain, Walter Colton—serving in port as alcalde and treading, temporarily, streets instead of decks—that truism had one meaning: keeping things shipshape. Everything on a vessel "had its place and had to be kept in it, for one had to be able to lay his hands on a given object in any part of the ship in the dark."[43] The same applied to the members of a crew or to the citizens of a town, over whom a person had been put in charge. How could he tell where they were, in light or in dark, if they were out of place—disorderly? And so, on August 13, 1846, provoked to action at that moment by news of the actual commencement of hostilities between the United States and Mexico,[44] alcaldes Colton and Price issued an order forbidding the sale of liquors and wines. The prohibition was printed later in the *Californian* (as on September 12th), where the two alcaldes' purpose was given as, "to maintain order and quiet, and to give security to all persons." Offenders would be looked upon "with the greatest severity, and punished by forfeiture of their liquors, fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the Magistrate." Thus did Alcalde Colton continue the fight begun in the east, mentioned above in connection with his opposition to the spirit ration.

On September 15, 1846, came the great day of municipal elections: in Monterey, the results were as follows:[45] alcalde, Walter Colton; alcalde pro tem. (or "substitute" alcalde), Milton Little; alcalde's councillors, David Spence, W. E. P. Hartnell, Juan Malarin, and Manuel Diaz. Treasurer of municipal funds was Salvador Munras. The two for whom no biographical information has as yet been given the reader are David Spence and Salvador Munras. Spence, a native of Scotland and one-time resident of Lima, had come to Monterey in 1824 in connection with Begg & Co.'s meat-packing business. He prospered from the first, became naturalized, and held political office. Larkin considered him friendly to the United States; others thought he favored an English protectorate. Spanish-born Munras, on the other hand, a resident in California since about 1836 and a man of property, had no love for politics.

With this group as his official family, Colton took up, formally, the municipal reins which he had been holding for two months under a military commission. Election by the citizens themselves he appreciated as "undoubtedly the highest compliment which they can confer, but this token brings with it a great deal of labor and responsibility."[46]

Throughout the entire period that Colton served as alcalde, he and the townspeople could hear on their streets the hoof- and boot-beats of detachments, coming and going, with more (predominantly) or less contending "brasses" at their head; and on the bay they could see the wakes of men-of-war entering and departing, sometimes with "prizes" in tow; while over them all, the air reverberated with elegant pronouncements and inelegant pot-shots, verbal and ballistical. For example — and to show a little of what he meant when he said, "but this token brings with it a great deal of labor and responsibility":[47]

October 1, 1846, the new French consul, J. A. Moerenhout, arrived by sea;[48] October 14-16, Monterey streets were barricaded because of rumors of a sudden attack by Californians; at Stockton's arrival, fears subsided; October 28, Frémont and his men came into town, all hungry; the next month (Nov. 16) Montereyans heard the report of Larkin's capture and removal to Los Angeles by the Californians, and of the 30-minute fight between them and some Americans at Natividad, east of Monterey. With the turn of the year (Jan. 12-13, 1847), word of the signing of a treaty by Frémont and the Californians at Cahuenga was received in Monterey, signifying that the conquest of California by the United States had been completed. Squadron commanders entered the harbor: William S. Shubrick in January 1847, James Biddle in March; that month, Stephen W. Kearny assumed the governorship, and Monterey became the capital of California; however, in March also, Frémont entered the picture and their arguments sent both of them east in May; at May's end there was a new governor, Richard B. Mason; meanwhile in April, houses and streets had become congested by the arrival of a contingent of New York Volunteers; but, in the same month, strains of music, issuing from a grand ball, helped, at least for the moment, to ease those other strains that daily issued from myriad less-rhythmic sources. September 1847, there is a refreshing change in the record – the *Californian* (by then, published in San Francisco) reported on the eighth that 27 houses were being erected in Monterey, and that the first brick house to be built in California had been finished: builder, Gallant Duncan Dickenson, Monterey brickmaker.[49]

Colton liked both the site of Monterey ("a poet's dream") and its dwellings of lime-coated adobes, with ornamental porticoes along the front.[50] In 1847 he himself had been interested in the housing question: e. g., a new prison to take the place of the old one, which was "too confined and frail for the safe custody of convicts"; and, since the latter had made the building necessary, it was but right that they should put it up.[51] Use of convict labor was an old idea in California; in 1799, a set of rules[52] had been promulgated by Gov. Diego Borica, and Alcalde Colton was well within his rights when, as representative of a new dispensation, he decided that the then-prevailing custom of fining Spaniards for breaking the law and whipping Indians was unjust discrimination.[53] "I have substituted labor," he says in his journal; "... each is to make fifty adobes a day, and for all over this they are paid." At the time there were eight Indians, three Californians, and one Englishman so engaged.

Shedding more light on Colton's attitude toward the Indian as a fellow member of the community is the following, which appeared in the *Californian* of January 28, 1847, and was repeated in the February 13th edition:

> An Ordinance Respecting the Employment of Indians. – Be it known to all persons residing in the jurisdiction of Monterey, that the Magistrate of said jurisdiction and the board of Council have decreed the following:
>
> That no person whatever shall from henceforth, hire or take into his service any Indian without a certificate from the former employer of that Indian stating that the said employer has no claims on the services of that Indian for wages advanced.
>
> Any person taking into his employment any Indian without such certificate, and advancing any money or property to the said Indian shall forfeit any money or property advanced, and if it should be proved that any Indian has been enticed

away from the service of his master, the person convicted of having so enticed him shall be liable to a fine* not exceeding twenty dollars nor less than five dollars.
[signed] Walter Colton Chief Magistrate

A more conspicuous piece of construction than the jail — one that might make such a building superfluous — was a two-story schoolhouse of stone.[54] According to his diary entry of May 12, 1847, financing its construction by fines collected from those who broke the Monterey anti-gambling law, passed on September 29, 1846, was doing well. One of the fifty apprehended gamblers expressed[55] it thus, when exhorting the others to "plank down" the fine of $20 apiece: "... this money goes to build a school-house, where I hope our children will be taught better principles than they gather from the examples of their fathers." Offenders against other laws also worked on the schoolhouse. A stonecutter, clever at his craft, was described as "shaping stones fit to be laid in the walls of a cathedral."[56]

Education for the people of California had been recognized by one governor after another as a serious problem, but they were uncertain how to attack it. Late in 1794, a retired army sergeant had started a school in a public granary at San Jose.[57] Efforts continued with some success in other parts of the province, but support had been inadequate. Monterey citizens were not indifferent to the subject. On July 8, 1846, Larkin had recommended to Commodore Sloat the appointment of a schoolmaster as an inducement to the natives to accept office under the American flag; he himself would contribute a tenth of the proposed salary.[58] There was also Miss Mary Eagar, who was said to be a very popular member of the local teaching profession.[59] Mariano G. Vallejo, in a letter[60] written from Sonoma on December 4, 1846, to his foster son, shows how concerned he was about the subject: "I hope that soon we will have in California ... establishments in care of capable professors who will dissipate the dense darkness in which we have lain dormant until now...." During his stay in the west, Colton appears to have been impressed with Vallejo's attitude — so much so that he dedicated his *Three Years in California* to: "Gen. Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, one of California's distinguished sons, in whom the interests of freedom, humanity, and education have found an able advocate and munificent benefactor."

The white stone, two-story structure, some 30 x 70 feet, with school-rooms on the first floor and an assembly hall above, was not "an edifice that would attract any attention among public buildings in the United States," Colton said,[61] "but in California it is without a rival." Among those who participated in the work were certain members of the N. Y. Volunteers — those who happened to be both masons and stonecutters, and, as such expert craftsmanship was much needed, "the alcalde had them relieved from duty to do the fine work on his building, and for this they received extra pay."[62]

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*Not yet reflecting, of course, the post-gold labor shortage.

In September 1848, six residents of the Monterey district were named to act as a board of trustees,[63] pro tem., for this "edifice . . . without a rival": Manuel Diaz, W. E. P. Hartnell, Thomas O. Larkin, Milton Little (who, by now, had married Miss Mary Eagar), David Spence, and Albert G. Toomes. Their names, except the last, are familiar to the reader from their appearances on previous lists. Toomes, a native of Missouri, to California in 1841 and naturalized in 1844, was a partner of Robert Hasty Thomes (mentioned above), Monterey carpenter and builder, until the close of 1848 when he moved to his ranch in Tehama County. The special duties of the "Trustees for Colton Hall" were said to be: "to preserve it from wanton injury or unnecessary exposure; to extend the accommodation which it affords to such occasions and uses as are connected with its design and in conformity with the general wish of the citizens; also to withhold its use. . . ." (The record is broken at this point.)

As part of his municipal duties during 1847-48, Walter Colton had to furnish copies of grants of town lands,[64] particularly with reference to the lots in the vicinity of the fort. Since March 24, 1847, he had also been acting as judge of the admiralty court of California, which, as he explained in a letter to his wife, meant deciding whether a vessel, taken by a U. S. man-of-war, belonged to individuals of a neutral nation that had not been trading with the enemy, in which case she was liberated; or, if the court proceedings showed that she belonged to, or had been trading with, the enemy, she was forthwith condemned. During his three years as judge, seven "prize" cases were brought before him.[65]

Although busy with these duties, Colton managed at times to conduct religious services on land and on shipboard.[66] Shortly after his arrival at Monterey in 1846 he had become convinced of the dangers threatening his charges: "I greatly fear the novelties of the shore and the excitements which reach us every day from all quarters, will dissipate that religious concern which has prevailed of late among our crew."[67] The year before

(Oct. 27, 1845), as they were about to sail from Norfolk, Virginia, he had fortified them against just such assaults, by using the ocean as an illustration of the majesty of God: ". . . into whatever climes we may penetrate," he had told them, "through whatever seas we may pass, we cannot escape from the presence of the Deity."[68] How powerful "the novelties of the shore" were to become in the spring of 1848 neither he nor anyone else could have foreseen.

News of the gold discovery at Coloma on January 24, 1848, did not reach Monterey until May 29th.[69] Alcalde Colton's diary gives an idea of its effect: "I have only a community of women and a gang of prisoners, with here and there a soldier, who will give his captain the slip at the first chance."[70] Among the omens reported by sundry citizens – possibly with tongue in cheek – had been the ringing of the church bells by an owl.[71] News, still in the offing, which could incite activity of that kind in so calm a fowl, merited investigation, and on June 6, 1848, we find Colton sending an agent to spy out the land. A fortnight later (June 20th), the investigator was back again with a bag of nuggets, recognized by all the townspeople as gold, except for one old man who labeled them "a Yankee invention, got up to reconcile the people to the change of flag."[72]

Conspicuous among the traits of San Franciscans, in particular, upon which Colton remarks in his memoirs,[73] was the bold tint of their confidence: "... Hazards are made in commercial transactions and projects of speculation, that would throw Wall-street into spasms." Superimposed on this expectation of great things was now the actuality of the gold fields. On September 21, 1848, he visited [74] the placers himself with several companions of no mean abilities: Capt. William G. Marcy, commissary of the N. Y. Volunteers, who in 1849 became secretary of the constitutional convention, and in 1855 served in the California legislature; another was a Virginian by birth, Charles T. Botts, then naval storekeeper at Monterey, also to become a member of the constitutional convention in 1849, later still a Sacramento publisher, and, in 1861, state printer; then there was "Mr." Wilkinson, said to be "son of our ex-minister to Russia"; while a fourth was William Rufus Garner, the alcalde's secretary, an English-born lumberman who came to California in 1824 and was naturalized in 1839, serving variously in Monterey, 1844-48, as a clerk, policeman, and translator. They came home by way of Stockton and San Jose, to discover something in quite the opposite category from auriferous, namely, as Colton says,[75] the loss of but two things, "my walking-cane and my Bible: both have been carried off during my absence. I hope the latter will do the person who has taken it much good: I forgive the burglary for the sake of the benefit. . . ."

One aspect of the gold discovery which had impressed Colton was the need for congressional action, and this he set forth, upon his return to Philadelphia, in a letter dated August 3rd, 1849, to William Ballard Preston, secretary of the navy:

> . . . It is much to be regretted that Congress did not at its last session establish a Branch Mint in California. It would have secured to the basis of our currency millions that have gone and are going to the mints of other countries. England has been more benefitted by the mines of California than the United States. All laws to exclude foreigners from the mines must for the present be powerless, or only end in bloodshed. In lieu of this let there be a Branch Mint, let it be obligatory on all to deposit their gold for coinage, and let it be a forfeiture to attempt to take the gold out of the country without being coined. Such a law will be considered a reasonable requirement for the privilege of taking the gold out of the public lands, for all the lands in which the gold is found belong to the United States. They are covered by no private grants with the exception of a solitary ranch.[76]
>
> I have made these remarks unsolicited, but in no obtrusive spirit. I take a heartfelt interest in California, and *that* is my apology.
>
> With great respect . . .
>
> [signed] WALTER COLTON, U.S.N.

To return to the personal side of Colton's career in California: On October 18, 1848, Thomas ap Catesby Jones, commander-in-chief of the U. S. naval forces in the Pacific Ocean, wrote from his flagship, *Ohio*, at Monterey, to Chaplain Walter Colton, U. S. navy.

> Sir, The blessings of peace being restored to our country, and you having resigned the civil functions as Chief Alcalde and Admiralty Judge of the District of Monterey, which a state of war and conquest here imposed on you; and the Frigate Congress, to which you are attached, having performed her cruise and returned home, you will follow your ship with all convenient speed, by the route most agreeable to yourself, and on reaching the United States report in person to the Hon. Secretary of the Navy.
>
> Wishing you a safe return and happy meeting of family and friends, I am
>
> Yours, etc. THOS. ap C. JONES[77]

As Colton was preparing to leave, the steamer *California* entered Monterey Bay on February 23, 1849, bringing with her the Rev. Samuel H. Willey, a New School Presbyterian and the first Protestant missionary to be sent to California by an established missionary board.[78] In the Bancroft Library is a manuscript[79] written by Willey in which he gives some intimate views of Chaplain Colton. "He met us with a most cordial welcome," wrote Willey, "and a playful good cheer, but as to the prospects of our undertaking he could say little that was encouraging." Willey had planned to establish a Protestant church in Monterey; Colton was doubtful; Willey soon learned why: there were not enough English-speaking residents of the Protestant faith to form even the nucleus of a congregation. But it took some time for him to appreciate the fact, though it was communicated to him by a man, who, as Willey says, "was known, respected and trusted by all."

There was no hotel then in Monterey, and, as Colton had done some three years before, Willey enjoyed the hospitality of the Larkin home, but he knew it was temporary. Willey describes how Colton came to his rescue:

> I found a vacant room in the rear of Colton Hall, a public building erected by means of convict labor by Alcalde Colton, which could be made habitable if I could only get the necessary furniture. Reporting progress to Mr. Colton, he helped me out of difficulty by saying that he would sell me his bedstead and bedding as he was to leave for the east on the next steamer. The bedstead was made of pine boards, but was strong and was comfortably supplied with mattress and clothing. Empty boxes would do for chairs. . . .

In the meantime, Colton's departure had been delayed. When the *California* reached San Francisco on February 28th, the crew at once deserted for the mines.[80] The *Oregon*, her sister ship, arrived in San Francisco on April first. Knowing what had taken place on the *California*, her captain was able, by use of strategy, to avoid it;[81] and when she finally steamed out of the harbor on April 12th for Panama, Chaplain Colton boarded the *Oregon* at Monterey, next regular stop for Pacific Mail steamers. Back again, once more, on the ocean – that massive evidence of a Deity in whose omnipotence one could trust – he set out for home.

We have seen what Colton thought of the office of chaplain – of a chaplain's chance to set the spiritual course for the men in his care, and of the formal recognition of his high calling due him from those in authority. Now, as he left the scene of his adopted calling, the unsought alcaldeship of Monterey, he carried with him certain convictions, which form part of his letter of August 3, 1849, to Secretary of the Navy Preston, cited above:

> . . . The citizens of San Francisco have resolved on a new administration of their affairs and, whether right or wrong, will be very apt to persevere in it. . . . The

interference of Gen'l. Riley is unfortunate; he can but partially succeed at best, and this partial success will only increase the confusion. The ground he should take is that every town may make its own municipal regulations. If they are satisfied with the old Alcalde system it is well, but if they prefer a more thorough organization they should have it. The Alcalde system is the *one-man-power*. This may suit Californians, but it never has and never will suit Americans, and any attempt to force it upon them will meet with resistance. Let the town therefore of San Francisco govern itself and let every other town in California do the same.

Though unintentionally erected as such, Colton Hall remains today as a monument to his own efficient administering of the alcalde's office, uncontaminated by evils long-distasteful to him and to other Americans.

By early summer of 1849 he was again taking up his duties at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, where he prepared the manuscripts of his last two books for publication, *Deck and Port*, and *Three Years in California*. Colton died at Philadelphia on January 22, 1851, less than two years after his return.[82]

## NOTES

1. Wording of the inscription was provided by the chaplains' division, Washington, D. C., and the casting was done at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. Present at the ceremony were Capt. J. Floyd Dreith, USN, representing Rear-Adm. Edward B. Harp, Jr., USN; the Hon. Dan Searle, mayor of Monterey; and Mr. Rollo Peters, chairman of the board of directors, Monterey Museum, who acted as master of ceremonies. The memorial had been brought to pass through the efforts of Mrs. Prudence Beyer, Mrs. Pauline McCleary, and chaplains William Parkinson and H. C. W. Albrecht. The present writer made the address of the day.

2. Memoir on life of Walter Colton, in Henry T. Cheever, *Land and Lee in the Bosphorus and Aegean* (New York, 1851); Clifford M. Drury, *The History of the Chaplain Corps, United States Navy* (Navpers 15807), I (1778-1939), 81-86; also, consult index.

3. A copy of this rare pamphlet is in the library of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, San Anselmo, Calif.

4. Officers' Letters, Nov. 1831, no. 25 (manuscript, Nat'l Archives, office of naval records and library, Washington, D. C.); *cf.* Walter Colton, *Land and Lee* (New York, 1851), pp. 235-38.

5. Walter Colton, *Deck and Port* (New York & Cincinnati, 1850), p. 300.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 383.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 23.

8. Naval Records Collection [hereafter cited as Nav. Rec. Coll.] (manuscript, Nat'l Archives, off. nav. records . . .), III: Nov. 1831:82.

9. 22nd Cong., 1st sess., *Sen. Doc.* no. 30.

10. John F. Callan and A. W. Russell, *Laws of the United States relating to the Navy and Marine Corps* (Baltimore, 1859), pp. 296-97.

11. Naval Archives (officers ships of war), 8 July 1842 to 8 Dec. 1842, p. 112.

12. Officers' Letters (as in note 4 above), Jan. 1844, no. 40.

13. Circulars and General Orders (manuscript, Nat'l Archives, office of naval records), no. 2, 1842-65, p. 61.

14. Charles Rockwell, *Sketches of Foreign Travel* (Boston, 1842), II, 411.

15. Colton, *Deck and Port* (note 5 above), pp. 19, 303-304; Drury, *op. cit.*, p. 90.

16. Nav. Rec. Coll. 1: 32: 66.

17. 12 *U. S. Stat.*, 565.

18. Nav. Rec. Coll., II: May-June 1845: 157; Drury, *op. cit.*, p. 82.

19. H. H. Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1886-90), V, 251-52.

20. Original letter in Presbyterian Dept. of History, Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia.

21. Colton, *Deck and Port*, p. 41.

22. Colton, *Land and Lee* (New York, 1851), p. 8.

23. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, II, p. 763.

24. Colton, *Deck and Port*, p. 35; *Ship and Shore* (New York, 1835), p. 26.

25. Colton, *Deck and Port*, p. 39.

26. *Ibid.*, p. 38.

27. *Ibid.*, p. 324.

28. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, V, 230-31.

29. *Idem*, p. 230.

30. *Idem*, pp. 636-37.

31. *Ibid.*, IV, 654 (note).

32. *Ibid.*, V, 253-54; Colton, *Land of Gold; or, Three Years in California* [hereafter cited as *Three Years*] (New York, 1850), pp. 17, and 18 (Sloat "acted on the light and intelligence within his reach").

33. Bancroft, *idem*, p. 284; see also *The Larkin Papers*, ed. by George Hammond (Univ. Calif. Press, 1955), V, 219, Thomas Oliver Larkin to James Buchanan (dated Aug. 23, 1846, from Los Angeles), in which Larkin says of Stockton, in relation to the people of California, "He is attentive to their wants and happy to oblige them. . . ."

34. Colton, *Three Years*, p. 32; Bancroft, *idem*, pp. 291-93; see also note 48 below.

35. Colton, *Three Years*, p. 48.

36. *Ibid.*, pp. 47-48; Bancroft, *idem*, p. 289 (note), gives the names of the jurors.

37. Biographical notes on jurors compiled from Bancroft's "Pioneer Register and Index," vols. II-V in his *History of California.*

38. Susanna Bryant Dakin, *The Lives of William Hartnell* (Stanford Univ. Press, 1949), Chap. V, and pp. 185-87.

39. Colton, *Three Years,* p. 47.

40. Bancroft, *op. cit.,* V, 271.

41. Josiah Royce, *California from the Conquest in 1846 to the Second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco,* introd. by Robert Glass Cleland (New York, 1948; first publ'd in 1886), p. 147.

42. Bancroft, *op. cit.,* V, 231.

43. E. C. Wines, *Two Years and a Half in the Navy* (Philadelphia, 1832), I, 27.

44. Bancroft, *idem,* p. 289 (note): "Aug. 12, the *Warren,* Com. Hull, arrived from Mazatlan, bringing the official news of war."

45. Colton, *Three Years,* p. 55; Bancroft, *idem,* pp. 284-85, 289 (note); biographical information on alcalde's councillors compiled from "Pioneer Register" (note 37 above).

46. Colton, *Three Years, loc. cit.*

47. Sequence of events briefed from Bancroft's account of local happenings, *ibid.,* V, pp. 290, 636.

48. For Moerenhout's correspondence as consul during his first incumbency, see A. P. Nasatir, transl. and ed., *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly, XII* (June 1933, et seq.); on p. 168, Moerenhout speaks of the "ardor" with which the *Californian* – "a newspaper edited by the chaplain of the frigate Congress, but who now exercises the functions of magistrate of Monterey" – expresses its opinions.

49. Upon going to the mines in 1848, G. D. Dickenson is said to have given his name to Dickenson Gulch in Tuolumne County. For his career in Stockton, etc., see Bancroft, *op. cit.,* II, 780.

50. Colton, *Deck and Port,* p. 387.

51. Colton, *Three Years,* p. 192.

52. Bancroft, *op. cit.,* I, 605-606 (note).

53. Colton, *Three Years,* p. 41.

54. For contrast with the conditions in San Francisco, see Frank Soulé et al, *Annals of San Francisco* (New York, 1855), pp. 675-78, including a picture of the town's first schoolhouse – a one-story, redwood structure, completed in Dec. 1847, and described as "insignificant" by the authors of the *Annals;* they agree, however, that it should have been preserved. Instead, "Not a vestige" remained (1855). See also Bancroft, *ibid.,* V, 656 (note).

55. Colton, *Three Years,* pp. 195-97.

56. *Ibid.,* p. 199.

57. Bancroft, *op. cit.,* I, 642.

58. *Ibid.,* V, 234 (note).

59. Mary Eager was sister to Sam Brannan's former printer, John Eager. Bancroft, *ibid.,* II, 787-88; V, 636 (note).

60. Madie D. Brown, "Gen. M. G. Vallejo and H. H. Bancroft," *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly,* XXIX (June 1950), 150.

61. Colton, *Three Years,* p. 356. Obviously his pride in his "academy and town hall" would have been even more forcibly expressed had he known of the coming constitutional convention, held in Colton Hall in September 1849.

62. "Around Cape Horn with Colonel Stevenson's Regiment in 1846 – Diary of Sergeant Joseph Evans," *Quarterly,* Soc. Calif. Pioneers, Dec. 1930, p. 252.

63. D. R. Ashley, "Documents for the History of California," Sept. 1848 (manuscript, Bancroft Library), p. 264.

64. Bancroft, *op. cit.,* V, 637-38 (note); see also Colton's comments on land titles in his *Three Years,* pp. 351ff (written March 20, 1849), especially p. 360: "... Yankees are good when mountains are to be leveled, lakes drained, and lightning converted into a vegetable manure; but as a landholder, deliver me from his map and maw. He wants not only all on this side of creation's verge, but a *leetle* that laps over the other."

65. Colton, *Sea and Sailor* (New York, 1851), p. 399; *Three Years,* p. 407.

66. *Ibid.,* pp. 21, 181-82.

67. Colton, *Deck and Port,* p. 390.

68. *Ibid.,* p. 16.

69. Colton, *Three Years,* p. 242.

70. *Ibid.,* p. 248.

71. *Ibid.,* p. 242.

72. *Ibid.,* p. 244.

73. Colton, *Deck and Port,* pp. 395-96.

74. Colton, *Three Years,* p. 257; biographical notes on his companions briefed from Bancroft's "Pioneer Register," as above.

75. Colton, *Three Years,* pp. 339-40.

76. John C. Frémont's Mariposa estate. For original of quoted letter, see Officers' Letters (as in note 4 above), Aug. 1849, no. 34.

77. *Ibid.,* July 1849, no. 47.

78. Clifford M. Drury, "A Chronology of Protestant Beginnings in California," *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly,* XXVI (June 1947), 168.

79. Willey, "Memoranda of California" (manuscript, Bancroft Library).

80. Bancroft, *op. cit.,* VI, 136-38.

81. *Idem,* p. 137.

82. Drury, *History of the Chaplain Corps* (note 2 above), pp. 85-86.

# Julius Wangenheim

## *An Autobiography*

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FOREWORD.—About a year before his death in 1942, Julius Wangenheim, San Diego banker, civic leader, and bibliophile, and president of the Alumni Association of the University of California in 1926-28, wrote an informal autobiography for the amusement and edification of his grandchildren. To his daughter Alice (Mrs. George Heyneman), the editors of the QUARTERLY wish to express most sincere thanks for her permission to publish those parts of the autobiography that are deemed of more than family interest.

In contrast to the "heroic time" in which his father, Sol Wangenheim, lived, Julius Wangenheim's life was spent in what he called the "placid days, in the short period of calm that preceded the hectic and disorderly rush of the present era." For all its "calm," he felt that the obligation of keeping the family record active—a practice initiated by the elder Wangenheim in his *The Autobiography of Sol Wangenheim**—rested on him; and though no one could say what his, Julius', grandchildren's lives would be like, "each generation," he told them, "will have a tale to tell, and each story will enrich the history of the whole family—perhaps by pointing a moral or perhaps by helping future generations to understand the constant change which is social evolution."

## JULIUS WANGENHEIM

I was born on April 21, 1866, in San Francisco, on Powell Street on the site of the present St. Francis Hotel.

It may seem strange that the residential section of a city of around a hundred and fifty thousand people should have been so near its business district. But San Francisco's growth was peculiar—a very great rush in a very short time. With no transportation facilities, people had to live in their shops or near them. This produced a closely-knit town, crowded into a narrow space, in contrast to the southern cities where growth was more gradual and transportation facilities allowed more generous expansion.

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*Sol Wangenheim's account, of which only a few copies were printed, takes the reader as far as the year 1874 when he was but forty-four. His granddaughter, Mrs. Heyneman, deeming it important to fill in the gap between that date and his death in the autumn of 1918—just short of his eighty-ninth birthday—has prepared a valuable summary of his autobiography as well as of the succeeding years, chiefly for the use of his descendants. She explains that Sol's father was known as "Honest Micheley," Micheley standing for Michel Levi. The new name of Wangenheim was chosen by Sol's older brother two years after their father's death, when Sol (*b.* 6/11/1830) was eight.

My father, Sol Wangenheim, was at that time in business in Virginia City, but he was able to divide his residence and his time between there and San Francisco. Ever on the move, he had migrated over much of the mother lode, where he had adapted himself to all the vagaries of mines and floods and fire in an attempt to establish himself to his satisfaction. At this point (1866), things in Virginia City were not going too well. For one thing, there were too many lawsuits. Willing to do the right thing themselves, the pioneers were insistent on the right things being done by others, and this led to litigation—and trouble.

By 1869, my father (then thirty-nine) was discouraged and ready to give up. To this end he rented the Virginia City store for $350 a month, and decided to take us back to his old home in Germany, where we could all live more comfortably on his modest income.

With five children of whom the oldest was nine and the youngest, one, the family left in July 1869 on one of the first trains of the overland railroad. Of that dramatic transit, I, being only three years old, remember nothing. Nor do I recall the steamer trip; but of Germany a little remains. I can see indistinctly the home of my mother's parents, a detached cottage with a small front garden; and the narrow street in the village where my father's mother lived.

The burning of my father's Virginia City store, the source of our income, caused him to rush home in 1870 or 1871. We followed in '72. On reaching San Francisco we went straight to the Cosmopolitan Hotel—rather elegant, but my father liked to do things that way. Soon after, we took a house on Tyler Street (now Golden Gate Avenue) on the south side between Larkin and Hyde. It was one of a group of four, all alike—the first floor practically a basement, stairs to the second story, and a "straight front." It was what was later called a ribbon construction, and the houses ran all along Tyler Street, with interminable sandlots in the back, running far to the south.

I went to school first in a private house at about Bush and Hyde. The first thing I had to do was to learn the English I had forgotten in Germany. In fact, I had been so young when we left that it was practically a new language.

Soon I was able to enter the South Cosmopolitan School, much nearer home, at Eddy near Van Ness. It was a typical San Francisco school building, absolutely square, a three-story wooden structure. There were small, separate yards for boys and girls. I entered the eighth or ninth grade. This was not as precocious as it may sound, for the numerical order of grades was reversed in those days, first grade being the highest.

Meanwhile my father had purchased a canned goods business, and I used to haunt the place at every opportunity. It was a primitive, sprawling establishment, fascinating of course to a small boy. The whole place was wonderfully untidy, and redolent of fruit, steam and sauerkraut. Each day's pack consisted of what was left at five a.m. at the commission houses, after the retailers' and hotels' needs had been filled. Cans were made on the place by hand, and an old German made the kegs and barrels for pickles; I loved to watch him shape and char the staves. Here I could get my fill of peaches, cherries or strawberries, and there were even Chinese caterers around the place selling all sorts of colored mushy cakes.

My father made a success of this business, and it lasted many decades as Sol Wangenheim and Company, housed, after a time, in a fine, four-story fireproof building. In the end it was absorbed by California Packers.

Now a little about my parents, and the family circle in which I grew up.

Father, in his own autobiography, tells how his father, my grandfather, was ruined by Napoleon's march into Russia, when all his cattle were driven off. Later he tells of how he himself took his own herd along El Camino Real, and had to be on the lookout all the time for the bandit Joaquin Murrieta. There were nothing but ups and down in the early California days. Adaptable and resourceful, men of that time thought little of moving from one place to another as a town burned or a mine petered out; there was always some other place to go. . . .

Sol Wangenheim hadn't much formal education, and what he had was mostly acquired in a rabbinical school; but he'd learned well, and I was amazed at the memory he evidenced when he went through the entire ritual of the Jewish holidays, without book or notes to guide him. Most of his education came from life, not books. When I was taking political economy in school, and began to explain it to him, I felt small and ignorant when his remarks and his questions showed his extensive knowledge of the subject. I have often remarked that in my university days I learned more from him at the dinner table than I did through lectures and reading. For practical experience combined with insight can knock mere theories into a cocked hat.

Father was a Mugwump in politics, a liberal in social questions, and a progressive in business. When he went to the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876, he came home with all kinds of machinery for labeling cans, capping bottles, and doing other remarkable operations.

His views on religion reflected his general attitude of tolerance. He undoubtedly felt it his duty to give us a religious background, so we children attended Sunday School and observed all the holidays, even to fasting, though that often with a bit of secret compromise. But when we were old enough to choose for ourselves, there was never a word of command, nor even the least suggestion. He had an intensely logical mind; I remember that it was one of my duties to bring in the *Bulletin* from the garden so that he could read the supreme court decisions. And this was a man who had come to this country at the age of eighteen, and whose subsequent years were filled with the struggle for existence!

Above all, my father was a philosopher, even more in practice than in precept. He seemed to adjust readily to what came, and little things did not disturb him; he was usually preoccupied with his own thoughts. Thus, I never dreaded meeting him when I played "hooky" from school, being fairly confident that he wouldn't see me if I didn't draw noisy attention to myself. His advice often sounded like *Poor Richard's Almanac:* "There are two kinds of people who have no credit—those who never use it, and those who abuse it;" "Whenever you are in doubt about what to say, merely tell the truth; it has no comebacks, whereas a lie has got to be backed by a whole legion of lies."

Once when I was complaining that something had turned out badly for me, he told me this story: A farmer was grumbling and growling, as farmers will, at the weather, when God, hearing his complaints, offered to carry out his wishes in every respect. So the farmer asked for rain on certain days, and for sunshine on other days. "Granted," said God. And it rained as the farmer had wished, and the sun shone as the farmer had wished. But when harvest time came, there were no crops—no ears of corn with kernels. For the farmer had neglected to wish for the wind, without which there can be no pollination.

An episode typical of my father concerns the time when one of my sisters caught me smoking a cigarette. For months she blackmailed me. I stood it for some time, but, finally rebelling, I told her to go and tell if she wanted. She did. When next my father saw me, he said that he was disappointed in me, but that if I wanted so badly to smoke, I could do it. In fact, he suggested, I might enjoy a cigar better than a cigarette. Young as I was, I sensed the irony.

Father was apt to be in favor of anything new, and he was always willing to try it. This spirit led him into new enterprises. When he was in the grain business, he started a flour mill in Benicia. It ran for a number of years, but later it was abandoned. He also chartered ships to carry grain to England. He bought Chipps Island, one of the small islands in the Sacramento River, and started a salmon cannery. Later he expanded this enterprise by building a number of canneries in Alaska.

Always receptive to change, he nevertheless kept his feet on the ground, and while some of his schemes did not turn out well, I never knew him to be upset by finances. I recall one deal which turned out badly, I'm sure. A friend of Father's who was in the commission business expatiated on the fine possibilities of a deal in garlic: the price to the consumer was very low; it was a household essential, yet little was used by each consumer so that no one would mind if the price went higher. The friend also announced that the crop was small, and could easily be cornered. My father was convinced, and proceeded to corner. I remember the crates of garlic piled high in his fourth-floor loft, and how the garlic kept on coming until the whole floor was filled. The "invisible supply" that has knocked out many a corner had got in its work. Eventually it must have seemed hopeless, for suddenly the loft was emptied of garlic.

My father was liberal. He believed his children shouldn't have to wait for their parents' death to have the comforts of reasonable prosperity, and twice distributed a hundred thousand dollars among them, and once three hundred thousand. When he died he left less than a hundred thousand dollars.

I don't remember my mother as a young woman, but I remember her as a handsome one. Whenever I was ill, particularly in my regular attacks of poison oak, she was a ministering angel. She herself had a good deal of illness in those early days, but she was always capable and courageous.

To me she revelled in wealth, as I can still recall the awe with which I saw my father give her ten twenty-dollar gold pieces each month with which to run the house. It seemed a fabulous sum, though perhaps it wasn't, even for those days. Mother did have eight people to feed, besides the help. She always set a good table, though a terribly regimented one: beef a la mode on Monday, roast beef on Tuesday, chicken on Wednesday, steak on Thursday, fish on Friday, boiled beef on Saturday, with the sky the limit on Sundays.

The kitchen of our home was always the scene of great efficiency, with mother leading the way. Foods were always being processed or preserved—the "putting up" of butter, the preparation of raspberry syrup, the bewildering process of creating dill pickles, all live still in my mind's eye.

In addition to her domestic talent, mother was a good sport, as sports went in her day. Except for the theater, there was little in the way of outside recreation. Mother's frequent attendance at the theater was supplemented by cards, which were her main amusement. When I was small, she had a poker crowd which met to play with regularity, and which was a source of hilarity to us children. When I grew old enough, I played piquet with her, and was impressed by her skill. Later, bridge became a family game. Fortunately, my parents had similar tastes and did nearly everything together.

For as long as I can remember, my mother was the social head of the family. My father had no ambitions in that direction, but she did. He didn't care a rap who my friends were, if they were respectable, but mother always had plans for my making friends in the "best families," and I'm sure she was very solicitous when it came to planning for her daughters' marriages.

In the family, mother occupied the position of the Chinese grandmother; her will was dominant. She did everything possible for us, and gave us presents with the prodigality of a monarch, but she demanded full obeisance—and she got it. To the end, she dominated the family and was the object of devotion. It was a blessing that, shortly after her passing in 1918, my father died too.

Now, a word on the rest of the family. My oldest sister, Hattie, married first; she and her husband, Jake Stern, lived for a good many years in Rio Vista, where I used to enjoy visiting them. My brother Emil, next in age, moved to Newman and the business there rather early in life, but his interests spread to many other enterprises afterwards. Amy — later Mrs. Herman Waldeck — was two years older than I; and my sister Betsey — now Mrs. Benjamin Arnhold — was youngest of us all.

The most important person of all the family group in my young life was my Uncle Juda, who lived with us. He was the youngest of my mother's three brothers, all of whom had by now come from Germany to California.

Simon Newman, the eldest, had come in 1869, and, backed by my father, had established himself in the little San Joaquin town of Hills Ferry. The business prospered, and in fact provided in time the nucleus of the whole family's modest fortunes.

The two younger brothers, Sig and Juda, came a few years later while we were living on Tyler Street. Sig went at once to join his brother Simon in the country, but Juda stayed and made his home with us. I idolized him, and never in all our years of association did my feeling change, nor was there ever any reason for change. Juda was all gentleness and understanding. Father had taken him into the cannery, where he soon proved his worth. While father was always the executive head, Juda soon became the active spirit. He was personally attractive, with winning ways and a handsome presence, and he made friends easily. Juda interested himself in all the activities of the family and also in those of the community. He took part in the construction of a steamboat, the *Centennial*, to ply the San Joaquin River, in 1876. I can still remember the banner, with "Centennial" emblazoned on it, flying from an improvised flagstaff on our house.

The *Centennial* calls to mind an incident which may well bring a smile from our Service friends today. In 1876, to celebrate the centenary of Independence, San Francisco put on a great show – parades, speeches unending, fireworks, and other traditional embellishments. But the great climax was to be the blowing up of a barge filled with explosives. This mammoth firecracker was anchored in the center of a triangle, the points of which were Fort Point (now Fort Winfield Scott), Black Point (now Fort Mason), and Alcatraz. The guns from these forts were to set it off, but they fired all morning and couldn't hit it! Finally, a tug was dispatched to blow it up.

My close relationship to Uncle Juda continued as I grew. In retrospect it seems to have extended through my entire youth, but actually it involved only about five years, until Juda's marriage in 1880. Where Juda went, I went; what he did, I did. He never used sugar in his coffee; to this day, neither do I. Our morning trips stand out among the many things I remember. One of Juda's assignments in my father's canning business was to buy, and every morning before five we were off with the buggy and faithful old Buckskin to the commission-house district. Juda would make his transactions from shop to shop while I held the reins proudly; this was the extent of my cooperation. When the buying was done, we'd go for breakfast to the Vienna Cafe. There the day's adventure ended, and I would go off to school.

One adventure on the Sacramento is still vivid. Running the firm's salmon cannery on Chipps Island involved keeping in touch with the local fishermen, and one day Juda and I paddled up the river on that errand. We made our call on the fishermen, who lived in dingy houseboats near which their fish traps were set. I was tremendously impressed with this new world of foreigners, and by their food, which, as I was terribly hungry, I found terribly good. The next day it rained, and we spent the Sunday morning going from Martinez to Oakland in an open buggy while the rain came down in torrents.

When the Simon Newman family went off on vacation, Juda and I lived in their house as caretakers. One evening before Juda came home, a gale blew a bedroom window curtain into the flame of the gas jet. Soon the whole room was ablaze. I got busy, throwing pillows, mattresses, and curtains out the window. The next day, the street, full of feathers, looked as if a snowstorm had struck the town.

Juda had a musket and club, which belonged to him as a member of the Vigilance Committee. In 1878, W. T. Coleman again headed this committee, now against the rioters who were threatening to drive out all Chinese and to burn the Pacific Mail docks. Uncle Juda's musket was, I believe, never used, but the clubs were, and they saved the docks and quashed the uprising. Perhaps in some eyes, W. T. Coleman was head of that movement, but to me its leading and indispensable spirit was Uncle Juda.

I remember how soon after this, tragedy *seemed* upon us. A special election had been held on the new state constitution, and the talk among the conservatives had been that the end of the world would come if the constitution carried. Late at night, after the election returns were in, Juda came home and threw himself on the bed, crying in anguish, "They've beaten us!" Amazingly, the world didn't come to an end—and that same constitution serves us still. In 1880, he married Carrie Heller, the sister of my best friend Sig. Carrie was an attractive person, and while I saw much of them through the succeeding years, the close tie between Uncle Juda and me was of course broken. However, I always saw as much of him as I could. When I spent a year in San Francisco, in 1895, we used to bicycle together to Golden Gate Park, but it was a far cry from the days of the buggy and old Buckskin.

Since all the section from Eddy to Post Street, and from Van Ness westward for some distance, was covered with immense sand dunes, in going to the old South Cosmopolitan School, we had to walk around the sand lots on Van Ness Avenue or through them by going on Franklin Street. The sand dunes have long since vanished, with St. Mary's on Van Ness in about the center of the reclaimed area.

The Cosmopolitan School I remember well. My teachers were mostly Irish. During one period of anti-Catholic agitation, much was made of the dangers of exposing the minds of children to the subtle influence of the Church. In all my school years there was never the faintest suggestion of this. The much more realistic charge might have been made that Catholics got all the jobs.

For reading and recitation, we used McGuffey's readers. In *Our Times*, Mark Sullivan brushes aside such figures as Emerson and Thoreau, and says that the man who was most influential in forming the mind of American youth in the latter half of the nineteenth century was William M. McGuffy. I agree with him. There were splendid selections in the readers, most of them with a more or less hidden moral. Just as "there are certain things no gentleman does," so we got to feel that "there are certain things no American boy does." I am conscious still of definite things—all in the right direction—that these books have done for me. Estimates of the number printed range from ten million to a hundred million. Yet they have become so scarce that it took me three years to gather a set; so scarce that Henry Ford saw fit to have them reprinted.

There were German teachers at school, too (that's what made it "cosmopolitan"). I was a pretty good student, and was always promoted at the half terms. One of my close friends was Melville Klauber, who was one class ahead of me. I felt that every promotion would help me catch up with him. But of course every time I went up so did he, and to the end he kept one class above me.

While I think the schooling I had was on the whole good, there did exist one vital defect, which has since been remedied in the lower grades: everything was academic; there was no nature study, no art, no music, and boys bred in the city were denied those pleasures that acquaintance with the open fields would have given them. I feel that it is a result of this early emphasis that my mind has always remained city centered.

But if I was city-minded, there was no finer city for my tastes than

San Francisco, which was a background for all my activities. The big Comstock boom had petered out in about 1876, and many of the stockbrokers were "on the street," where the bond salesmen later found themselves in 1929. But there was another little flurry in the later '70s, which I remember better than the earlier excitement. The Comstock boom, though more daring, was more justified, based, as it was, on big production in the silver mines. The later flurry was based on hopes, and engineered by adroit manipulators; it affected, in general, the lower financial stratum much more than it did the top. All the small businessmen, clerks, washerwomen, and bootblacks were dabbling in Sierra Nevada, Best and Belcher, Consolidated Virginia, Ophir, and other euphoniously-named enterprises. They were more household terms than any of the names in my geography. That little bubble didn't burst; it just deflated slowly, with occasional renewals of activity in later years. But while it lasted, mining stock speculation was one of the main activities in San Francisco, as Wall Street investments are in New York, and real estate in southern California.

The city was interesting, too, for its cosmopolitan character. Even the French, of whom one sees few in most American cities, came in great numbers. After trying the mines, most settled in San Francisco, where they made splendid records. The two finest silk and dry goods stores—the White House and the City of Paris—were French. But their most distinctive contribution was the establishment of a number of fine *rotisseries*, giving the city a great reputation through the land, as well as providing gastronomic pleasure to its inhabitants.

The *rotisseries* were restaurants with the kitchen in front, in full view of the patrons. Everything was cooked to order. The meals were excellent and reasonable in price, and gave San Francisco the reputation of serving better food than any other city in the world—outside of Paris. The mere mention of the Poodle Dog, the Pup, Marchand's, Delmonico's, and others brings a certain look to the face of many an old San Franciscan, who, in all probability, could no longer enjoy their delights if he could get them. In my youth, all this was way out of my range, of course, but later I enjoyed them fully.

Then there were the Germans. The higher types went in for foreign trade, mostly with South and Central America; the others for beer. They owned the breweries, and we boys knew the breweries well from their splendid Percheron horses, drawing barrel-laden trucks. Beer was a German hierarchy: the real beer barons on top, then the beer-garden operators, and lowest of all the corner grocery-cum-barroom proprietors, who had to share business to some extent with the Irish.

The beer-gardens were the most distinctive, and lent a Continental note to the scene. Some were out-doors—the first Tivoli, for example, was a large wooded lot at Sutter and Stockton. But most "gardens" were in basements: the Grotto, the Fountain, the Louvre, and many others. There in addition to beer they served good substantial German food, and they flourished for years. But the fire of 1906 wrought havoc, and prohibition finished them.

San Francisco had a large Irish population then. Some of them had come fighting mad from Ireland, and stayed on in that spirit. They ran the politics of the town and, by natural extensions, the police and fire departments, and the schools. I knew and liked the Irish schoolteachers, and I stood in affectionate awe of the Irish policeman on our beat. (Residential districts all had police protection then.)

Chinatown, with its big population, would give an exotic air to any city, and on Chinatown I will touch more fully later. There were also some Japanese, but they didn't count for much as yet. Nor was the Italian quarter of any size or comparable importance; that came later. And mostly in the higher stations of the community were a number of English and Scotch.

A large Jewish population almost monopolized the wholesale dry goods and a few other wholesale businesses, and owned many groceries and jewelry stores among others. It was a real experience to walk down Sansome or Battery streets in the wholesale district on a Jewish holiday, and find nearly every store with its shutters up and the street practically deserted.

Jews were also conspicuous in medicine, law and finance, and were, as a whole, a prominent group. They seemed to have lower voices with less of the accent and intonation common to the Jewish population in other cities, and were almost entirely of German origin. In fact, those of non-German background were considered rather beyond the pale, and the prejudice shown by the German-Jewish group against those from Poland—called Polacks—was as marked as any I have seen on the part of Gentiles toward Jews. The Russian and Balkan members of the race had at this time not yet arrived.

A characteristic common to three of these groups is interesting: the Irish, the Jews, and the Scotch. Few had made much of a success in their home countries; the pickings there were lean. But in this rich new land of strangers they almost invariably achieved a fine success, and stood well above average.

Those were great days, the really "romantic" period of San Francisco's life. It was the flowering of the pioneer spirit—coarse and crude, but spectacular in its vitality. Big names everywhere, new self-made names, and all associated with imaginative undertakings. The big railroad four—Stanford, Crocker, Huntington, and Hopkins; the mining kings—Flood and O'Brien, erstwhile saloon keepers; Fair and Mackey, originally mining foremen; the bankers—Ralston and Mills, back of all new industries; the real estate barons like Miller and Lux, Haggin and Tevis; glamorous lawyers like Reuben Lloyd and Hall McAllister; rich eccentrics like James Lick and Michael Reese; and a host of other millionaires whose name and fame were legion. As a child, I heard much about them, and sometimes saw some of them. To us they were old, old men (I'm sure that none of them had yet turned fifty!).

Quaint characters there were, too. I remember poor, crazed "Emperor Norton," with his long, faded army coat, his gleaming epaulettes, his top hat embellished with an ostrich feather, his twisted cane, and his dog *Bummer*. He lived on tribute from his supposed subjects, and had free run of the restaurants and theaters. All sorts of legends clung to him, and we regarded him with tremendous interest and sympathy. Another freak I remember was the fat Captain Kendall, the police captain at the ferry dock, pacing to and fro over the planking.

There were the usual vendors of nostrums. The impressive Doctor Li Po Tai was then much in vogue. Once, when I consulted him about my chronic poison oak, he prescribed the juice of live crabs. Undoubtedly he was a good bit of a faker, but he looked the apotheosis of worldly wisdom, and for a time San Francisco hung on his words and swallowed (mentally if not physically) all that strange Chinese pharmacopoeia.

When anyone of note came to town, it was an occasion for civic excitement. I remember the doings when General Grant arrived after his 'round-the-world trip in '79; how the whistles blew when his ship was sighted, and how all the school children marched out to Woodward's Gardens to shake his hand, the poor devil. It was my first meeting with a real celebrity.

Then there were the picturesque street criers and vendors, the "Rags, Bottles, Sacks" man calling his trade with his decrepit wagon and still more decrepit horse; the itinerant utensil mender, with his "Any old tins to mend?"; and the scissors man with his "Scissors to grind, scissors to grind;" the vendors at the street corners—roasted chestnuts in the daytime, tamales (with real chicken) and corn on the cob in the evenings; the waffle man, whose products have not been duplicated on land or sea, before or since. And the flower stands, then as now, made the city not simply picturesque, but beautiful.

Few women or children were visible in Chinatown. The women had had their feet bound, and wore trousers and long coats, usually black. It was a most attractive costume, and I always hoped that the west would adopt it, as it seems now to be doing, with the current popularity of slacks (but these are not, somehow, as attractive). The little children were usually dressed in embroidered silk and were bewitching.

I remember well the Chinese peddler, with his bamboo pole across his shoulders. From each end hung a basket filled with vegetables or other wares. His gait was a gentle trot rather than a walk, and this, together with his straw pyramid of a hat, made him a unique figure, to be met almost everywhere in town.

The shops of Chinatown were dirty and smelly, but fascinating. The dried and varnished ducks, the shrivelled dried fish, and strange medicinal mixtures, all were of interest to the youthful eye. But some of the wholesale stores were beautiful with their gilt and carved moldings, their fine teak furniture, and the wonderful atmosphere of graciousness, for the staff of such places were in every sense fine polished gentlemen.

My first acquaintance with the section came from my passion for fireworks. Fireworks were so much cheaper there than "uptown." They all came from China and were used by the Chinese in prodigious quantities, particularly the little red firecrackers.

We children went to Chinatown often, and one of our extravagances was clam, which was really a dried abalone; you cut it with a knife, like jerked venison, and chewed it like that delicacy, except that China clam could be chewed forever. It looked, cut, and smelled like a horse's hoof; nevertheless, we loved it. We sampled the candies, dried loquats, and sugared coconut, but we were never equal to those soggy yellow cakes stencilled with Chinese letters.

For recreation time we lived on the street. There were no movies, automobiles, or radios, and we had to improvise our own amusements. One of them, of which I was king, was "buzzers." Buzzers were small tin disks about an inch and a half in diameter, cut out of the tops of cans. Thanks to father's factory, I was the principal source of supply. The game was played by passing a string through two holes punched near the center of the disk, the edges of which were sharpened. By manipulation of the strings, the disks were set whirling. The fight began when one player's disk cut another's string, sending the buzzer flying off into space.

Then there were marbles. The particular game we played could not be played now; the sidewalks then were all built of wooden planks, with big knot holes often close to the cracks. The object was to get the marbles into a consecutive series of these holes in the least number of shots.

We played many varieties of tops, but the most popular was shooting China money. The point here was to hit the edge of brass Chinese coins (many of which could be got for one cent) with the spinning top. The one to achieve this goal first, despite counter-attacks by the opponent, was the winner.

I remember too another entertainment which I'm sure is now extinct. It was the custom, on Purim night, for boys to dress as girls, and girls as boys, ring doorbells, receive goodies, and have a generally "wild time." Really it was a sort of Jewish Hallowe'en, with the Hallowe'en excitement of disguise, but without the element of destructiveness.

Our tastes were simple, and I well remember how impressed I was on two separate occasions by the greatest display of wealth I've ever seen, though I've since been through the vaults of the sub-treasury in Washington. Once I saw in a Chinatown window a collection of a thousand Chinese moneys made in the shape of a sword. And on another occasion, in a neighborhood fruit store, I saw an inordinate display of wealth—a whole stalk of bananas!

In those unmotorized days, the most popular expression of wealth was a team of spanking horses and a brilliant equipage. The driving courses led to the Park, the Cliff House, and to the race track, and Tyler Street was the thoroughfare for all of these. So we saw as well as felt the glamour, as we spotted the most spectacular carriages and teams, just as children today count off the makes of automobiles.

About this time the conservatory in Golden Gate Park was finished. It got a wonderful press. Everybody talked of its enormous size (one wonders why, today) and of the *Victoria regia* water-lily, on whose leaves a child could stand. The traffic around it was amazing. The Turk Street cars which ran out in that direction were crowded to the mud guards, and people often sat on the roof.

The beginnings of my stamp collection date back to this period. Perhaps my interest was aroused by a few Barbados stamps of the Britannia type which someone gave me. Now they are valuable and serve to remind me of the long ago when they were current.

I remember quite a few incidents of those days which do not, I fear, redound to my credit. I was "just boy," and always considered stealing from the vegetable man who made his daily rounds to our house an accomplishment rather than a crime. I do think this is natural; the individual develops as society has developed, and there is no question that, in its youth, the human race was of a predatory inclination. Much later I remarked to a very cultured lady with whom I was dining that it was my opinion that all small boys sometimes steal. She responded, "Why limit it to boys?"

In the spring of 1877, when I was eleven, we moved to another home at 1714 Bush Street, between Gough and Octavia. It was in a very nice section known as the Western Addition, at that time fairly new. A number of family acquaintances lived there, and I soon had plenty of friends. The house was of truly typical San Francisco architecture, so standard at that period that I'm sure no architects were ever needed to guide the builders. Two Corinthian pillars at the top of the front steps supported a little balcony, and the inevitable bay window was in the center of the façade. Inside, a long narrow hall led to a straight flight of stairs, a front parlor, a back parlor, dining room, and kitchen. In our house the hall continued to the breakfast room, laundry, coal shed, and outside lavatory. We were swells! While most of the houses in that row were twenty-five feet wide, ours was all of thirty-seven and a half feet. And not only that—we built on to the rear, so that we took up the whole depth of the block, a hundred and twenty feet.

The front parlor was sacrosanct and not for use, except on festive occasions like engagements and marriages, parties, and New Year's Day receptions—at that time an important social institution. The ceilings of this room were frescoed, and I can still remember the suave Italian artist who must surely have caught my father in a happily receptive mood. In the corner were oil paintings on canvas of little cupids in various predicaments—the one I remember best was of a pair warming themselves before an open fire. On the walls hung two very impressive engravings: "Raphael at the Court of Lorenzo de Medici," and, on the opposite side of a magnificent gold-framed mirror, Mozart doing something or other at a piano. The chairs were stately, of course, each with a sash of highly embroidered satin down its center. These had been brought from Europe by Uncle Juda on one of his trips. Heavy draperies kept out the light so that the rich warm roses on the carpet would not fade.

The back parlor, where the adults of the family received their friends, contained the piano, not much used. The dining-room had more frescoes and more oil paintings, but these were of fruit and fowl and fish, instead of cupids.

The breakfast-room was the children's hangout; there we studied and read and romped.

I slept upstairs in the room with the large bay window. (Though there were bay windows on the side as well, these were smaller.) There was a washstand in the room, as there was only one bathroom and one toilet on the floor. I shared my room and a large double-bed with Uncle Juda, but every other child had a separate bedroom, and so did the maids, if cubby holes with neither light nor outside ventilation could be called rooms. Since there were seven of us in the family, and an uncle, two maids, and an occasional guest, it required a bit of sacrifice here and there to get us all on one floor.

Outside was the invariable board sidewalk. When ours was changed to cement, it was the first in that neighborhood. The street was paved with basalt blocks, but why they were called that I never knew, for they were of granite, about ten by four by six. All San Francisco was similarly paved, except on steep hills where cobblestones were used, in an attempt to make traveling safer for horses. But the horses fell down anyway, often entangled in their harness, and watching the frantic attempts to extricate them was an exciting part of a boy's life. But even this was not as stimulating as the many runaway horses, who used to frighten us though they seem to have done little damage.

Outwardly the neighborhood appeared quite bourgeois and proper, but on the corner of Bush and Octavia streets was the House of Mystery. Famous in San Francisco annals, this was the house of Thomas Bell. It was presided over by a strange, mesmeric colored woman, old Mammy Pleasant. And in the house opposite us lived the "fancy dame" of Bob Graves, whose regular residence was a mansion on the corner of Pine and Van Ness. She was very handsome and we regarded her with awe.

With the large number of boys in our neighborhood, we invented new amusements. Tops, for instance. In the new version, a spinning top was flung into a circle into which each player had to put his tops. The object was to force as many as possible out of the circle, since those tops became the property of the boy who had succeeded in ejecting them. Marbles consisted of knuckling the assembled marbles out of a circle. I was pretty good at marbles, particularly when we graduated to agates. We made our own kites, figuring the dimensions of the tail with mathematical nicety. (They were the airplanes of those days.) The principal game, however, was baseball, and we had plenty of vacant lots for play. There was no "call of the wild." Swimming was the closest we got to Nature. I took my lessons in Alameda, the swimming and sporting center. In summer we often went for a dip at the foot of Larkin Street. It was cold—oh, so cold!

But we didn't have to invent all our own amusements. There were many things to do that were ready-made for us. First, there was that wonderful place called Woodward's Gardens, with a menagerie, a lake, and a circular boat that could hold innumerable boys and girls. In the arena of the pavilion beautiful ladies and gifted men performed. After a popular act the spectators threw in what seemed like thousands upon thousands of dollars. Under 13th Street there was a tunnel connecting the two areas of the Gardens, and in the tunnel was an aquarium, doubtless very primitive, but to us much more wonderful than anything Naples or the Steinhart Aquarium have since shown. Even the going to Woodward's was a thrill, for we took a little balloon car ("balloon" for its shape) pulled by a lone horse and revolving round on its chassis for the return trip. Sometimes we walked, preferring popcorn even to such an entrancing ride. Mention Woodward's to any old San Franciscan and see what you get!

A little later—and, if possible, still finer—was the Mechanics' Pavilion. It had moved a good deal, but in my day it was in a large wooden building on Larkin Street near Grove. To say that it was an industrial fair, sponsored by the Mechanic's Institute, is to state but a cold and unimaginative fact. Really it was fairyland. The lights, the riot of color, the flutter of flags and pennants, the splash of water in the central fountain, the clank of machinery, the rhythm of the orchestra, the chug of the pumps, and the sound of shuffling feet—all this was sweetest music. It was gay, and in motion. There every laddie met his lassie—sometimes to buy her ice cream, sometimes to get a bit of free food. Occasionally we went through the Art Gallery; always we collected business cards, admired the palaces made of soap, and watched people making and selling the prettiest sorts of trinkets. I remember particularly the powders—gold, silver and russet—that you could buy to make autumn leaves. You pressed a real leaf on paper, then artistically sprinkled it with powder. I don't see why the Mechanics' Pavilion can't be reproduced today. Attempts have been made, but they have resulted in only a simulacrum of the real thing. In San Diego I had hoped to get the Ford Building assigned for such a purpose, but somehow it never worked out. Perhaps, these days, this kind of wonderment has ceased for the child brought up on autos, radios, and movies. If this is so, there's a tremendous loss in the passing.

During these years, I was never a hero. My fighting and scrapping was held in reserve for a later period. On my way to school I had to pass the Sacred Heart College, a Catholic boys' school; only I didn't pass it. All of us boys were convinced that the Irish boys could outfight the Jewish boys from South Cosmopolitan, and from their expressions it could be deduced that they thought so, too. So we made a bit of a detour.

About this time I commenced my financial career, or at least practiced a bit along lines I would later develop. Somehow—though I have no memory how this feat was accomplished—I amassed two and a half dollars in silver, and then asked some member of my family to exchange it for a two-and-a-half-dollar gold piece, with the explanation that the silver was too heavy to carry around. Then I would go downtown to a broker, and get two dollars and sixty-five cents for the gold piece. (It was before resumption of gold payment, and hence gold was at a premium.) This transaction I repeated as often as possible, until Uncle Sam put an end to premiums.

That two dollars and sixty-five cents consisted of half-dollars, quarters, and dimes. Nickels were not used, and pennies were not yet heard of. The small silver five-cent piece was usually bestowed on children. For a time, there was no prejudice against foreign currencies; any coins went at par—Mexican, French, Greek, or what not. It could even be plugged or "sweated." But this was stopped, because so many sharp brokers imported foreign money at a discount that American coins would soon have disappeared had the system been allowed to continue. Later I went more directly into banking. When I needed five dollars, I borrowed ten—five each from two of my sisters. That way, I could keep five dollars on hand for any sudden demand. A fifty per cent reserve kept my credit unimpaired.

The problem of what to do with the children in summer was the same in those years as it is today, except that there were no summer camps. The family usually went with Mother. Our favorite place was a hotel in Santa Cruz where the swimming was good. One day, at the Big Trees there, I saw a bit of paper tacked upon a tree trunk, about fifty feet above the ground. I climbed up, and darned if it wasn't a check for twenty-five cents—the first money I had ever earned by my own endeavors. I had made money before; but such things as selling bottles to the rags-bottles-sack man was trade rather than work. (The check was good, too!)

But my vacations, particularly during high school years, were usually spent in Hills Ferry. Situated at the junction of the San Joaquin and Merced rivers, Hills Ferry was the town in which Simon Newman (my mother's brother) had started business in 1869. In summer, the only time I knew it, it was hot and dry and still and dusty, and grasshoppers abounded. There were no streets; houses were built anywhere —yet out of this came a sort of pattern, the kind usually associated with mining towns.

The first time I saw Hills Ferry was in 1878, when the whole family took passage on one of the steamers that plied the San Joaquin. It was a two-day trip for these steamers, whose principal purpose was to haul the grain barges. The windings of the river, the many stops where we docked at little towns to deliver freight, the incessant hooting to notify of our approach—all this captivated me; and when, years later, I read *Show Boat*, I felt that I was once again going up the San Joaquin.

Later trips were different. We went by rail, got off at a little town called Bantas, and took the stage. Once we had climbed in, the dusty road dragged on till we came to the river, and finally, there was the ferry that took us across. It was an open square scow, with aprons at each end for the horses to get on and off. The ferryman had a long pole attached to a cable. The pole was used as a lever to push or pull the ferry, which crossed the river at the proper angle chosen to use the current. Finally we were there. The horses, sweating and dusty, stopped at the Newman store, and passengers and mail were assembled on the long front porch. Most important of all, the padlocked green Wells Fargo box, with its aura of mystery, had arrived.

On one side was the flowing river; around us were the various buildings of the town—mostly saloons, but some blacksmith shops, a few great long grain warehouses, and, standing alone, the Chinese laundry.

Beyond, hugging the river, was the Russ House where we ate our meals—real steak for breakfast, and oyster stew for Sunday lunch. The roads radiated out in various directions to the country beyond, and far away one could see the dust raised by eight-horse teams slowly dragging the wagons ladened with wheat. As they came nearer, one heard the bells of the harness. The grain sacks were unloaded at the warehouses, eventually to go on the barges which could be convoyed to tidewater by the regular river-boats. Waiting for the steamers was one of our excitements, and we were able to identify the various boats by the tone of the whistle.

Uncle Simon's business had been a success. He already owned a number of ranches, and there was lots to do. Someone had to go to the various farms to buy the grain, and often I went along. We traveled in an open buckboard, at one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit, but who cared? We always stopped at Dutch Corners, about three miles away, for a raspberry soda—and this both going and coming. One of the things that impressed me most about the countryside was the evidence of a once-prosperous Spanish occupancy, whose descendants were living in shacks—though the latter were covered with morning glory, and a Mexican trumpet-vine invariably grew near the front door. Old women, handsome girls, shiftless men were all that remained of the former owners of the soil.

Thus I've seen many changes, even in my time. The stratified structure of civilization in places like this is clear: first the Indians; then the Spaniard with his carefree, extravagant existence was replaced by the eastern Yankee, who was in turn replaced by the Portuguese and Italians, and they, too, were later frequently displaced by the Japanese. Though the river flowed on, the valley railroad came, and with its coming Hills Ferry dwindled away, moving bodily to the town of Newman. Named after my uncle, Newman was on the site of my old friend Dutch Corners. When, years later, I traversed that section, I found a man plowing over the ground that had once been Hills Ferry. The reverse—a thriving city where once were open fields—is often seen; but wheat fields where there had once been a thriving village is less usual and, to me, quite tragic. Where the ferry had been was a fine steel bridge, and the dusty roads I had traveled were concrete. The stage and the mysterious Wells Fargo box were gone forever.

When I had just turned thirteen, I entered the Boy's High School on Sutter Street, just a block from our house. The building was wooden, of the same type as the South Cosmopolitan, its yard so small that the only recreation we could indulge in was handball, and "keep-away." There were then two courses of study—the classical of four years, and the scientific, of three. I chose the former. Why, I can't imagine, since I had no flair for languages, classical or otherwise, and furthermore, the prospect of four years as opposed to three should have deterred me. Probably my parents had something to do with it.

So I embarked on Latin and Greek, but came out with not much more than what I'd gone in with. There were, in all, not over three hundred and fifty boys in the school—and that in a city of two hundred and fifty thousand. Compare that with today! The curriculum, however, was good. It dealt mostly in fundamentals, and I gained much from the English course, getting to know the first two books of *Paradise Lost* almost by heart, learning a good deal of Shakespeare, too, and many fine American orations.

After Latin grammar, I studied Caesar and Cicero, and started in on Greek. But at this point the board of education decided to shorten the classical course of study to three years. I had taken two years of classics. Should I finish in one year or in two? I could study in summer to enable myself to finish in one year, or I could go on as I had, repeating a few of my courses because the curriculum had been revised, and finish in two.

Finally, I solved my dilemma by switching over to the scientific course of study, where I belonged anyway. I'm glad I did, for otherwise I wouldn't have gone to college, and my life would have developed along different lines.

Both in grammar and high school, I recalled there was a bit of cheating. (I never saw or heard of it at college.) The form of cheating I practiced in high school was really, I believe, educational. This was in the history course, and consisted of writing all the topics of the subject on a long slip of paper which I then folded into the hollow of my hand. And I think the writing and organization of the subject, rather than the surreptitious glances, made history stick in my memory.

One teacher at high school, whom we called "Fussy" Winn, was a perfect replica of the biologist, Thomas Henry Huxley. He taught chemistry, physics, and history, and was the best teacher I ever had. I never knew why. What makes a good teacher? He was not learned; he took apparent delight in flunking us; and he displayed no personal interest in his students. But he did have personality, and a sense of humor. One day we installed a dog in his chair, complete with spectacles on its nose. When "Fussy" came in, he smiled and said, "I see you've elected one of your number to preside over you." Anyway, no matter what the reason, I remember to this day everything he taught us.

One afternoon 'Fussy" asked the class members to raise a hand if they intended to go to college. "I guess I won't," I thought, keeping both hands down. Then, at three o'clock, he asked all those who were going to college to remain. "Oh, I guess I will," I decided, and that's how I came to go to the university.

I have tried to remember what constituted my intellectual life in those early years. There being no movies, radios, or comics, we almost had to like reading. I was a subscriber to "Boys and Girls Weekly." It must have been written primarily for boys, because girls couldn't possibly have enjoyed, as we did, the hair-raising adventures of Jack Harkaway among the Indians, or in the South Seas, or contending with pirates.

It was with tremendous pleasure that I read the Horatio Alger books—the "Ragged Dick," and the "Tattered Tom" stories; also Oliver Optic with his hero worshipping type of stuff: "Fighting Joe Hooker," "Brave Old Farragut," and the rest. But the ultimate thrill was Jules Verne, and I'm sure that no books have been written since which have meant so much to a generation of boys. They had not only the thrill of adventure, but a wealth of imagery, a compendium of facts, and a forecast of scientific invention that was wonderful. I traveled to the moon, rode on a comet, sailed the depths with Captain Nemo, and exercised my inventiveness on the Mysterious Island. I also did a lot of other reading—Addison and Steele, Goldsmith, Pope, Defoe, Swift. There were few detective stories then, but I was thrilled by Gaboriau, and read such books as "The Leavenworth Case" far into the night.

To return to the subject of food. Eating is a large part of a boy's life, and of a man's, too, for that matter. San Francisco had undoubtedly the finest restaurants in the country. Their reputation has carried down to the present, but the contemporary establishments are but feeble ghosts of what they were in the days before the fire. The Vienna Cafe, where I had so many happy breakfasts with Juda, served fine coffee topped with whipped cream, a basket of rolls—some with caraway seeds, some with little sugar drops—and two boiled eggs, all beautifully served in a gracious atmosphere, for a total price of twenty-five cents.

For lunch, there was an Italian restaurant on Sacramento Street, near

Sansome, called Campi's. Here all dishes were priced at a bit apiece, except for wild duck, which was two bits. A bit is twelve and one-half cents, and all prices were stated in bits—two bits, four bits, six bits. But in practice, a bit could be either ten or fifteen cents, according to circumstances. For thirty-five cents, for instance, one got three dishes, and I remember that I always came prepared with a quarter and a dime.

For dinner there was the Pup, on Stockton near O'Farrell, one of the finest of the French restaurants; as its name implies, it was an offshoot of the famous Poodle Dog. Stepping down a bit, but not as much as you'd think, I must speak of the "free lunches" of San Francisco. They were an institution in themselves. With the price of a drink you really got a free meal: soup, roast beef, or what you would—and all the trimmings. As the price of a drink was one bit, and the bit could be ten cents, you can see how one could beat the game. And I remember the bountiful array set out by the *Pantheon* on California Street—but that cost twenty-five cents! Anyway, by and large, and even in a land of gold and flowers, the "free lunch" had no mean place.

San Francisco had always had theater, and particularly in the days when it was far away from everything and center of its own world. But even in my time it was notable. There were many theaters—the Bush Street and the Standard, both on Bush between Kearny and Montgomery; the California, on Bush above Kearny; the Baldwin on Market Street; and later the Grand Opera House on Mission, as well as others which I don't recall by name.

We had at once the finest talent, the cleanest plays, and the most appreciative audiences that could be imagined. Of course, even then there were people who loved to be shocked, and any old stager will tell you of that awful performance of "The Black Crook," where the girls actually came out in tights! People whispered about it.

But the stage offered thrills devoid of shock. I can still see and hear Edwin Booth, as Richelieu, declaim: "Mark, where she stands. Around her form I draw the awful circle of our solemn Church! Set but a foot within that holy ground, and on that head—yea, though it wore a crown—I launch the curse of Rome!" I still hear Lily Langtry cry, as the Lady of Lyons: "I would rather have a look, a smile, from him than wear the crown the Bourbon lost!" Better still, much better even than the Jersey Lily was to have seen the beautiful Mary Anderson, supported at the time by Forbes-Robertson. And then the glamorous Kate Castleton, and the winsome Irene Perry, playing in the farcical skit, *Pop,* taking the town by storm, matching anything that Lillian Russell in her palmiest day could do.

We had at one and the same time, at the Bush Street, Emily Melville in *Pinafore, The Mikado,* and the rest, and, at the Standard, Billy Emerson and Charley Reade in their colored minstrel show, with its "Gentlemen, be seated." Emerson was a most attractive figure, and Reade a most comical one, at whom everyone laughed as soon as he came on. Then there was the Daly Company, with the exquisite Ada Rehan, John Drew, and Edith Kingdon (later Mrs. George Gould)—a splendid group in Shakespeare or in comedies of manners. The Lyceum Company, with Georgia Cavyan and Herbert Kelsey, performed a continuous round of fine, clean, wholesome comedies which gave the greatest possible pleasure to old and young alike. All the great performances—Barrett and Ward in *Francesca da Rimini,* Modjeska in *As You Like It,* Robson and Crane as the two Dromios, Sheridan in *Louis XI,* Julia Marlowe in *Romeo and Juliet,* Sarah Bernhardt in *L'Aiglon,* Maude Adams in *Peter Pan*—all these were a part of my experience, then or later, I saw the beautiful soubrette, Minnie Palmer, in *The Sweetheart.* She was acclaimed the most popular actress of the year. Forty years later I met her at the Coronado Hotel, a rather rumpled old lady who "dearied" me from beginning to end. Age takes its toll.

We always had local stock companies, and fine ones. I remember vaguely an early company with John McCullough, Barrett and Ward. But I recall more vividly the thrillers at the Alcazar, where Grismer and Phoebe Davis gave us what were then blood-curdling plays—actually good old-fashioned melodrama suited to youthful imagination.

While I am not musically inclined, I got quite a thrill out of the operatic performance of Patti, Gerster, Scalchi, and Calvé. Some of my pleasure undoubtedly came from the setting—the bediamonded horseshoe and the aura of wealth. Like the very fashionable, I came in only after the first act, but in my case it was because the checkman then let me in for fifty cents, which bought me standing room. It didn't take a finely-developed musical sense to be thrilled by Patti's "Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home," or Gerster's "Marta, Marta," or Calvé as Carmen. Even the Tivoli lured me, but I got over my musical phase early, and the later stars never beguiled me. Symphonies were over my head. For some years in San Diego I "did" the Philharmonic and Amphion Musical Series regularly with Laura, as did many husbands who either lacked the courage to rebel or else considered it the thing to be seen at concerts. However, I finally went on strike, leaving Laura to be attended by other members of her musical family. But as business advisor to the local organizations, I have always kept in touch, always with the proviso that I be excused from attending.

In our adolescent days, with so few outside interests, we came to know a lot about local political doings. I can still see those election parades down Market Street. They were at night, and every man carried a torch and wore a cape and distinctive hat, something like a fireman's. Many carried transparencies, emblazoned with slogans for their side or slurs for the opposition. The marching companies had names, such as the "Hayes Invincibles." I don't remember the other names, but I think they were all "Invincibles." Wagons lit up with red fire accompanied the processions. And then the bands, and the notables, and the cheering! But the real thrill was election nights, when we went from bulletin board to bulletin board where, on rolls of cotton sheeting, the latest returns were scribbled with a brush as soon as they came in. The suspense lasted all night, not like the recent presidential elections, where Californians have known the results by the seven o'clock news report.

The local political movements were many. It was a time of unemployment and unrest, frequently boiling over in riots. One demagogic leader was named Dennis Kearney, who used to harangue the crowds on the sandlots where the City Hall now stands. With such slogans as "Down with Capital" and "The Chinese Must Go," they swept everything before them and won control of the legislature, only to find that many of their projected reforms were prohibited under the state constitution. The next logical step was to change the constitution, and their success in this plan brought Juda to the despair I described earlier.

All kinds of crazy clauses were put into the new constitution. One clause required the mortgagee of a piece of property to pay the tax on that property to the extent of his indebtedness. This was pretty drastic, but what was done was simply to charge eleven per cent when seven was wanted, with an agreement that the four per cent be waived when the tax was paid. That section was repealed after a while, along with a number of other objectionable ones. In the main, though, as I pointed out, that instrument which was to rock the world is the one we're living under now—and the world still stands.

Political occurrences were exciting. I remember when W. C. Ralston was drowned [1875] and when President Garfield was shot [1881] (and, with the news, a rumor that Chester Arthur had shot him!). I remember a fantastic local affair when the politically prominent Charles de Young shot and wounded Isaac S. Kalloch [1879], during the campaign for mayor of San Francisco; when Kalloch's son [Isaac M.] then shot and killed de Young [1880].... And I remember blind Chris Buckley, the Democratic boss, who owned a saloon on Bush Street, and who, it was said, could recognize everybody by the feel of his hand. Buckley for a time had absolute control of San Francisco politics, until one of those temporary reform movements dethroned him.

In 1883, I entered the University of California at Berkeley, enrolling for the civil engineering course. It didn't matter much just then what I selected, as the first two years were the same for all except the students in classics. I knew I could switch at the beginning of my junior year, but when the time came I didn't, and continued in civil engineering to the end.

Everybody had to take the entrance examinations, since there was as yet no admission on credits. I got through all the exams easily, and usually in much less time than it took my fellow students. It wasn't that I was that much smarter, but I knew what I did know and I also knew what I didn't know, so that I didn't waste time pondering. At that time I was not yet on to the trick which I later occasionally used: that of pretending to misunderstand the question or problem and giving an answer to a quite similar one that I could deal with. As a freshman, I was still too innocent for that.

*(To be continued)*

# San Francisco Teamsters at the Turn of the Century

*By* Robert M. Robinson

*(Concluded)*

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The Employers' Association thereupon took control of the strike away from the Draymen's Association, many of whose members were sympathetic to the teamsters. Acting on suggestions from the Employers' Association, and ignoring its own constitution, the executive committee of the Draymen's Association sent the following ultimatum to its employes:[25]

July 16, 1901

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Teamsters
Dear Sirs:

You are hereby notified that your interference in the conduct of the business of the Morton Drayage and Warehouse Company is unlawful and entirely unwarranted, and that your refusal to handle the baggage of the numerous guests of this city is a blot on its good name and fair repute, and you are further notified that unless you immediately cease such interference all agreements and arrangements shall be considered as having been broken by you and you are notified that if the notice given Mr. Morton is not withdrawn by or before 6 a.m. of July 17, 1901, then all arrangements between the Brotherhood of Teamsters and this association shall be considered at an end.

Yours truly, Charles L. Tilden, President
William Raubinger, Jr., Secretary
George Renner, Manager Draymen's Association

The Draymen's Association held a special meeting on the evening of Tuesday, July 16. At this meeting a resolution to sustain the action of the executive committee in sending the above ultimatum was defeated by a vote of 130 to 30. The membership of the Draymen's Association thus, in effect, supported the Brotherhood of Teamsters.

During the next few days, the union reiterated its stand that no union man would haul any baggage handled by a firm that did not recognize the union; if any "boss" draymen had made a compact to bring on a test of strength, the union announced it was ready and its 2500 members would leave their work. The Draymen's Association unsuccessfully attempted to help the Morton companies replace union drivers with non-union men. A special secret executive meeting of the Employers' Association was held July 17. None of the deliberations or contemplated action was divulged, but, at the meeting of the Draymen's Association two days later, a resolution to place the conduct of the dispute in the hands of its executive committee was passed "almost unanimously."[26] This was a complete reversal of the action taken at the July 16th meeting of the Draymen's Association when virtually the same resolution had been defeated, and was possibly due to threatened competition from the Employers' Association's creature, the new Merchants' Drayage and Warehouse Co. Actually this new company existed only on paper—no horses, no drays, no stables were purchased nor in any way acquired—but it served as a warning to dissident "boss" draymen.

On Saturday afternoon, various employing draymen ordered their union drivers to haul the goods of A. Schilling & Co., one of the regular customers of the Morton Drayage Co. The teamsters refused. The employers appear to have been prepared for the refusal, for, as fast as the men declined, they were ordered to put up their teams. In a few minutes, 700 men were on strike; they were forcing the employers to take the initiative. For this reason, all except those discharged Saturday afternoon reported for work Monday morning, in full expectation that all the employers in turn would make the same demand of their men. In the workers' eyes, it was a "lockout" rather than a strike.

By Tuesday morning, July 23rd, 960 teamsters had been "locked out"; about 800 men were still at work. The executive committee of the union detailed pickets to watch the points where loads were usually taken on, and also placed them at the various barns. As described by a local newspaper:[27]

> At the teamsters headquarters, at 672 Fourth Street, the executive committee of the Brotherhood of Teamsters were in session all day. The men were standing around the place ready for picket duty. A dozen or more would jump into a wagon and rush off to some barn where the teamsters stood in with their employers, but collisions between the opposing factions were averted by the presence of the number of policemen on duty.

On July 24th the same source reported that, in spite of the "strained relations" existing between employers and drivers,

> the best of feeling prevails. The bosses call at the teamsters' headquarters, have a

> talk with the men and sometimes invite them to "take a smile." No ill feeling is manifested on either side, but woe betide the non-union man that attempts to haul a load of freight. Out of the vocabulary of the teamster, gathered from years of experience in handling a balky team, the choicest epithets are hurled, and the result is generally a get-off-the-box policy on the part of the driver.[28]

By Wednesday, July 24th, 1350 teamsters of Local #85 had struck. Fifty hay teamsters were ordered to strike by the brotherhood when its officials learned that a number of large draymen, anticipating a lengthy strike, were storing extra supplies of hay and feed. The railroads stopped freight in quantity from moving into the city because of lack of storage space. Federal freight was moved under escort of customs inspectors, while a limited quantity of other freight was carried about under police guard.

The fruit teamsters, about eighty in all, were called out on strike in spite of previous statements by Michael Casey, business agent of the Brotherhood of Teamsters, that they would continue to handle the farmers' and canners' products. "We have told the Draymen's Association," Casey was reported to have said,

> that we were perfectly willing to go back to work under the old conditions and do straight hauling, but under no circumstances would we haul directly or indirectly for the Morton Drayage and Warehouse Company.... About 400 men are still at work out of the 1800 members of our union. We can call them out at a moment's notice, but have hesitated to do so. We do not want to tie up the business of the city and State entirely, but will do so finally if we are compelled.[29]

The timing of the strike favored the unions. Perishable fruits and vegetables were being harvested in large volume. Merchants in the city and agricultural groups outside the metropolitan area felt the economic pressure of the stoppage, and joined forces with those seeking to find a solution.

On Thursday the executive committee of the brotherhood ordered the reserve teamsters to strike; 250 union drivers obeyed the call. Included were employes of the lumber yards and those employed by merchants and various manufacturing firms. So closely had the teamsters drawn the lines that they would not allow any drivers to haul lumber to the Progressive Union Mill, which was owned exclusively by union mechanics.

The Employers' Association, meanwhile, was extending its field of operations. On Friday evening, July 26th, the Pacific Coast Bottlers Protective Association discharged union bottlers and refused to recognize representatives or walking delegates of any union; they would deal henceforth with their men only on an individual basis. This was the first step, since the beginning of the strike, to involve unions other than the teamster locals.

The action of the bottling employers was interpreted by a local paper as a stand dictated by the Employers' Association against unionism in general.[30] By way of retaliation, union leaders called out the waterfront unions as a demonstration of labor solidarity; and at eleven o'clock, Monday night, July 30, 1901, the City Front Federation responded in a unanimous sympathetic action. Oakland teamsters took a similar stand. Reports of the newspapers estimated from 10,000 to 16,000 men on strike.[31] The council of the City Front Federation was organized into a strike committee with Andrew Furuseth as chairman.

Labor leaders had weighed their tactics before taking any step to widen the strike: they called out only the unions whose work was closely allied with that of the teamsters; and six months before the strike, these unions, most of them members of the City Front Federation, had built up their financial strength and that of their federation. Other unions in the city, especially the newcomers, lacked such financial reserves and could not have afforded a general strike. Also, labor wished to avoid the public disapproval almost inevitable in such a strike.

As to the effects of the strike, an east-bay daily reported that:

> . . . All the big shipping companies with one exception were left without a single union man.
>
> The employes of Goodall, Perkins & Co. are under a year's contract, and when the order came for them to strike they did not obey it, deciding to await further inquiry of the situation.
>
> The stevedores and freight handlers on the Oceanic dock, the transport wharf and the Pacific Mail dock went out at the first word. The river steamers employ non-union men almost entirely, and they were able to proceed with their business. The ferry boats were not affected, as the men employed on these steamers consented this morning to go to their work.[32]

Walter Goff, president of the labor council, was quoted in the same newspaper as stating that the council "did not want this trouble" and had done what they could to avert it; "but the employers," he said, "were obstinate and forced us to accept the issue. Now that the strike is upon us, we will fight it out. . . . Our victory will mean the success of the union principle: the defeat of the employers' attempt to say that employes shall not organize or take steps to protect their labor."

Attorney and spokesman for the Employers' Association was M. F. Michael, who said on July 31st: "The situation as far as the Association is concerned presents nothing new. There has been no change in the attitude of the employers, and no change has been discussed or considered. No conference with the unions has been proposed and none is expected."[33]

The unsolved labor problem stimulated comment by the city's editors. The editor of the San Francisco *Call,* for example, rehearsed some of the difficulties that corporations had run into in their early years, and by analogy to the present controversy he pointed out the danger to the side that transgressed certain principles: ". . . Corporations were curbed by law so as to preserve their usefulness and minimize their harmfulness. Whatever organization has the power to inflict the same harm and the will to use it must be legally curbed in the same way, or the community will cease to tolerate it. In our complex society there is no room for power not regulated by law nor responsible for its acts and contracts."[34]

Various ways were sought by both sides to bring pressure to bear at weak points. One of these was the supply of coal, which the City Front Federation was said to regard as the key to the situation, the key being in their possession.[35] "They are constantly informed of the exact quantity on hand and available and they freely predict that within two weeks it will be completely exhausted. So their chief endeavor is to prevent a replenishment of the rapidly dwindling store of dusky diamonds."

A news item in the Oakland *Tribune* of the same date (Aug. 1, 1901) reported that the City Front Federation's executive committee had decided not to call out any more workers "so long as the employers exhibit a sincere inclination to meet the men half way in establishing a basis of settlement." However, the communication of the Employers' Association to Mayor Phelan under date of August second was of such a nature that he decided to withhold publication until he had attempted to persuade the association's agent, M. F. Michael, writer of the letter, to modify it.

In setting forth the attitude of the Employers' Association, Michael wrote that it recommended to members of the Draymen's Association that they fill all positions with men, union or not, who would agree to obey all lawful orders of the employer, who would not attempt to "compel" fellow-workers to join the union or the employer to hire only union men, and who would not engage in sympathetic strikes or boycotts. The employer association's attitude with regard to unionism was based, he said, on four principles: (1) it recognized the right of labor to organize to "ameliorate its conditions"; (2) it did not, in regard to employment, discriminate for or against union men; (3) it believed that settlement of all differences between employer and employes should be left to these two parties, "without interference from the officers or members of any labor organization"; and (4) it did not discriminate against any employer of labor solely because he employed only union men[36].

Thus did the employers' terms for settling the strike state the issue. Michael Casey, business agent of the Brotherhood of Teamsters, commented:

> That is plainly saying to us that we may have "smokers" or something of that sort as a result of the existence of unions, but that we shall not utilize the organizations for the purpose they have been designed to serve.

Mayor James Phelan was unable to persuade the Employers' Association to modify or clarify their letter, and when it was made public on August 6th, the mayor stepped out of the role of mediator.

The unions' answer to the letter was to spread the strike still further. The Brotherhood of Teamsters had already tied up the hauling of merchandise and half of the material used for building purposes; now (Aug. 7) the Sand Teamsters were called out, thus (as described by the secretary of the San Francisco Labor Council) "bringing all those building operations requiring a large amount of material to an almost complete standstill."[37] Continuing, he described how, at a standstill also, were shipping and work along the wharves by the action of city-front unions; how the Crockett warehousemen had tied up the wheat in the warehouses, "which meant stopping mostly all foreign shipment of California wheat, Crockett and Port Costa, where this union had jurisdiction, being the tidewater outlet for the grain of the State."

By the middle of August, concern on the part of the public was crystalized by the appointment of a "Committee of One Hundred" by the Federation of Improvement Clubs, whose executive committee suggested that a committee from each side be chosen, "each committee to consist of eight gentlemen, to meet a like committee from the Federation for the purpose of discussing a settlement."[38] Innumerable conferences resulted in no progress whatever—neither did appeals, to employers and strikers alike, from the mayor and the governor. President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California was said to have worked "in a quiet way," together with other public-spirited citizens, "with the hope of bringing about an amicable settlement, but all efforts in this direction have come to naught. . . ."

Six weeks passed, and on September 2, 1901, readers of the San Francisco daily papers were greeted with such headlines as, "BIG LABOR DEMONSTRATION TO OPEN SEVENTH WEEK OF STRIKE," a parade, participated in by over 80 unions, being promised.[39] While labor leaders were busy with the arrangements, however, "the vigilance of the pickets of the strikers was not relaxed." President of the day was Walter Macarthur. Andrew Furuseth of the City Front Federation was reported as warning strikers against violence during the Labor Day celebrations. Not until another month did the need for such a warning become superfluous.

As to the actual amount of violence during the strike, total casualties have been given as five deaths and 336 assaults, of which 250 required surgical attention. Police made 110 arrests, but the courts secured only fifteen convictions, most of which carried light penalties, *i.e.*, three months in jail or $5 fine. Evidence and witnesses were difficult to obtain in most situations where arrests were made. When the strike ended, all pending cases were dismissed.[40]

Opinions on the extent to which business was being tied up, as the strike progressed, differed materially. A solution to the question was offered by a San Francisco editor who recommended studying the volume of bank clearings as proof of business activity[41]—a procedure, it might be remarked here, that economists would consider dubious in the extreme.

At 4 p.m. on October 2, 1901, bulletin boards of the daily papers startled the city by the announcement, "THE STRIKE HAS BEEN SETTLED. Governor Gage has arranged a basis of agreement and the men go back tomorrow."[42] All policemen were said to have been "recalled from guarding teams and will be returned to their regular beats. All the specials have been called in." The governor's statement was transcribed in full:

> Having been invited by those most vitally interested in the labor difficulties to try to find some solution by which normal conditions of commerce and peace and prosperity of the community could be resumed, I took hold of the question, and it now gives me great pleasure to state, after carefully maturing all the points in the controversy, that I presented my views to both the Draymen's Association of San Francisco and the Brotherhood of Teamsters and Water Front Federation, and, after full discussion, terms and conditions were arrived at acceptable to both, and that I am authorized by the officers of both contending parties to declare the teamsters' strike and all collateral and sympathetic strikes or lockouts originating from the teamsters' strike at an end, which I hereby do.
>
> San Francisco, October 2, 1901 [signed] Henry T. Gage, Governor.

Four hours later the regular monthly meeting of the Draymen's Association convened at Foresters' Hall in the Alcazar Building, and heard President Tilden's statement that the strike had been settled "on terms perfectly satisfactory to the executive committee." Many details would have to be adjusted, he said, but the men would apply for their old positions the following morning; "the executive committee had pledged the faith of the entire association that the old employes would be taken back where they were needed, and that there would be no discrimination against union men. The report was received with prolonged applause, and the action of the commitee was fully indorsed."[43]

The announcement of the San Francisco Labor Council read as follows: "The Governor of California has declared the strike of the transportation workers and collateral and sympathetic strikes with them off. Nothing need be added to that, except that Governor Gage always quotes his authorities correctly, always knows what he is doing. Let us all be glad and thankful that these days of trial and tribulation are past. . . . Both employers and employes have recognized for the last five months that they were walking on dangerous ground. The peace this day concluded gives firmer footing. Let us try to keep it."[44]

From Andrew Furuseth came the statement, ". . . The settlement is all right; that's all I have to say."[45]

Walter Macarthur expressed his views on the subject five years later in his "San Francisco—a Climax in Civics" (typescript, Apr. 1906, Bancroft Library):

> . . . In letter the agreement provided merely for a mutual cessation of hostilities, but in spirit it was understood to convey a renunciation by the Employers' Association of any design to prosecute an attack on the unions with the object of disrupting them. The City Front Federation had vindicated the "right to organize," and its members returned to work in a spirit which, if not that of complete victory, was one of profound confidence of future peace between employer and employe. This confidence has since proved to be fairly well justified.

In the very brief time of two years, the Brotherhood of Teamsters had not only made significant gains for its own membership, but had joined successfully with fellow workers in opposing anti-union forces. The experience and maturity thus gained paved the way for the establishment of a pattern of peaceful negotiation between teamster unions and their employers—a pattern based on recognition of a large area of identity of interests, and resulting in formal contractual agreements scrupulously observed by both parties.

## NOTES

25. San Francisco *Examiner,* Aug. 1, 1901.

26. *Ibid.,* July 28, 1901.

27. San Francisco *Call,* July 23, 1901.

28. *Ibid.,* July 24, 1901. 29. *Idem.*

30. San Francisco *Examiner,* July 30, 1901.

31. *Idem;* Oakland *Tribune,* July 30, 1901; Cross, *op. cit.,* p. 242; Eaves, *op. cit.* p. 71; Rosenberg, *op. cit.,* p. 17.

32. Oakland *Tribune,* July 30, 1901. 33. *Ibid.,* July 31, 1901.

34. San Francisco *Call,* Aug. 1, 1901.

35. Oakland *Tribune,* Aug. 1, 1901.

36. San Francisco *Examiner,* Aug. 6, 1901. See also San Francisco *Call,* Oct. 3, 1901, where Phelan speaks of necessity of proper interpretation of paragraph 4 of M. F. Michael's letter (which he termed the "bone of contention").

37. Rosenberg, *op. cit.,* p. 17; Oakland *Tribune,* Aug. 1, 1901.

38. *Ibid.,* Aug. 15, 1901.

39. San Francisco *Chronicle,* Sept. 2, 1901.

40. Instances of violence are discussed in Ray Stannard Baker, "A Corner in Labor," *McClure's Magazine,* XXII (Feb. 1904), p. 368. The present writer interviewed Paul Scharrenberg, of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific, on the subject in July 1949.

41. San Francisco *Chronicle* (editorial), Sept. 18, 1901.

42. *E.g.,* the San Francisco *Examiner,* Oct. 2, 1901. The text of the governor's statement is transcribed in the Oakland *Tribune,* Oct. 3, 1901.

43. San Francisco *Chronicle,* Oct. 3, 1901.

44. *Idem.* 45. *Idem.*

# History of Las Posadas Forest

From the Memoirs of John M. Morris

*Compiled by* EDITH GREGORY

*With Foreword by* ANSON STILES BLAKE

*(Concluded)*

My dear old father, now over seventy years old, was a wonderful help on this ranch, not only in the work he did, but as a spiritual adviser to my wife. He came in very often and read and prayed with her and talked to her on the state of her mind. She had the greatest confidence in him. My father was terribly dissatisfied about our location. He would roam about and grieve over "settling on a pile of rocks, on a place where nothing could be made, away off from anyone, and where there was no prospect of future remuneration." He was no judge of earthly business, for his mind was wholly devoted to spiritual things.

The forest grew down to within thirty or forty steps from our house, on two sides. We cut our own wood, and had not far to carry it on our backs. There was an acre or two of garden land partly cleared on one side of the house, also five or six rows of blackberries, about 150 vines. Some two dozen apple trees had been set out the spring before we moved onto the place, and eight or ten peach trees nearly big enough to bear. But the rabbits had come in before we bought, and Musso had let the pestilential scamps eat the bark so that I told Musso I would not give twenty-five cents for the whole twenty-five apple trees. Yet by wrapping them properly, we saved all the trees but two. The pigeons, like the quail in the days of Moses, gathered into More's Canyon so thickly that I could never have believed their numbers without seeing them with my own eyes. They blackened the skies and when they flew the roar was like distant thunder. I had read and heard talk of pigeon roosts in Florida but never had realized the truth. These pigeons were not fat as we had seen them before. There were plenty of speckled trout in Moore's Creek but I did not know how to catch them. Brother Sawyer, of Sawyer's Tannery, camped on our place in the summer and came every day to see my wife, bringing her a few fresh, shining trout. The woods were full of deer, too, and we would see the hunters carry them off. They would never give us a mouthful of the venison, shipping the carcasses whole to San Francisco.

The winter (1878-79) was a severe one for Napa county. Ice froze on a little pond till our horse walked on the crust. In the spring of 1879 we had the highest water for years. In April mother went to Napa Valley and while she was gone the Valley was flooded so she could not get home. There were over three feet of water on Napa River bridge. Next day, Melissa's brother, John Harmon who was on a visit, started to help mother. He met her on the Howell Mountain grade. She had two or three men helping her pass the slides, where she had been told she could not possibly get over. She would have the men take the horse out and pull the light spring wagon over the mucky slide and lead the horse round the slide up on solid ground and then hitch up and drive on. She was bringing a load of groceries for the ranch, and had been gone from home for three days, with us all wondering where she had put up. When John Harmon was starting to meet her, he remarked: "Oh, she can get over the grade anywhere with that light spring wagon." "Yes," said I, "but you will not find it empty. If it were father, you would find the load stored at the first house he came to, but mother will stay with the cargo." Sure enough, when they drove up, there was the full load of groceries. To this day the teamsters wonder how "that Old Lady" ever got through those slides and reached home safely. They did not know that this "Old Lady" had crossed the Allegheny Mountains when a child of nine years, that she had crossed the plains three times in ox wagons, and had lived at the Trinity mines where all provisions were brought forty miles on pack mules. Engineering this gentle horse and light wagon was a small thing compared to what she had passed through.

The winter (1879) passed, the month of March came, and with it came the desired rest my Melissa had longed for. She had suffered so much that it seemed a sin for me to wish her to stay. She died on March 12, 1880. This closed the five years of our wedded life, the happiest of any to me, except, perhaps, the first two years after I was converted to God. We had lived in our own home for less than two years. Melissa always did like the Moore's Creek ranch. As long as she was able to walk, toward spring she would drag herself to the door and supporting herself by the door-post, exclaim, "How beautiful it is out of doors!"

Though I felt all broken up after the light of our home went out, there were many things calling for attention. Father and mother moved into my house shortly after Melissa left us, to take care of little Vincent and cook for me. I made several trips to San Francisco to attend to surveying and filing on my land. I copy from my journal:

*Thursday, March 25, 1880. It was rainy. Took an umbrella and came to St. Helena through the mud. Blister every toe by the weight of mud on my boots. Came to San Francisco and put up at Perkins' New Montgomery Boarding House.*

*Friday, March 26, 1880. Most of the day at the U. S. Land Office. Deposit money in the U. S. Treasury for the survey of the land we were squatted on.*

Later we filed on this government land, father and I locating a quarter (section) apiece. One strange incident happened. Father and I had paid the government surveyor to file on this land for us. One morning I heard an ax going, up above the house. I came up and found a man laying a foundation on the best part of the land we had paid the surveyor to file upon. Asking the man what he was doing, we learned that this land was vacant. I said: "We paid the surveyor to file upon this land, and if what you say is true, (and I believe it is,) we are beat, that is all. Now I am just going to ask you a question. I bought a squatter's claim on this land, giving him (Musso) one thousand dollars for his right. I deposited the money in San Francisco to have this township surveyed. I have gone to and from San Francisco having this business put through. Now do you think it right for you to jump in and take the land before we get our locations filed?" "No," says he, "I know of another location I'd just about as soon have as this. I have not handed in my filing, so you go ahead." I was astounded to find there was one honest man still left. We were off on the next train for San Francisco to find that this cultis* surveyor had never paid in our money for filing. Later we found that the registry office at San Francisco was rotten as Lucifer. On depositing my first hundred dollars to survey the land they gave me a voucher in the name of J. M. Morris. On my sending down the next hundred the clerk issued the certificate of purchase to James M. Morris. When I pointed out the mistake and asked if it could not be changed the clerk replied: "No, you will have to sell it." "It is not my mistake," said I. "There ought to be some way to fix the matter so I can use the certificate of purchase on my entry." "No," answered McNee, the clerk. I went to the surveyor general and laid the matter before him. He called a page. "You go down and tell Duncan to come up here." I did not know who "Duncan" was till he came, the clerk of the U. S. land register's office. The surveyor-general said: "Duncan, I want to know what this means. Three men deposited money in your office on one day and you got every one of their names wrong. Mr. Morris has worked up all that matter on Howell Mountain, and you give him one receipt J. M. Morris and the other James M. It's about time this were stopped." Duncan said to me: "You keep that certificate. We will make it right." This is but one case of hundreds. Fraud and swindling carried on under the eye of the government in the land office. I came home and had to rustle to get back that ten (dollars) we had paid the surveyor to file for us on our land.

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*Cultus—Chinook word meaning good for nothing, as in cultus cod.

Lying on the top of Howell Mountain adjoining my claim, there were two leagues of land located by Yount from the Spanish government before California was taken by the United States. Mr. Watson, the grant owner, cut up this tract into 50 to 70 acre lots and held a great sale. There was quite a tract of valuable redwood on this body of land, and father and I took ropes and measured the best we could to find where these most valuable pieces of timber lay. My nephew, Milton Martin, came out from Iowa in October, and when the sale came off, October 15, 1881, I took him down to St. Helena to bid for me, as no one knew him. If I bid, all would bid against me, thinking I knew more about the values of the land than they. I told Milton not to bid over twelve dollars and fifty cents per acre on one lot, and not over fourteen dollars on another which I marked for him. They sold everything but the tract I wanted before they got to these lots. My nephew bid off the first tract at six dollars per acre. The terms were, if you buy one lot on your bid you have the privilege of taking two lots adjoining at the same price. I stepped up and took the two tracts I thought I wanted and was starting across to the bank for the deposits, when the old auctioneer hailed me. "Don't go off mad! Here, give us a bid in this!" I thought a moment, and believing there was a good spring of water on the tract, I said: I'll give you the same for it that I gave for the other two tracts." It was knocked off to me and I got 164⅔ acres in the redwoods on the head of Moore's Creek, embracing all the water in the Canyon; and 80 acres of comparatively level land on the top of the mountain right adjoining my government land, all for $6 per acre.

We decided to commute our claims to government land. By filing a pre-emption first and living on the land six months, doing a certain amount of work, and paying two hundred dollars and expenses one could get title to one hundred-sixty acres, and then could file a homestead on another hundred-sixty acres and after living on this claim for five years, get title to the homestead by payment of office fees. We were greatly rejoiced to think that at last we were getting a home of our own, though rocky and rough, the first home for so many years. Father also had taken a homestead on 160 acres and I lived so near, both on my pre-emption and homestead, that I could be at his house all through the day, sleeping and eating at my own shanty. It was wonderful how each one got his pre-emption or homestead on the very piece of land he wanted; and all the shanties were within 150 or 200 yards of each other. But so it was, and we were wonderfully blessed in this location. When father got the patent for his 160 acre lot, he gave me eighty acres and I bought the other eighty for five hundred dollars. The hundred-sixty acres I bought of the La Jota grant at Watson's sale and ten acres of S. D. Mitchell, made me 640 acres in all. I became land poor.

Thus ran the ranch. We were annoyed by our stock getting out on the neighbors and had to sell off our cattle. We were in the meantime making fence, all of it barbed wire, and it was a great joy when we got the premises fenced. Then we turned our attention to grubbing out stumps, clearing land and running ditches. We had a fine water privilege running at the door, and raised from ten to twenty tons of hay each year. Our hands were full of business. Father preached round over the country, at Pope Valley, Chiles, and on Howell Mountain. My father became reconciled to the Moore's Creek purchase and when I talked of moving away he was just as much averse to leaving as he had been to coming into the Canyon at first. We kept getting more out of the ranch. Though the year 1880 was a year of mourning, we prospered financially. The spring of our joy was vacant and blank, and we had no heart for the world. In 1881 we put in more garden and berries, extended the water ditches and planted black and English walnuts and some shellbark hickorynuts. Fishermen and hunters came to Howell Mountain in summer and it became a famous place of resort. Angwin went to building and we could sell him more vegetables and berries than we could raise. The mountain was full of healthseekers. Some forty families from different cities came to a camp on the mountain, among them the wife of Senator Jones, the silver king. Our ranch was run over with picnickers. On my own part I cared little for company, but for the sake of father, mother, and the two mother-less boys, we were glad to see people come. Father preached and married the young folks, because he charged them little or nothing. We had a schoolhouse built on the mountain this year. We had abundance of company, plenty to eat and plenty of money, teams to go and come as we chose.

In November 1881 my brother William came with his family and went into partnership with me, as there was too much for one man to manage. He had a nice wife and family. We bought sheep and herded them, selling them early in the fall of 1882. After which William and his folks went back to Iowa, leaving us more lonely than ever.

This winter the snow fell the deepest we ever saw it in Napa. Our sheep died off till we lost nearly half of them.

In 1883 I let a contract to get out my redwood timber, up to the top of Howell Mountain where teams could get at it, and I sold the oak and fire wood on the top of the mountain for twenty-five cents stumpage per cord. In the two years following we got out posts and grape stakes from the redwood timber left for clearing up. So business was running brisk on Moore's Creek. I was putting out more blackberries, raspberries and gooseberries all the time, and more apple and peach trees. There were also a few plum and pear trees. We soon had more in the way of agriculture and horticulture than one man could attend to, and I was once more on the up-grade financially.

The grape boom had set in. People ran mad in the wine-making business, died in tanks, hung themselves up on trees. Land went up to one thousand dollars per acre. In five years some of the lands would not bring the price of the buildings erected thereon. Vineyards had been turned out to commons. The county was bankrupt. I put out no wine grapes. But grape stakes were high, so were posts. We sold the redwood timber out and paid for the land three times over; loaned money, and had more to eat than ever before in life. We bought sugar, flour, and pork by the barrel, grain by the ton, and coffee, beans, and salt by the sack. People thought us crazy because we put out no grapes, shunned me as a crank, a fanatic, and would hardly speak to me; but when the crash came the same men came to shake my hands and call me sagacious, complimenting me on my good judgment. This is the way of the world.

# News of the Society

## SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF APRIL 18, 1906, SAN FRANCISCO

On the occasion of the luncheon meeting of the California Historical Society at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel on April 12, 1956, MR. LAWRENCE W. HARRIS addressed a large audience, which had been eagerly anticipating the event; but as the loud-speaking apparatus seemed to be wholly out of order, few, if any, of those present could hear him. At the request of the many members who were thus disappointed, we obtained and are printing herewith MR. HARRIS' address, so that they can read and re-read it at their leisure. I do not need to add that MR. HARRIS is now, and for many years past has been, the wittiest speaker in San Francisco, and the large attendance at this meeting testified to the fact of his great popularity.

ALLEN L. CHICKERING

Mr. Knowland, Members of the California Historical Society,
Ladies and Gentlemen:

This word "historical" bothers me a little because I was brought up in a philosophy whose watchword was "Never let a fact interfere with a story," and I am afraid that that is the kind of history you are going to get. Not the kind to which you are accustomed or as factual, but it could be more fun.

My invitation stated, "You might recite your reminiscences of the fire and 'the damndest finest ruins'." I hope you realize what an opening that is.

Now I am sure that many of you never heard of these verses, so-called, and those of you who have, probably have forgotten them. So let's begin with the verses, so-called, and I should like to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Bill Ferndon, who has consented to recite them.

Put me somewhere west of East Street where there's nothing left but dust,
Where the lads are all a hustlin' and where everything's gone bust,
Where the buildin's that are standin' sort of blink and blindly stare
At the damndest finest ruins ever gazed on anywhere.

Bully ruins—brick and wall—through the night I've heard you call
Sort of sorry for each other 'cause you had to burn and fall,
From the Ferries to Van Ness you're a Godforsaken mess,
But the damndest finest ruins—nothin' more or nothin' less.

The strangers who come rubberin' and a huntin' souvenirs,
The fools they try to tell us it will take a million years
Before we can get started, so why don't we come to live
And build our homes and factories upon land they've got to give.

"Got to give!" Why, on my soul, I would rather bore a hole
And live right in the ashes than even move to Oakland's mole,
If they'd all give me my pick of their buildin's proud and slick
In the damndest finest ruins still I'd rather be a brick!

[Applause]

Thank you, Bill.

In the early days of the Family Club we were blessed with a talented lad named Jack Noyes, who played the piano and sang in the most delightful manner.

Frequently at Club entertainments either at the Club House or during our annual outing known as the "Flight of the Stork"—the stork being the emblem of the Family—I would endeavor to write what I thought were topical verses to some popular song and Jack would sing them. The verses were terrible but Jack always made them come out even.

To give you an idea of what I mean, I recall that one of the most difficult was a parody on the Floradora Sextet. Some of you may remember that in the first line the men in the Sextet sang to the girls, "Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?"—to which the girls replied, "There are a few, kind sir, etc." Our first line was, "Now really, Babe, I must confess, you certainly look good to me."

I will spare you the second and succeeding lines, and while I have never complained of the post office department issuing a "cease and desist" order, I have yet to find out who it was who turned us in.

After the Family burned out, Jack Noyes got in touch with me and stated that there was to be an opening house-warming of the Club in its new home on Franklin Street about mid-June 1906. He asked me if we could not get up something a little more serious than our previous attempts. After all, we had been through a lot; this was our first get-together as a club, so he insisted that it would have to be something a little if not quite different. Something, said Jack, "if it is any good, we can send through the mail."

A little later I was in the Ferry Building one evening going across to Oakland, and someone dropped a nickel in the slot of one of the automatic players and out came Kipling's "On the Road to Mandalay." By the time the ferry had arrived in Oakland, I had the two verses fairly well scratched out. The next day I had them typewritten and sent a copy to Jack. Our temporary office at that time was in a hurriedly-erected building on the Clay Street Bulkhead—not out on the wharf, but on the edge of the water on the east side of the Embarcadero or East Street.

A few afternoons later, Jack came by the Bulkhead on his way to San Rafael to visit the De Young family, who at that time were living there, and he told me he was going to try the verses out on the De Youngs.

I wished him luck and told him that if I were in his position I would put the piano near the door or the firescape or some convenient means of exit, just in case.

The next morning Jack again came by the Bulkhead and told me that he had sung our combined efforts and that Mrs. De Young had complimented him. Knowing Mrs. De Young as a most courteous person, I made some facetious remarks about his singing and the compliments he had received, but at that time I had never heard Jack sing life into the words.

When we opened the Family Club at 1900 Franklin Street, corner of Clay, the toastmaster stated in effect that Jack Noyes had a new song, the verses of which were awful, and that he was quite sure that here was a song that even Jack Noyes could not sing. As I recall it was about 10 o'clock at night, and the next morning when we went from the Family Club Jack was hoarse from having sung it throughout the entire evening. He never stopped.

A little later Mr. A. B. Pierson, who was an associate of the beloved Alex Robinson of Robinson's Book Store, had the verses, so-called, printed, copyrighted, and we were in business.

We did not do so well from time to time, but happily the Oakland *Tribune*, which was then published by William Dargie, took editorial exception to the lines, " 'Got to give!' Why on my soul, I would rather bore a hole and live right in the ashes than even move to Oakland's mole." That was taken as a matter of disparagement to Oakland, which, of course, was never meant. I was born in Oakland—and at the time I was looking for some word that would rhyme with "hole." The San Francisco *Argonaut*, then published by Jerome Hart, took up the San Francisco side of it, and the first thing we knew we had a feud on.

Also at about this time my good friend, Ned Hamilton, who was one of Mr. Hearst's editorial and special feature writers, ran a page in the *Tribune* every week, I think under the head of "The Knave," so we had a very happy, pleasant situation. On Saturdays Ned would espouse the cause of Oakland—during the following week, he would take up the cudgels of San Francisco in the *Examiner* and, if need be, pick on the *Argonaut* a little, until I don't suppose that anything so unworthy ever received so much publicity and for nothing. If the sales lagged, all I had to do was to speak to Ned and up they would go. It was slightly crooked but a very enjoyable situation. From Dargie to Hart to Hamilton—a sort of journalistic "from Tinker to Evers to Chance," if you remember your baseball.

I have been asked on several occasions if these verses were supposed to be an autobiography—well, I did not have that in mind then, but they are much more of an autobiography now than when they were written.

They were printed on a card, in the background of which were the ruins of the entrance to the Towne residence on Taylor and California streets. These actual ruins, at least so I have been told, now grace the borders of one of the smaller lakes in Golden Gate Park and are known as the "Portals of the Past." Of course, I had quite a few constructive criticisms from the literary purists, but I really had no difficulty in regard to this particular matter because I always stated that I felt much worse about them than they did.

And now please will you come for just a moment with me on an evening twenty-five years ago. They were having a twenty-fifth anniversary of the fire celebration at the Civic Auditorium. The speaker of the evening was to recite "The Damndest Finest Ruins." I was notified exactly when it would be on the radio, so I gathered my family around me and the radio, and somewhat unctuously endeavored to explain to all concerned just who I was and what I had amounted to twenty-five years ago.

Exactly on the moment we were on the air, and when the speaker finished I am compelled to add in all candor that the applause was less than tumultuous—in fact, it was very much less than tumultuous, and in further fact I don't think there was any.

I am therefore assuming that, in order to cover up any embarrassment, the speaker who had just read the verses continued something along the following: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I know you will rejoice with me when I tell you that the author of those verses is still alive and living in San Francisco." I made as fast a reach for the radio as I could, in order to shut it off, but I was too late. Whereupon I looked up and found my three sons in conference. It was a short conference, after which one of them said: "Come on, Pop, get your hat ond coat." Said I: "I am not going anywhere." Said they: "Oh, yes, you are." "Where am I going and for what?" I asked. "Well, Pop, after the remarks just made by the speaker at the Auditorium, we feel it our duty to take you out to the Museum of Natural History and have you stuffed." So let us leave the verses to haunt the halls of the Museum of Natural History, and turn to something important.

And now for San Francisco—up hill and down. What was San Francisco like in those days immediately before and just subsequent to April the 18th, 1906? Then, when the cable cars used to dominate the transportation of San Francisco, there was something about this city of ours that made strangers as well as San Franciscans feel that they just had to shake hands with someone. The flower vendor, maybe—a mendicant perhaps—the austere-looking gentleman, well-hatted, snuggly-coated, toting a gold-headed cane and trying to look important. Or, if one's luck were in, with that bustful young woman, whose three vital measurements would total considerably less than 100 but which were well worth thousands.

The streets rang with discordance—the wind from the ocean, clean, a little wild, and full of youth, played hopscotch with disorderly papers. The fog draped itself around the shoulders of Twin Peaks, its spectral fingers clutching at the hillside in a vain endeavor to hang on and do battle with the penetrating sun. Women fussed with their long skirts, while the men struggled stubbornly to hold on to their straw hats against the blusterous welcome that awaited them at every street corner.

Newsboys shouted the intriguing merits of their wares. You could ride anywhere for five cents. Your transfer privileges amounted to an excursion. Hard liquor was a bit a drink or two drinks for a quarter. Free lunches were feasts indeed. Money was coin and meant exactly what it said.

Then, San Francisco always wore an atmosphere of quality in its buttonhole, and in more colors than one—all gay!

San Francisco was a sturdy city and yet it had a gallant understanding of how much it needed the gentle strength of tender feminine influence. It loved its women, all its women, and all kinds of its women—the story of whose great contribution to the rehabilitation of San Francisco is, so far as I know, unsung.

San Francisco shook off the earthquake as a dog with a bone, and then buried all thought of it.

Keeping house on the sidewalks stirred the pioneer blood of its citizens, and awakened the lyrical imagination of its local poets. Lights began to reappear and twinkle on the darkened hillside, presaging, in miniature, the coming brilliance of the yet unthought of Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

To ease their minds as to their current responsibilities and what, at times, seemed almost impossible tasks, they planned and looked forward to the future. Tomorrow—nearby tomorrow—was pregnant with promise. After all, the hills were still there, scarred and barren perhaps, but cleansed and cleared of the underbrush of unsightly accumulation.

The city took pride and satisfaction in the knowledge that disaster had descended upon it with the rather apparent intention of settling down for a while among the ruins it had created, only to be shown the door. And so, those who lived in and loved San Francisco compelled catastrophe to turn its back on the skyline it had done so much to obliterate.

After a little while, the cable cars started again to clatter their way along to the rhythmic hum of their welded song—part of the greater song in the memory of those of us here who have seen San Francisco progress from hitching posts to parking meters and from clumsy cobblestoned streets to frightening freeways.

All of this, of course, took time. The Phoenix, nesting amidst the debris, moulted many a fiery feather before it arose fully plumed for flight.

I hope there are those of you who have, in times gone by, enjoyed the delightful friendship of Prof. Henry Morse Stevens. He was a most engaging character. In my presence at one time he made the following statement: "I hope no one will ever attempt to write the history of the San Francisco earthquake and fire for twenty-five years—or preferably fifty years." When he was asked, "Why?" he stated: "Because so much that you eye-witnesses saw never happened." To this I agree and believe, for at that time excitement stirred the cup of our emotions with the spoon of conjecture. Rumor and uncertainty prowled the blackened streets hand in hand.

My experience with respect to the fire must have been shared by many, except, perhaps, that we put our office on the Clay Street Bulkhead and so went east to the Embarcadero, instead of going west to Van Ness Avenue or establishing ourselves temporarily in the Bay area. The things I remember most distinctly were: the eerie silence that followed the earthquake (I am one who still believes there is such a thing as earthquake weather); next, we found the cables were not running, and then, as now, I feel that when there is anything the matter with the cable cars of San Francisco, there is something the matter with San Francisco itself; and then there was the smoke.

It just so happened that our company had three factories at that time. We were moving out of two into a new one. One of the old ones was at Sacramento and Drum streets. Another was on the south side of Sacramento Street between Davis and Front streets, in the building where at one time was located "Fort Gunnybags," and from which were hanged Casey and Cora, the former of whom had assassinated that gallant and courageous gentleman of early San Francisco, James King of William. Neither of these two plants were we able to enter, not from the fire so much as from the smoke. The third factory, into which we were moving, was at 530 Davis Street, corner of Oregon, and opposite Sanguinetti's Restaurant, which I hope is fragrantly remembered by some of you.

We were able to get into this building – there was nothing wrong with it except a small crack in the firewall. However, it was in the midst of the commission district, and as the fire crept nearer we were ordered out of it by a captain of the Fire Department and also the captain of the Underwriters' Fire Patrol, whose name I happen to remember as Comstock. In almost no time at all there was practically nothing left of our building except that one corner, which still remained standing and showed the crack in the firewall.

I started to walk up town and for the first time I heard the salutation which became quite common during the next few days. I passed Frank Moroney, who called from across the street, "Larry, I bet I burn out before you do." Frank did not know it, but he had already lost that one.

I then found my way up to the Family Club's quarters (according to our archives, they were over the Bucket of Blood Saloon and the Hammam Baths, from which you may or may not gather that when it came to comfort and convenience, we thought of everything). The location was on Post Street, over where Gump's now is. You will recall that we were having grand opera in the Grand Opera House on Mission Street, and apparently Mr. Caruso sought refuge in every place in San Francisco that had a swinging door. In the Family at the time of my visit, there were quite a few women and children – evidently families of the opera personnel, but so far as I could see, Mr. Caruso was not there, nor had he been – which entitles us to something in the way of distinction. I left the Family about two o'clock that afternoon, never to see it again. It went the way of all flames.

Van Ness Avenue was a rare sight. It was crowded from curbstone to curbstone. Everyone was good natured and cheerful. I never saw so many baby buggies, gramophones, children, parrots and canaries. I think it was providential that parrakeets and budgie birds were not in vogue at that time, for had they been, we never could have made it.

About the third day of the fire I met the president of the bank to whom we owed a great deal of money. I explained my bewilderment, and that we had nothing left except the factory in Portland with which to pay what we owed him. I will never forget what he had to say: "Larry, when you were born and came into this world, what did you have?" "Well," I replied, "I guess I must have had a safety pin." "Well, you still have that." I said, "I suppose so but of course I can't look for it here." He then added, "You attend to getting back into business. Let those of us in the bank worry about what you owe us." Can you imagine what an uplift that was? But that is what he said, and that is what we did; and they waited some six or seven years, while our red ink slowly—ever so slowly—turned to black. Why even now I feel like taking my hat off when I pass a bank—any bank. The only difficulty is that nowadays there are more banks than hats. A little later, the various banks opened up in various residences they had rented and did a magnificent job in helping us all. For years they were banks, insurance companies—in fact, they were everything.

I wonder if you ever wondered what the various clubs did at that time. Well, the Bohemian Club moved to 2171 Pacific Avenue, then to the southwest corner of Sacramento and Octavia, and remained at that location until November 1910, at which time they moved to their present location at Post and Taylor—just four years.

The Pacific-Union Club, after the fire, occupied the home of Mr. Antoine Borel, 1822 Washington Street, and stayed in those quarters until 1911, when they moved to their present club house on Nob Hill, the old Flood home—a mere five years.

Twenty-seven days after the fire, the University Club was re-established in the home of Dr. Kasper Pischel at 1815 California Street. "Here open house was kept and the members of other clubs found a pleasant welcome." They occupied these quarters until about 1909—a short three years.

The catastrophe of April eighteenth was a double blow to the University Club. The insurance had been allowed to lapse and the loss was complete. All that was saved were the account books and a Keith picture. Whoever thought of saving the account books was, I hope, expelled from the club; and this was the club, mind you, "where open house was kept and members of other clubs found a pleasant welcome."

The Merchants Exchange Club in the Merchants Exchange Building on California Street was hardly closed at all. In a matter of days, it had cleared away the rubbish and had set itself up as an oasis in the burned-out downtown district, and I mean oasis in its generally accepted sense—it was not entirely dry.

The Family, meanwhile, leased the Gordon Blanding residence at 1900 Franklin Street, corner of Clay. This was our address until October 30, 1909, when we moved to our new location at Bush and Powell streets—a fleeting three years. The Family continued its annual outings in 1906, 1907 and 1908; and in January 1909 we bought about thirty-one acres of redwoods, now the Family Farm near Woodside. I have always been very proud of that purchase, because at the time of the fire we could hardly pay the rent where we were. As to how this particular purchase was financed, I trust there will be no persistent inquiry. I am not so sure as to the Statute of Limitations.

I will never forget the signing of the lease at 1900 Franklin Street in 1906. Louis Sloss was the president and William L. Gerstle was the treasurer. I signed between these two gentlemen as secretary, and that marks the closest that I ever came to becoming a capitalist. As a matter of fact, Louis Sloss and Will Gerstle were rather lucky to have found themselves in the position that they occupied at that time. As I remember it, during the February previous to the disaster, they were posted on the bulletin board as a part of the regular ticket. Someone conceived a very good idea, I think, of putting up an opposition ticket. To be on the opposition ticket you had to be a delinquent, the man who owed the club the most was naturally the president, and so it went. However, a few days before the voting was to begin, it became very apparent that the opposition ticket was going to walk in, so it was taken down from the bulletin board. Personally, I was not either particularly concerned or interested as I was on both tickets.

These were the days when photographs taken in linen dusters, goggles and gauntlets were reluctantly becoming souvenirs, finally to be albumed into oblivion. But, though mute, they testify to the comfort and style of travelers' kits in those days. Sometime in 1909, or it might even have been 1910, it became necessary for me to go to the Farm after work to attend a dinner and be back in San Francisco that night. George Fuller undertook to take me and bring me home, which he did in one night. Think of it—and it made the first page in the papers. Borel—Pischel—Blanding—Sloss—Gerstle—Fuller: of such names was the warm-hearted fabric of San Francisco woven.

Now to come back to 1906. San Francisco was rather a sorry sight. The vaults stood out all over the city like neglected tombs in an abandoned cemetery. Many people opened the vaults too soon and so lost all of the contents. Later we were warned to let them cool, and some gentlemenly safecrackers were hired to work the combinations which had been thrown out by the heat; and at one time they were paid as high as $100 to open one vault. Later, when the good news got around, others came in and the general price was about $20, but you had to make your appointments well ahead.

How many of you remember the stern-wheel river steamer that, through the efforts of R. P. Schwerin, we tied up to the Clay Street wharf and set ourselves up in very comfortable housekeeping. We called ourselves the "Jolly Tars." I have forgotten the name of the steamer. It probably was the *Delta King* or the

*Delta Queen.* But it was a godsend, and no longer was Van Ness Avenue the frontier of running water, wash basins, and a general well being. With the advent of that stern-wheeler, we of the waterfront regained our social status.

Our experiences with the insurance adjusters was a sort of a Gilbert and Sullivan production, but, of course, neither the lyrics nor the music were as good. Some very heart-warming things happened of a personal nature, and had there been any particular use for money I think very few of us would have been without it. Both Blanche Bates, who was then a star in the theatrical world, and her great friend and mine, Ada Lewis a delightful comédienne, saw to it that if I had to have any money they knew where it was and just how I could get it, and they went to great lengths to see to it that I wanted for nothing. Now, in looking around, I notice an occasional lifting of an eyebrow; so perhaps my statement that this was in 1906, and that I was not married until 1909, may throw a little of the great white light across the dark places.

If only out of compliment to our chairman, Mr. Knowland, I think it should again be noted that from the presses of the Oakland *Tribune,* over which he now presides, was published the composite newspaper of the *Chronicle, Call* and *Examiner* under the dateline of Thursday, April 19th, one day after the disaster struck. This was a magnificent achievement, and I understand that my almost life-long friendly enemy, Mr. Edmond Coblentz, made a substantial contribution to this amazing enterprise—at least so I have been told, and by whom was I told would you think, by my almost life-long friendly enemy, Mr. Edmond Coblentz.

I see my time is up; so, as they say on television, and I quote "Well, Folks, we seem to be a little late."

In conclusion, may I hope you will agree with me that San Francisco will always and forever wear an atmosphere of quality in its buttonhole, and in more colors than one—all gay.

Thank you for your attention and your patience.

Lawrence W. Harris

# Book of Remembrance

On view in the Society's library is a finely bound "Book of Remembrance," recording the names of persons in whose memory contributions have been made to the Library Fund for the purchase of books and manuscripts. As each item is purchased, it becomes a part of the library, and has affixed to it a bookplate, perpetuating the memory of the individual honored, and bearing, as well, the donor's name. Below are the names that have been inscribed since the commencement of the memorial:

Frank Howard Allen
Joseph Emmanuel Anderson
Marion Atkins
Thomas P. Bacon
A. R. Baldwin
Isabelle Ball
Arthur John Bancroft
Oscar Thomas Barber
Harvey Wetmore Beard
Rae Griswold Behrens
Edward Washington Bender
Mrs. Marcus P. Bennett
Katharine Esther Bennitt
Julia Stamper Berman
Mariana Bertola, M.D.
Edith Ward Berwyn
Clarence Leo Best
Francis Edward Bishop
Sally McKee Black
Lilian Hoogs Blaisdell
Edwin T. Blake
Hope Bliss
Herbert Eugene Bolton
Charles Philip Boone
Eleanor Smith Boone
Marie Wilson Bradley
Philip Read Bradley
Paul W. Brannon
Arthur H. Breed
LeRoy H. Briggs, M.D.
Frances Des Marais Brogan
Ella M. Brooke
Leonard W. Buck, M.D.
Eldridge Ayer Burbank
John R. Burns
Charlotte Wilson Cadwalader
George Toland Cameron
Rumsey Campbell
William W. Carruth
Katherine Thayer Cate
William Cavalier
Bessie Hobart Chapman
Isaac Flint Chapman
Ralph Perry Chessall, D.D.S.
Randolph Clement
Etta W. Coleman
Frederick Herman Coon
Oscar Cooper
George Mackey Cornwall
Lilian A. Cross
Florence Osterero Cullen
Abraham Lincoln Danziger
Lilly E. Davis
Jerry W. DeCou
Monroe E. Deutsch
Alice Eastwood
Maude Wyman Eberts
Ernest Frank Eckhardt
Glada V. Elden
Paul Eliel
Minnie Walker Engs
Alfred I. Esberg
Helen Richardson Espy
Edward Lilburn Eyre
Joseph Faunt Le Roy
Estelle Lyon Fay
Edward B. Field
Roy S. Folger
Thomas G. Franck
George August Fuhrig
Amy Corder Gaines
Dan Gallagher
Robert B. Gaylord
Morton R. Gibbons, M.D.
Frank Carroll Giffen
William M. Gilliland
Eliza Jane Gilman
Mary Glide Goethe
Lutie D. Goldstein
Irene L. Goudey
Olive Martha Gould
Charles Francis Griffin, M.D.

Abraham P. Hankes
Lowell E. Hardy
Jessie Vaughan Harrier
Margaret N. Hart
Frederick Harvey
Thomas Norman Harvey
William Dunn Henley
Armand Leon Hering
Flodden W. Heron
Emily Coey Hittell
Mabel L. Holmes
Mary Pardow Hooper
John Howell
Grant James Hunt
Joseph Henry Jackson
Erwina Janin
Virginia Utz Jobe
Caroline Lendelof Johnson
George Keil
Frederick B. Kellam
Arthur C. Kennedy
George E. Kennedy
Gerald Driscoll Kennedy
Elizabeth Thacher Kent
Emma T. Kessler
Dudley Kinsell
Helen Kinsell
Emelyn West Knowland
Eva M. Koch
Ethel A. Krook
William James Laing
William C. Latham
Abbie Hyde Lewis
James L'Hommedieu
Douglas Stuart Loud
George Dunlap Lyman, M.D.
Helen Flint Lyman
M. Hall McAllister
Richard Henry McCarthy
Ruby McCormick
James H. McDonough
Jean Howard McDuffie
Jean Parker McEwen
Blanche Baldwin McGaw
Charles M. MacGregor
Eileen Leonard McInerny, M.D.
John A. McNear
Robert L. McWilliams
John Ward Mailliard, Jr.
Arthur S. Maloon
Edna Rodden Martin
Irving Martin
William O'Hara Martin
Winifred M. Menzies
Charles Washington Merrill
George Lovett Merwin
Helen Knox Merwin
Olga M. Meyer
C. O. G. Miller
Ethel Rawles Miller
Ruth Comfort Mitchell
James Kennedy Moffitt
F. J. Morin
Helen Freer Morris
La Verne Scott Moss
Richard H. Musson
Ruby Muther
Ralph W. Myers
John J. Newbegin
Frank H. Norcross
Thomas Wayne Norris
Frank M. Ogden
Albert Leslie Oliver
Edwin Letts Oliver
Emily Oliviera
Mrs. E. O. C. Ord
Martha Lamberton Osmer
William G. Paden
Whitney Palache
Robert J. Parker
Haig Patigian
Henry Hawley Patterson
May Hawley Patterson
Ann May Perry
Barbara Peters
Mrs. G. Baltzer Peterson
John Petrusich
Thomas L. Phillips
Minna Dohrmann Pischel
Paul P. Pitchlynn
Elizabeth Keith Pond
George A. Pope
Mrs. George A. Pope
Margaret James Porter
Katharine Hutchinson Post
J. Sheldon Potter
Mabel Gray Potter
Frank J. Reagan
Ida M. Reed
Mrs. Mark Requa
Ruth Loring Richardson
Thomas M. Robinson, Jr.

Kernan Robson
Laura Carmany Rulofson
Warren Russell
Julia D. Sammer
Irving Murray Scott, Jr.
William C. Sharpsteen
Edward J. Sheppard
William Henry Shine
Frederick Ortman Shumate, M.D.
Gertrude Miller Simmons
Louis F. Sinsheimer
John Joaquin Smith
Henrietta L. Stadtmuller
Rosalie Meyer Stern
William Ely Stewart
Herbert F. Suhr
J. D. Sweeney
Mrs. Leslie Symmes
Willard Brown Thorp
L. Deming Tilton
Reuben Lukens Underhill
Eugenia Kendrick Vaughan
Uda Waldrop
Anna Taulbee Warren
Harry C. Warren, M.D.
Willard O. Wayman
Dixon Wecter
Lynn Townsend White
Charlotte Anita Whitney
Betty Loren Whitsell
Gerald Wessen Wickland
Otis Buckminster Wight, M.D.
Ray Lyman Wilbur, M.D.
Gordon F. Williamson
Theodore P. Wittschen
Louise E. Wormley
Willis A. Zane
Gonzalo Zapata

# New Members

(April-May 1956)

| NAME | ADDRESS | PROPOSED BY |
|---|---|---|
|  | *Associate* |  |
| E. D. Bullard Company | San Francisco | Augustus Pollack |
| Miller & Lux Incorporated | San Francisco | H. M. Bowles |
| Occidental Life Insurance Company of California | Los Angeles | Dwight L. Clarke |
|  | *Patron* |  |
| Henry Sutcliffe Coe | San Jose | Membership Committee |
| John A. T. Galvin | Woodside | Membership Committee |
|  | *Sustaining* |  |
| Mrs. Will M. Bliss | Glenbrook, Nev. | Will M. Bliss |
| Robert L. Bridges | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| H. J. Brunnier | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Mrs. Neil Buckley | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Lindsey W. Cochran | Tracy | G. Willard Miller |
| Mrs. James V. Coleman | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| T. H. De Lap | Richmond | Membership Committee |
| Dudley Dexter, Jr. | Palo Alto | Dudley Dexter, Sr. |
| Vincent F. Finigan, Jr. | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Roy A. Hansen | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Christian Hartke | Beverly Hills | James R. Brehm |
| Herbert G. Hills | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Willard Lendelof Johnson | San Francisco | Membership Committee |

| NAME | ADDRESS | PROPOSED BY |
|---|---|---|
| W. D. Kleinpell | Bakersfield | Membership Committee |
| Oscar T. Lawler | Los Angeles | Membership Committee |
| R. Sheldon Milligan, Jr. | Piedmont | Dudley Dexter, Sr. |
| Mrs. Thomas B. Porter | Watsonville | G. Willard Miller |
| Jean C. Witter | Piedmont | Mrs. Daniel Volkmann |
|  | *Active* |  |
| Horace Marden Albright | New Rochelle, N. Y. | Allan Sproul |
| Ernest C. Arbuckle | Menlo Park | Allen L. Chickering |
| Bert C. Austin | San Francisco | Lewis A. Levensaler |
| Charles C. Baker | Riverside | Membership Committee |
| Wakefield Baker, Jr. | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Miss Frances S. Baldwin | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Miss Claire A. Balling | San Francisco | George L. Harding |
| James S. Bancroft | Oakland | Hon. A. W. Bruner |
| Frank J. Baumgarten | Fairfax | Membership Committee |
| S. D. Bechtel, Jr. | Oakland | Membership Committee |
| Hon. Swift Berry | Placerville | Membership Committee |
| Ralph H. Bollard | Woodside | Membership Committee |
| Rolf G. Bremer | Sausalito | Gene Tansey |
| Edward R. Browne | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Mrs. Edward A. Bullis | Berkeley | Membership Committee |
| Royal Robert Bush | San Francisco | John McCarty |
| W. C. Callaghan | Hillsborough | Membership Committee |
| Norman V. Carlson | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Mrs. John Casserly | Hillsborough | Membership Committee |
| Sherwood Coffin | Kenwood | Membership Committee |
| Mrs. Sherwood Coffin | Kenwood | Membership Committee |
| Thomas F. Conroy, M.D. | San Mateo | Membership Committee |
| Cabot Coville | Kentfield | Membership Committee |
| Burt L. Davis, M.D. | Palo Alto | Membership Committee |
| Martin J. Dinkelspiel | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Alfred M. Esberg | Pasadena | Robert P. Hastings |
| Harry G. Fairman | Pasadena | Membership Committee |
| Herbert Fleishhacker | San Francisco | Augustus Pollack |
| Donald R. Fleming | Piedmont | Mrs. Harry R. Schroeter |
| R. Gwin Follis | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Miss Bernice Glasson | Grass Valley | Miss Raymonde Rooney |
| W. Edwin Gledhill | Santa Barbara | Mrs. W. Edwin Gledhill |
| Mrs. A. Crawford Greene | Ross | Membership Committee |
| Robert Bartlett Haas | Santa Monica | Membership Committee |
| Miss Ynez D. Haase | Berkeley | Membership Committee |
| Harry L. Haehl, Jr. | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Miss Betty Harding | Santa Cruz | Mrs. William F. Steele |
| Mrs. S. T. Harding | Berkeley | Membership Committee |
| Michael Harrison | Sacramento | Membership Committee |
| William H. Holabird | Pasadena | E. R. Holabird |
| Andrieus A. Jones | Hillsborough | Mrs. Wellington Henderson |
| Ellis W. Jones, M.D. | Pasadena | Thornton Howell |
| Mrs. Holloway Jones | San Francisco | Membership Committee |

| NAME | ADDRESS | PROPOSED BY |
|---|---|---|
| Sister Mary Justine, S.N.D. | Belmont | Membership Committee |
| Miss Eleanor Kent | San Francisco | William Kent, Jr. |
| Gustav Knecht, Jr. | San Francisco | Mrs. Louis Simenson |
| J. A. Levensaler | San Francisco | L. A. Levensaler |
| Warren F. Lewis | Los Angeles | Warren R. Howell |
| Mrs. A. J. Lowrey | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Carl Bertil Lund | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Francis I. Lynch | San Francisco | Robert R. Hazelton |
| Elliott McAllister | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Vincent J. McGovern | Palo Alto | George L. Harding |
| Henry C. Maier | San Francisco | Augustus Pollack |
| J. W. Mailliard, III | San Francisco | Mrs. J. W. Mailliard, Jr. |
| Charles Mayer | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Bradford M. Melvin | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Mervin T. Miller | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Martin S. Mitau | Menlo Park | Membership Committee |
| C. L. Morey | Berkeley | Mrs. LeRoy H. Briggs |
| Walter S. Newhall | Burlingame | Augustus Pollack |
| Mrs. Robert H. Noble | San Francisco | Mrs. Daniel Volkmann |
| James E. O'Brien | Palo Alto | Membership Committee |
| E. O. C. Ord | Berkeley | Membership Committee |
| Charles F. Outland | Santa Paula | Membership Committee |
| Miss Barbara Parrott | San Mateo | Membership Committee |
| George Pfeiffer III | Los Altos Hills | Resuming membership |
| H. W. Platenberg | Pasadena | Hon. Homer R. Spence |
| Mrs. Gordon L. Poole | San Francisco | Ralph H. Cross |
| Paul H. Reinhardt, M.D. | Palo Alto | Membership Committee |
| Col. William A. Robertson | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| W. W. Robinson | Los Angeles | Mrs. Richard Y. Dakin |
| Leon B. Russell | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Mrs. C. R. St. Aubyn | San Francisco | Mrs. John R. Upton |
| Seattle Public Library | Seattle, Wash. | Membership Committee |
| Merritt C. Speidel | Palo Alto | Membership Committee |
| Miss Gladys Teuteberg | Redwood City | Mrs. Esther R. Smith |
| Mrs. Nion Tucker | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Robert Kirk Underhill | San Francisco | Harry East Miller, Jr. |
| Sister Vincentia | Los Angeles | Occidental College Award |
| John Carl Warnecke | San Francisco | Membership Committee |
| Mrs. W. B. Weir | San Francisco | Miss Lottie G. Woods |
| Mrs. Emilie Parrott Williams | San Mateo | Membership Committee |
| Walter F. Willmette | Stockton | Membership Committee |

# REPORT OF THE TREASURER

January 31, 1956

As has been customary for several years past, the books of the Society have been audited by Messrs. Farquhar and Heimbucher. Their full report for 1955 is on file at the headquarters of the Society, a summary being given below.

## BALANCE SHEET

As at December 31, 1955

*Assets*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cash — Commercial account | $ 2,238.22 | |
| Savings account | 19,844.75 | |
| Office revolving fund | 20.00 | 22,102.97 |
| U. S. Savings Bonds, G | | 1,200.00 |
| Accounts receivable | | |
| General fund | 15.77 | |
| Publication fund | — | 15.77 |
| Inventory of publications, Schedule A 1 | | 3,407.79 |
| Prepaid insurance | | 79.93 |
| Total assets* | | $26,806.46 |

*Liabilities*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Accounts payable — publication fund | | $ — |
| Sales tax payable — state | 21.23 | |
| city | 1.85 | 23.08 |
| Dues collected in advance | | 1,600.00 |
| Total liabilities | | 1,623.08 |

*Funds*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| General fund | 2,198.14 | |
| Publication fund | 8,537.96 | |
| Library fund | 3,080.94 | |
| Cavalier memorial fund | 5,266.34 | |
| Building fund | 6,100.00 | |
| Total funds | | 25,183.38 |
| Total liabilities and funds | | $26,806.46 |

*Library collections and furniture and fixtures are not valued on the books.

## GENERAL FUND INCOME STATEMENT

For the Year ended December 31, 1955

INCOME

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dues — Active members | $12,365.00 | |
| Sustaining members | 5,912.50 | |
| Patron members | 4,500.00 | |
| Associate members | 1,900.00 | |
| Entrance fees | 530.00 | 25,207.50 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Contributions | | |
| General fund | 3,525.00 | |
| Special purposes | 468.07 | 3,993.07 |
| Sales of QUARTERLY | | 290.00 |
| Sales of prints | | 464.76 |
| Miscellaneous sales | | 194.25 |
| Interest on savings | | 93.47 |
| Miscellaneous revenue | | 8.35 |
| Total income | | 30,251.40 |
| EXPENSES | | |
| Operating expenses | | |
| Salaries | 11,653.50 | |
| Rent | 3,900.00 | |
| Telephone and telegraph | 146.73 | |
| Office supplies | 90.27 | |
| Postage and express | 149.88 | |
| Furniture and equipment | — | |
| Insurance | 147.94 | |
| Library expenses | 89.68 | |
| Miscellaneous | 623.36 | 16,801.36 |
| Moving expense | | 2,298.69 |
| Membership and publicity | | 157.75 |
| Exhibit expenses | | — |
| Luncheon expenses | | 287.36 |
| QUARTERLY publication costs | | 7,375.59 |
| NOTES publication costs | | 868.45 |
| Cost of print sales | | 308.06 |
| Total expenses | | 28,097.26 |
| Net income | | 2,154.14 |
| Fund balance at beginning of year | | 44.00 |
| Fund balance at end of year | | $ 2,198.14 |

## PUBLICATION FUND INCOME STATEMENT

For the Year ended December 31, 1955

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sales of Publications | | $ 420.35 |
| Less Cost of sales | | |
| Beginning inventory | 3,710.62 | |
| Purchases | — | |
| | 3,710.62 | |
| Less Ending inventory | 3,407.79 | |
| | | 302.83 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Gross profit from sales | | 117.52 |
| Less Selling expense | | 31.99 |
| Net profit from sales | | 85.53 |
| Interest on savings | | 71.63 |
| Net gain to fund | | 157.16 |
| Fund balance at beginning of year | | 8,380.80 |
| Fund balance at end of year | | $ 8,537.96 |

LIBRARY FUND INCOME STATEMENT
For the Year ended December 31, 1955
*Income*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sales of duplicate books | $ 203.78 | |
| Contributions | 707.00 | |
| Interest on savings | 60.22 | |
| Total income | | 971.00 |
| Less Expenses | | |
| Purchases | | 1,150.72 |
| Net increase (decrease) in fund | | (179.72) |
| Fund balance at beginning of year | | 3,260.66 |
| Fund balance at end of year | | $ 3,080.94 |

# Gifts of Recognition

To honor the following persons, friends of the Society have made substantial monetary or other gifts:

Tamara Brown
Kenneth Michael Mackenzie
Edna Martin Parratt
Lewis Madison Terman

# In Memoriam

## PERRY EVANS

News of Perry Evans' death at his home in Berkeley on May 1, 1956, caused sincere and repeatedly-expressed regret to his many friends and colleagues.

On two important occasions in particular has the name of Evans figured in the legal affairs of the state. In March 1878, Hastings College of the Law was created by act of the legislature (*Calif. Statutes*, 22d sess., p. 533), and among the eight directors named in the act was Oliver P. Evans. Fifty years later, by Chapter 750 of the *Statutes* of 1929, a commission was set up "to enter upon a revision of all the laws of this State, the work of revision to comprehend: . . . The codification, consolidation, compilation or revision of all Statutes in force; The express repeal of all Statutes heretofore repealed by implication, held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of this State, or which will be rendered obsolete by the proposed revision if adopted. . . ." (*Rept. California Code Commission for the Year 1930*, p. 7). Among the lawyers appointed by the governor to the state-wide commission, which was formally organized on January 2, 1930, was Oliver P. Evans' son, Perry. Perry was a native San Franciscan, born on November 4, 1877. He graduated from the University of California in 1899, and from Hastings College in 1901.

On November 1, 1930, a volume entitled, "*Proposed Probate Code, Revised Draft*, Perry Evans, Draughtsman," was issued by the state, the preliminary draft having appeared three months earlier (Aug. 1, 1930). Largely Perry Evans' work, the proposed code was adopted by the legislature in 1931, the first of over 20 codes successively prepared by the commission and adopted by the legislature. He also drafted a series of amendments to the probate code, and was the author of articles on the subject in legal periodicals.

Previous to his appointment on the code commission, Perry Evans had been a member of the board of directors of Hastings College, 1910-1924. From the latter year until 1946, he was professor of probate law and real property at the same institution. In 1951 he retired from active practice and from his teaching commitments.

In addition to Oliver P. Evans' duties as a director of Hastings College of the Law during the period when it was becoming adjusted, along with the recently affiliated colleges of medicine and pharmacy, to the life of the state university (itself only ten years old), he served on the teaching staff as assistant professor of municipal law, 1881-1882; at the same time (1880-83), he was judge of the superior court of San Francisco, seventh district. It was natural, therefore, that with these official positions had come prominence in the community. His son's association with well-known lawyers in the work of the code commission, and as a professor and board-member at Hastings, together with long membership in the Sierra Club, and in the California Historical Society for thirteen years, added his share to the esteem in which the family is held and to their circle of acquaintances. On his maternal side, the circle extended in history as far as Eureka, the site selected in 1850 as appropriate for a city by his mother's father, James Talbot Ryan, leader of a group of explorers into then-unknown territory. Ryan's daughter, Nora M. Ryan (Mrs. Oliver P. Evans) was the first white girl born in the newly-founded town.

Perry Evans' first wife, Florence Gibbons, died in 1931. In 1934 he married Mrs. Dagmar Games Swanberg, who survives him. A daughter, Mrs. William Gruener, Jr., lives in Lafayette; and a son, Talbot Evans, in Orinda. His sister, Miss Nora Evans, who shared with Perry his fondness for the Sierra, lives in Mill Valley.

William H. Gorrill

## THEODORE JESSE HOOVER

In failing health for a number of years, Theodore Jesse Hoover, dean emeritus of the school of engineering at Stanford University, died at his Rancho del Oso, Davenport, Santa Cruz County, on February 4, 1955, at the age of eighty-five.

Mr. Hoover first saw the site of his "Casa," overlooking the beautiful canyon of the Waddell, in 1898 and formed an attachment for it that led to its purchase in 1914. Information on his earlier life is supplied in entertaining fashion in *Mildred Crew Brooke, An Unfinished Manuscript of Reminiscences and Some Extracts from her Diary*, with an introduction by "Theodore" (Casa del Oso, Nov. 1940). On page 7, for example, one reads: "He lived in the little Quaker village of West Branch in Cedar City, Iowa, and I on a fruit farm, one and a half miles to the northeast." At college she was impressed, she says (p. 26), by the fact that not only did "Tad" (his name among friends) "outdistance everybody in his class work but he did little verses on the side." Later still (p. 52), she records that on the afternoon of June 6, 1899, she arrived in California. Before leaving the train, she gave some acquaintances, made en route, her visiting card, on which she had written: "After tomorrow, in Palo Alto as Mrs. Theodore J. Hoover."

And both of them – she as co-author (and also as author) of a valuable series of works on historic spots in California, and he as professor of engineering at Stanford, as an associate in mining enterprises with his brother, former President Herbert Hoover, and as author of treatises on mining, etc. – left their marks on the state's literary and professional life.

I knew Mr. Theodore J. Hoover as a kind friend and good neighbor in the development of the waters of Waddell Creek. Though he was reserved by nature, his humorous rejoinders and his accounts of experiences in out-of-the-way places always found enthusiastic listeners. Knowing him as we did, we were also convinced that the welfare of his garden and the patrolling, in person, of Waddell Creek when the steelhead and salmon were coming in from the ocean to spawn, were as much in character with him as the putting through of large-scale mining or other operations in the professional field.

Sometimes it was necessary in the neighborhood to distinguish him from the former president. On those occasions Mr. Theodore Hoover was called "our Mr. Hoover." According to one story, when Mr. Herbert Hoover was paying a visit to the Waddell, his car had a flat tire at Old Davenport Landing, where lived the blacksmith and county supervisor, Charles Pinkham. In offering to help with the tire, Mr. Pinkham recognized the visitor and reversed the usual procedure by inquiring, "You are Mr. Hoover's brother, aren't you?"

In addition to his brother, the former president, Theodore J. Hoover's survivors include three daughters: Mrs. Charles Alexander McLean, Jr., who with her family lived with him at the Casa; Mrs. William Hauselt, and Mrs. C. G. Willis. His talented wife, Mildred Brooke Hoover, died on September 3, 1940.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore J. Hoover's membership in the California Historical Society dated respectively from 1943 and 1926.

CATHERINE (MRS. WILLIAM F.) STEELE

## JOHN HOWELL

Son of John G. and Anne Belshaw Howell, and a native (*b.* June 13, 1874) of Healdsburg, California, John Howell died at his home in Berkeley on April 26, 1956. He had planned to prepare for a medical career, but the managerial side of newspaper work – first, at the University of California on the *Berkeleyan;* then on the *Josh*, following his graduation from college in 1896; and afterwards on the San Francisco *Call* – attracted him more. It seems to have been a natural inclination, as his father and his uncle (S. S. Howell) had been the founders of *The Russian River Flag*,* volume 1, no. 1, of which made its appearance in Healdsburg on November 19, 1868. But by 1903 John Howell had made up his mind to enter the business of books, initially with Paul Elder, and in 1912 by himself with emphasis on old and rare volumes, reinforcing his position in the field through connections in England (*e.g.*, membership in the Authors Club of London) and in France.

Of particular interest and enlightenment to the public was his habit of exhibiting at frequent intervals valuable specimens from his own collection together with those obtained on loan. An exhibit of this kind won him the medal of honor (described officially as the "Highest Possible Award for Old and Rare Books") at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition of 1915 in San Francisco. And the California Historical Society, of which he was a charter member at its reorganization in 1922, was privileged to have glimpses of many of his treasures, when, as principal speaker at luncheons, he would use photostats of documents, letters, etc., to illustrate his subject. This happened on September 27, 1927, when he spoke on materials relating to Robert Louis Stevenson in California, in the course of which he referred to Stevenson's small stepson, Sam Lloyd Osbourne, from whose diminutive printing-press had come a sheet called *The Surprise*.

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*In December 1886, the *Russian River Flag* became the Healdsburg *Enterprise*. Several years before that date, the Howell family had moved to Oakland.

The members had another opportunity at their luncheon meeting on April 21, 1931. This time his topic was "The First Printing in California – the Mexican Press, Monterey, 1831-34," of special importance because he was able to show by actual documents that the date, 1831, is rightfully earlier than has heretofore been assigned to printing in California, the conclusion being based on the presence of the grave accent on the "a" in the Mexican-press examples, whereas those set in American type lacked the accent. (See review of Mr. Howell's address by Anson S. Blake in the *Quarterly* for June 1931, p. 206.)

A third showing to the Society's members and their guests occurred on April 28, 1936, when he described the genesis of his then-recent publication, *California in the Fifties*, with text by Douglas S. Watson. It seems that a set of Kuchel & Dresel lithographs was discovered in a desk formerly belonging to a prominent architect of the 1850's and later, Henry Kenitzer, who was a friend of the two lithographers. Howell had the set reproduced and issued for posterity in book form, and the day of the meeting some 20 or 30 of the original lithographs were hung about the room.

Howell was likewise generous in his praise of fellow authors and collectors of Californiana. This trait appeared, for instance, in the obituaries he wrote upon the death of certain of the Society's members and which were published in the QUARTERLY: of Helen Throop Pratt [latterly Purdy]'s *San Francisco, As It Was, As It Is* . . . he said that it was "one of the most useful and informative books on San Francisco"; and the library belonging to George Dunlap Lyman, M.D., president of the Society in 1943 and 1944, whose death occurred on July 26, 1949, he characterized as "one of the finest and largest private collections in this State." (March 1945 QUARTERLY; and *ibid.*, September 1949.)

Meanwhile in 1927, John Howell had published *Sketches of the Sixties by Bret Harte and Mark Twain, Being Forgotten Material Now Collected for the First Time from the* CALIFORNIAN, *1864-67* – a time, as Mr. Howell points out in his introduction, when carousing, quick-rich, "long-booted, long-bearded miners" were giving place to decorous dealers in boots and hats and groceries; and when, as shown in the *Sketches*, the carousing was being taken over by the fun-poking, discerning pens of Harte and Twain, bent on piling up riches in men's minds instead of their wallets.

Another volume (1929) with Howell's imprint was William Heath Davis' *Seventy-five Years in California*, with an historical foreword by Douglas S. Watson. Then came his imaginative, resourceful interest in establishing a "Home Library for the White House" in Washington, D. C. He accomplished this by explaining the need for such a collection to the convention of the western branch of the American Booksellers' Association, in session in San Francisco in the spring of 1930. Douglas Watson, in Washington the previous fall, had relayed to Mr. Howell the disappointment felt by President Hoover when, upon retiring on his first night at the White House, he had found no book to read – everything was included in the furnishings, but the mansion was without books in the intervals between presidents. The response to Howell's plea was unanimous, 500 volumes being voted by the Booksellers' Association, to be followed every four years by an additional 200. In passing, it might be mentioned that the list included "Books for boy and girl visitors at the White House."

Now on exhibit at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, California, is a collection of 2000 rare Bibles (and works related thereto), an early manuscript Bible dating from the 13th century. They represent thirty-odd years of research and selection on Mr. Howell's part, not to mention a kind of fine genius for looking in places missed, or ignored, by other collectors. In speaking of the relation of one volume in particular to the history of California, Mr. Howell says in his "Memoirs" (manuscript): "Francis Drake was the first to bring an English Bible to the west coast of America. It was the Bishops' Bible he brought, so-named because it was a translation made by a number of bishops. I have an original Bishops' Bible printed in 1568."**

In 1913, John Howell published a poem, *Brunelleschi* [Florentine architect, 1379-1446] by John Galen Howard, designer of the Campanile, etc., on the Berkeley campus of the University of California. From this, and from the fact that Howell employed an architect of note, Bernard Maybeck, to plan the building in which was installed his exhibit at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition of 1915, it is not surprising to find that the establishment at 434 Post Street in San Francisco, which Howell has occupied for the last thirty-two years, was designed by his architect, William C. Hays, to harmonize, in old-world fashion, with the business being carried on within, namely, old and rare books and prints. Carved in wood over the fireplace on the building's ground floor are the words, "Where there is no vision, the people perish"; and the supervisors of San Francisco appear to have recognized this conviction in John Howell's philosophy when, on May 7, 1956, they passed Resolution No. 16659, expressing their "profound sense of civic and personal loss" at his death, a feeling which was shared by the many who had come "to a full appreciation of his extraordinary fine qualities of heart and mind."

Mr. Howell is survived by his wife (Rebecca Ruskin Richardson Howell, *b.* Wellington, New Zealand); two sisters, Mrs. Fletcher Ames of Palo Alto, and Mrs. L. T. Haskell of Berkeley; four sons, John Jr. of Piedmont, Warren R. of San Francisco (secretary of the California Historical Society, and successor to his father in the rare-book business), Ruskin R. of Berkeley, and W. Robert of Oakland; and five grandchildren.

Allen L. Chickering

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**In contrast to this item in Drake's baggage as of 1579 and the present remarkable extent of Mr. Howell's collection, is the dearth found in California by Chaplain-Alcalde Walter Colton (diary entry of 2 Feb. 1847): "Emigrants are arriving, settling here and there, without bringing even their Bibles with them. The same is true of the United States troops."

## MRS. CHARLES H. JANIN

Erwina Dunbar Smith Janin (*b.* Berkeley, Calif., July 16, 1879), the widow of Charles Henry Janin, died on April 3, 1956, at her home in Piedmont after a brief illness.

Mrs. Janin's mother, née Elizabeth Dunbar, will be remembered as Mrs. William S. Jewett, wife of the California artist who achieved fame as a portrait painter during the 1850's and 1860's and whose death occurred in Massachusetts on December 3, 1873. Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Jewett returned to California with her small, sculptor-to-be son William Dunbar Jewett, and her marriage to J. Howard Smith, San Francisco attorney, took place in 1876. Both of the Smiths' children, Erwina and Howard D. Smith, were born in the ornamentally-planted residential area of Berkeley known as Claremont. Erwina attended Miss Anna Head's School in Berkeley, studied music with local teachers, and, after a year as a special student at the University of California, she traveled in Europe with her mother. In 1908 came her marriage to Mr. Janin, mining engineer, whose work often took him abroad, but whose permanent office was in San Francisco. Mr. Janin died in Piedmont in 1937.

Among the organizations in whose affairs Mrs. Janin had taken an active part was the Latham Foundation for the Promotion of Humane Education, Latham Square Building, Oakland. It was founded in 1918 by two of Mr. Janin's cousins, Edith and Milton Latham, niece and nephew of former Sen. Milton S. Latham, and at the time of her death Mrs. Janin was serving as one of the directors. She was a member also of the Holly Branch of the Children's Hospital of the East Bay, the Berkeley Piano Club, the Fortnightly Club of San Francisco, and the Auxiliary of the American Institute of Mining Engineers. She became a member of the California Historical Society in June 1952, and the Society is indebted to Mrs. Janin for adding to its collection William Dunbar Jewett's representation of an "Ideal Head."

Surviving Mrs. Janin are Mrs. Elizabeth Evans of Berkeley, Louis Dunbar Janin of Piedmont, and Charles Howard Janin of Palo Alto; and eight grandchildren. Her brother, Howard Dunbar Smith, mining engineer of New York and San Francisco, died in April 1955.

ELLIOT EVANS

## HENRY HAWLEY PATTERSON

At the old home on the famous Patterson Ranch, located between Newark and Alviso in Alameda County, occurred the death of Henry Hawley Patterson on November 11, 1955. One of two sons born to George W. Patterson and Clara Hawley Patterson (a native daughter of California) on April 7, 1878, he died in the same house in which he was born.

Since pioneer days the Patterson family has materially contributed to the development of Alameda County. George W. Patterson, born in 1822 at East Berlin, Pennsylvania, like many other children of pioneer families moved west to Ohio and thence to Tippecanoe County, Indiana, where the family settled on a farm in 1832. Early in 1849, Patterson joined a party headed for California. They traveled by steamer via New Orleans to Port Lavaca in Texas, and from there they traveled overland with teams and pack horses via San Antonio and Durango to a Pacific port in Mazatlan, which was reached after many hardships and sickness from cholera. The party took passage to San Francisco on the brig *Louisa*, arriving there on August 29, 1849. After more than a year of placer mining on the American River and later in the Trinity mines, Patterson located on a ranch near Mission San Jose. He acquired farming land over the years, until his farm contained over three thousand acres of what was originally part of a Spanish grant known as Rancho Potrero de los Cerritos – Grazing Land of the Little Hills (Coyote Hills) – owned by Tomas Pacheco and Augustin Alviso. Here, between Newark and Alviso, Patterson built his home, which still stands surrounded by giant oaks grown from acorns planted by him which he had brought from Indiana. There he died in 1895. Since they became of age, soon after their father's death, Henry and his brother, William D. Patterson, have managed the varied interests of the farm, and also a cattle ranch of some ten thousand acres in the Livermore hills.

Henry Hawley Patterson graduated from the University of California in the class of 1900. He married Sarah Morgan in 1913, a graduate of the University of California, class of 1909. Among her varied interests and activities she has devoted herself to creating and maintaining the beauty of the old home and its surroundings. For many years the ponds east of the Coyote Hills on the Patterson ranch were famous for duck shooting, and during the "duck season" friends of Henry and Will assembled there on weekends to enjoy good hunting and good fellowship. The pleasant memories of those days remain with them.

Henry, who had been a member of the California Historical Society since 1943, is survived by two daughters – Marjorie, who lives with her mother, and Sally, the wife of Dr. John E. Adams of Piedmont.

WALTER A. STARR

## MRS. SIGMUND STERN

The death of Rosalie Meyer Stern on February 8, 1956, brought before the minds of her friends and beneficiaries vivid memories of an extraordinary and influential personality, and of long service in the interests of northern California's cultural and civic life. Mrs. Stern, whose birthplace was Los Angeles, was eighty-six years old when she died at her home, 1998 Pacific Avenue in San Francisco.*

The parents of Mrs. Stern were Eugene Meyer from Strasbourg, and Harriet

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*Mrs. Stern became a member of the California Historical Society in January 1928, and had been a sustaining member for the last eight years.

Newmark, an English woman, who came to California by way of the Horn. When Rosalie was twelve, the family moved to San Francisco, where she soon gave evidence of many natural gifts, including imagination and a generous insight. The pictures she painted as a young married woman appealed greatly for they showed her in her rôle as close companion to her husband, Sigmund Stern, a foremost business leader of San Francisco, whose death in 1928 deprived Rosalie of her life's mainspring. The Sterns had led an ideal existence in their two domiciles – one in San Francicso and the other in Atherton, and scenes from the Atherton garden, with its exuberance of shrubs and flowers, were most often the inspiration of Mrs. Stern's paintings.

In thinking of these pictures and of the quiet elegance of manner of the artist, one wonders what was the magical quality that marked Rosalie Stern apart from others. The answer seems clear, for at the center of her thoughts she had but one purpose, a devotion to beauty and to usefulness in their highest manifestations; she also had the gift of adapting herself to the spirit of the age in which she lived. Thus it was that after her husband's death she entered upon the broader aspects of her benevolence. Associating hereself with the Pioneer Kindergarten group, later called the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, she began in earnest her public service career. From Dr. Jessica Peixotto, a member of the economics department of the University of California, she received great encouragement, and through Dr. Peixotto's lectures she learned of the need for persons like herself to take part in the educational projects of the vicinity. She was next brought in touch with the officers of the Associated Charities, dedicated to child welfare under the direction of Katherine Fulton.

In 1930, stirred by its history, Mrs. Stern bought "Trocadero," an inn situated in a grove of eucalyptus trees, said to have been planted in the early 1870's by George Green, a New England horticulturist. Upon completion of the purchase she gave the thirty-odd acre tract at Sloat Boulevard and 19th Avenue to the City and County of San Francisco in memory of her husband, stipulating that it be used for recreation under the jurisdiction of the department entrusted with such matters. Mr. William Gladstone Merchant was the far-sighted architect who realized the advantages of the property and gave his services in developing it into an unrivaled outdoor theater. The audiences at the Grove's Sunday concerts know well what a magnet it can be if one has leisure hours to spend, but few persons are aware that the cost of the concerts has, for many years, been defrayed in large measure by Mrs. Stern, her family, and her close friends. In her lifetime, hospitality was the keynote: families were encouraged to bring their luncheons, which could be enjoyed while the partakers lounged on the grass, waiting for the music to begin. Mrs. Stern's own lunch tables were placed on the central terrace, and their colored linen and gaily-patterned table service, heaped with fruits, etc., contributed her personal touch to the day. A frequent guest at these parties was Mr. John McLaren, whose genius in landscaping had for years been challenging the beholder.

During 1919, Mayor James Rolph appointed Mrs. Stern to the Playground and Recreation Commission. She served through his regime and was reappointed by his successors Angelo Rossi, Roger Lapham, and Elmer Robinson, and finally was allowed to resign by Mayor George Christopher, who accepted "only with the greatest reluctance" on his and the commission's part her request to be relieved owing to ill health. While connected with the work of the commission she spoke with admiration of Miss Josephine Randall, the more than capable superintendent of playgrounds.

Not only through gift of the woodland area, dedicated to music, did the Sigmund Stern name become associated with the means for happiness in others. It embraced also a women's residence-hall given by Mrs. Stern to the University of California in memory of her husband, who had graduated with the class of 1874 and had shortly thereafter commenced his business career in San Francisco with Levi Strauss & Co., of which he was president at the time of his death. His son-in-law, Walter A. Haas, who has his own special place in our community as a forceful civic leader, succeeded him in the presidency and is now chairman of the board.

Although busy with the details of these spectacular memorials to her husband – an outdoor theater, a student residence-hall – Rosalie Stern kept before her the affairs of the San Francisco Symphony Association and the opera. As a member of the Symphony's board of governors, her advice never failed to give satisfying results. She sat in Box C at the concerts in the War Memorial Opera House, accompanied by her daughter Elise – Mrs. Walter A. Haas, Sr. – and a group of music lovers; and expressions of gratitude often came from people in the audience upon catching sight of this indefatigable patron of fine music. They added to their praise the name of Elise Haas, an artist in the field of sculpture. Like her mother in the thoroughness of her insight, she gives not only financial aid to her sponsored projects, but enters into competition with other artists and thus encourages them by her example in the situations that sometimes arise among competing individuals.

Often in my thoughts I walk with Rosalie Stern under the dark trees of the Atherton garden and along the flowering side-paths. It was in these quiet hours that I learned of the resourcefulness and dreams which made her the great-hearted woman, the lavish hostess, the sympathetic humane comrade.

In retrospect, now, one thinks of the appropriateness of the following, from "Gifts for Student Welfare" in *Gifts to the University [of California], 1955:*

EUGENE MEYER: FOR THE ROSALIE M. STERN AWARD, TO BE MADE TO A YOUNG WOMAN GRADUATE "NOT OF THE PROFESSIONAL OR GRADUATE SCHOOLS, WHO HAS CONTRIBUTED MOST TO THE PUBLIC INTEREST IN AN APPROXIMATE TEN-YEAR PERIOD AFTER GRADUATION" (BERKELEY), THE INCOME FROM 150 SHARES OF STOCK, VALUED UPON RECEIPT AT $16,968.75.

Surviving Mrs. Stern, in addition to her daughter Elise Haas and the Haas' three children Walter A. Jr., Peter, and Mrs. Richard Goldman, are her brothers, Eugene Meyer of Washington, D. C., and Walter E. Meyer of New York City; and two sisters, Mrs. Alfred Cook and Mrs. Charles J. Liebmann, also of New York. Another sister, now deceased, was the wife of Abraham Stern, Sigmund's brother.

Leonora Wood Armsby

## GIFTS RECEIVED BY THE SOCIETY

February 15 to May 31, 1956

Materials of great interest and monetary gifts, including subscriptions toward the Society's Building Fund, have been contributed by members and by friends in many places:

Alameda
  W. Barclay Stephens, M.D.

Arcadia
  F. Wesley Davies

Belvedere
  Mr. and Mrs. Richard Y. Dakin

Berkeley
  William A. Barnett
  Mr. and Mrs. Anson S. Blake
  Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Cross, Sr.
  Eric Falconer
  Miss Ynez D. Haase
  Mrs. John Howell
  Mrs. A. E. Hutchinson
  Mr. and Mrs. Hobart M. Lovett
  Malcolm W. Moss
  Mrs. Inez Pond
  Miss Mary S. Shafter
  Mrs. Clarence A. Shuey
  David P. Smith
  Miss Mabel Symmes
  Mrs. J. J. Van Nostrand

Big Sur
  William E. Colby

Boston, Massachusetts
  Miss Susan Delano McKelvey

Burlingame
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  Amos W. Elliott

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  Miss Beatrice Dreusike

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  A. L. Chytrus

Dutch Flat
  Miss Anita M. Crellin

Grass Valley
  Mrs. Edna D. Sampson

Hanford
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Hillsborough
  Osgood Hooker
  Robert J. Koshland
  Frank Schwabacher

Klamath Falls, Oregon
  L. L. Shaw

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Los Angeles
  The Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles
  John McWilliams
  Marco R. Newmark
  Mrs. Kathleen M. Schiller
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Los Banos
  Ralph L. Milliken

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Menlo Park
Mrs. Henry Cartan
Rev. Thomas J. McKeon

Mills College
Lynn T. White, Jr.

Morristown, New Jersey
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W. W. Crocker
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Roy H. Parkinson, M.D.
T. S. Petersen
Augustus Pollack
Charles Henry Pool, Jr.
Rathbone, King & Seeley
Mrs. Barber Rhyne
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Mrs. O. A. Ross
Herbert H. Salinger
Misses Caroline and Sophie Schroeder
Harold N. Seeger
Porter Sesnon
Albert Shumate, M.D.
Edwin W. Stadtmuller
Mrs. Alfred Sutro
Edward J. Torney
Dr. and Mrs. John Upton
*Vestkusten*
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# CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

September 1956

# California Historical Society Quarterly

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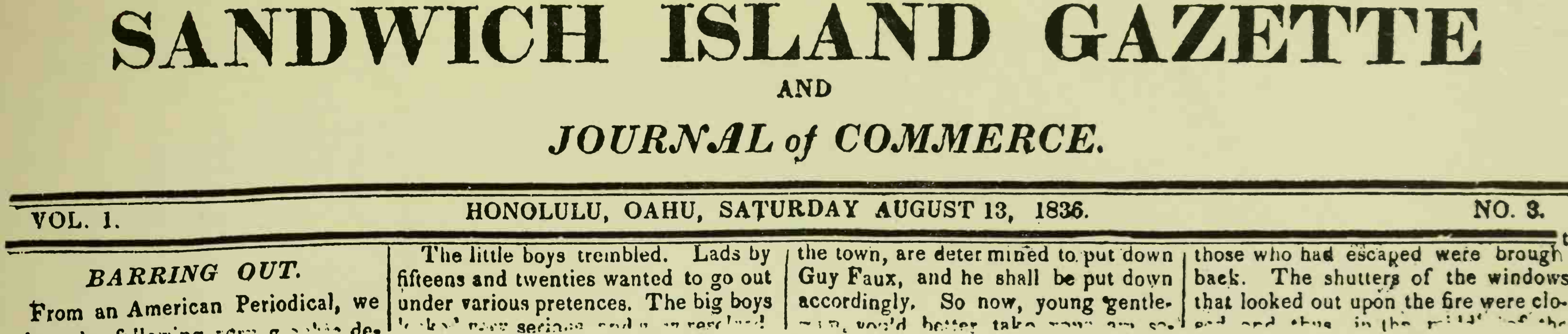


# SANDWICH ISLAND GAZETTE

AND

## *JOURNAL of COMMERCE.*

VOL. 1. HONOLULU, OAHU, SATURDAY AUGUST 13, 1836. NO. 3.

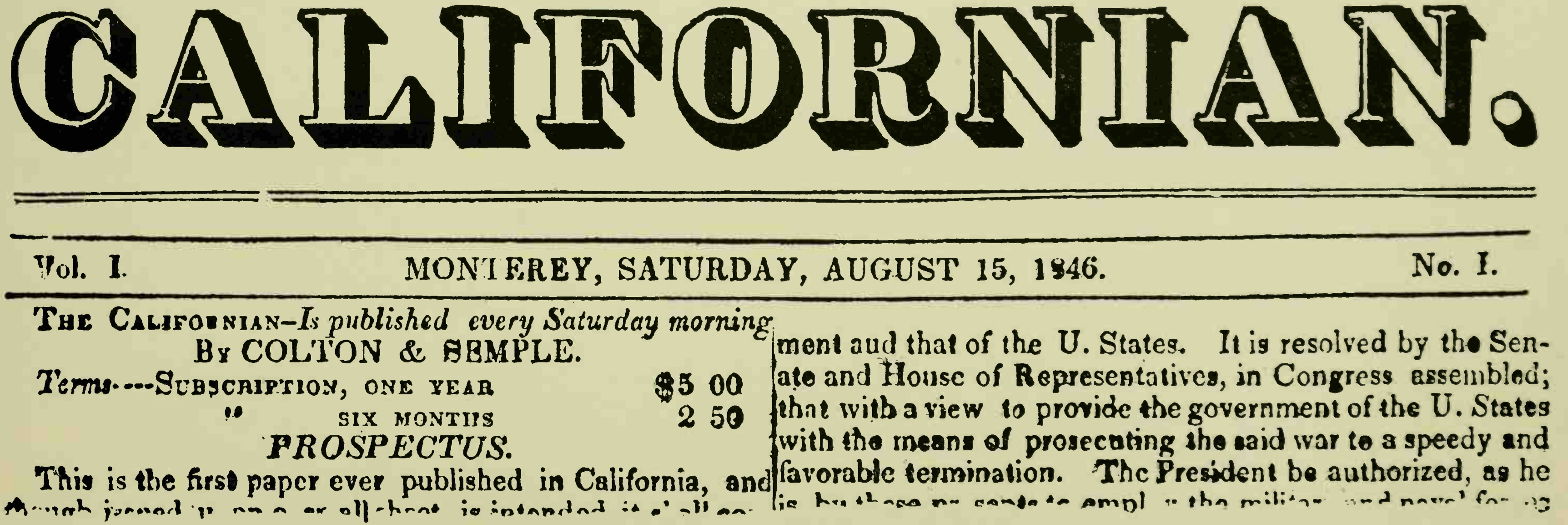
### *BARRING OUT.*

From an American Periodical, we

The little boys trembled. Lads by fifteens and twenties wanted to go out under various pretences. The big boys

the town, are determined to put down Guy Faux, and he shall be put down accordingly. So now, young gentle-

those who had escaped were brough back. The shutters of the windows that looked out upon the fire were clo-



# CALIFORNIAN.

Vol. I. MONTEREY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1846. No. I.

THE CALIFORNIAN—*Is published every Saturday morning*
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*Terms*---SUBSCRIPTION, ONE YEAR $5 00
" SIX MONTHS 2 50

### *PROSPECTUS.*

This is the first paper ever published in California, and

ment and that of the U. States. It is resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled; that with a view to provide the government of the U. States with the means of prosecuting the said war to a speedy and favorable termination. The President be authorized, as he

*Reproductions courtesy of the Bancroft Library*

# The Sandwich Island Story of California's First Printing Press

*By* Helen P. Hoyt

If Henry Augustus Peirce, Honolulu trader, had not changed his plans on August 10, 1833,[1] he would have purchased the press and type sent him on the *Lagoda* by his partner, James Hunnewell, as soon as the vessel reached Honolulu on October 4, 1833. Then California's Zamorano would have been delayed another year in printing government letterheads.

As early as 1829, during the visit of the U. S. sloop *Vincennes* at Honolulu, the possibility of a secular monthly newspaper for the growing island-town was discussed. Both Capt. W. C. B. Finch and Chaplain C. S. Stewart of the *Vincennes* felt that such a newspaper and a printing press were rapidly becoming necessities.

Stewart, who had been a member of the Sandwich Island American Protestant Mission[2] from 1822 to 1825,[3] was astounded at the maritime and commercial growth of Honolulu in the four years of his absence. Nevertheless, in spite of its 6000 inhabitants, government regulations could only circulate by hand-written bills and word of mouth, unless the American Mission presses and printers were willing to postpone their own work to do the job. Also, and quite consistently, the American Mission could only print items of which it approved. Enthusiastic over his idea of a community press and newspaper, Stewart even had a name for it, "The Hawaiian Herald and Sandwich Island Register";[4] but at this date he found no one willing to undertake the task. The American Mission was too busy with its own projects and the traders saw no profit in a newspaper.

Until the arrival of the first band of missionaries on the *Thaddeus* in 1820, Honolulu traders had done as they pleased, and trade had been excellent. When sandalwood disappeared, rum became one of their most profitable commodities. Each fall during the 1820's and 1830's, larger numbers of the growing whaling-fleet visited Honolulu for recruits (supplies) and for relaxation after their dangerous months in the Arctic. Grog shops increased in number. As ship after ship was towed through the narrow entrance to the harbor, bands of Hawaiian women boarded them for prostitution. The twenty grog shops hoisted their flags to indicate they were open for business, and the village became a place of drunkenness and licentiousness.[5]

The American missionaries were appalled at conditions. Grimly, they first ordered their own lives; and although many of the individual mission families had been accustomed to serving wine in their own homes, it was now prohibited, even for use on the communion table, and the American Mission took to drinking tea.[6] Through Kaahumanu, and after her death, in 1832, through Kinau—two grand old Hawaiian women premiers who were converts and friends to the American Mission—the weak, vacillating, and drunken Kauikeaouli (Kamehameha III) was prevailed upon to close most of the grog shops, to tax liquor imports, and to prohibit Hawaiian women from visiting the ships for purposes of prostitution. Ship captains and traders were angered, because crews, accustomed to the wide open town, rebelled, and on occasion even attacked the American Mission.[7]

In retaliation for diminishing profits, many of the traders and sea captains heckled the American missionaries in every way possible. The latter, completely dedicated to their task of christianizing the heathen and in some respects fanatically religious, went a step further and prevailed upon their Hawaiian converts to promulgate Sunday blue laws. All forms of activity except praying, reading religious books and tracts, and church attendance were forbidden on Sunday.[8] No Hawaiian, who was a convert, could "sign on" a whaler—if the captain took whales on Sunday.[9] And if the crew were too busy to do their laundry on week days, they were in better favor with the Lord if they wore their clothes until they could be washed without desecrating His day.[10]

One of the chief relaxations at the American Mission was letter writing. The missionaries wrote reams of letters and reports to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Boston, and to families and friends. They were instructed by the A.B.C.F.M. to avoid, as far as was possible, becoming involved in local quarrels and in public criticism of the foreign residents of the Sandwich Islands, but to stand firmly by what was right, trusting to God to protect them. However, they were urged to be "frank and forthright" in their letters and reports to the A.B.C.F.M., which published a censored precis or summary of them in its organ, the *Missionary Herald.*[11] The latter was widely circulated and read throughout the eastern United States, and, as criticisms of conditions in Honolulu appeared in every report, the American Mission side of the quarrel was likewise well-known. Also, letters from individual missionaries to their families, concerning the loose-living and ungodly Sandwich Island traders, were published in other journals and newspapers; these, when taken to Honolulu by sea captains, added fuel to the fires already raging.[12]

Most of the traders belonged to respectable New England urban families, to whom they expected to return after their fortunes were made. They resented having their reputations besmirched by the stories being printed in journals at home.

Thus, although scheming against each other and quarreling among themselves in their efforts to get the best of each transaction, they banded together in their cause against the American Mission, and began to seek an effective way of presenting their side.

Among the more respectable traders in Honolulu in 1833, was the Henry Augustus Peirce mentioned earlier. When James Hunnewell, one of Honolulu's earliest traders, went home to Boston in 1830, his mantle fell on Peirce, his former clerk, who had become his partner and had carried on the Sandwich Island trading interests for the firm.[13] Friendly to the American Mission, Hunnewell had helped it in every way possible: trading with it, lending it money, and attending its religious services—he even curtailed his sale of rum when they disapproved. Peirce followed in his footsteps, shortly ceasing to sell any liquor.[14] But, being proud of his family connections in New England, he did not like the American Mission's reports to Boston. Likewise, he shortly got into trouble with Hiram Bingham, leader of the American Mission, over the Sunday blue laws. If he attended services for two hours on Sunday morning, and again on Sunday evening, Peirce could not see any sin in a brisk canter out to the "Plains" (Makiki), or even to Waikiki, on Sunday afternoon. Hiram Bingham thought otherwise, and several acrimonious letters were exchanged on the subject.[15]

Peirce began to think that it was time the traders had a mouthpiece. And because he was a young man of action, he talked things over with Henry Paty, another respectable Honolulu trader, who was preparing to leave for Boston to pick up a new ship and cargo.[16] Peirce authorized Paty to draw on his account at Hunnewell's for money to buy a printing press, costing not more than $300. On April 10, 1833, he gave Paty this letter, explaining the situation to Hunnewell: "The residents (foreigners) here wish to have a newspaper. As soon as the press arrives it will be taken and paid for in shares. There are quite enough to support a small weekly paper if judiciously managed."[17]

Paty sailed for Boston the last of April 1833.[18] Peirce, worn out by the dust, flies, and dissensions of the island town, was not well through the summer months of 1833.[19] Honolulu's seven doctors in 1833, including Dr. G. P. Judd of the American Mission, had various cures for aches and pains: for bone aches and strains, opodeldoc; for pain, morphine; for the inner man, calomel and epsom salt; wines for tonics; and blood-letting for everything. When all these failed to effect a cure, and if the patient was still alive, a sea voyage was recommended. Henry Peirce was advised to take a sea voyage.[20]

Peirce was an astute business man. He decided to combine business with health, and to ship as supercargo on the *Becket*, Charles Brewer master, which he chartered from Kamehameha III, for he was sure that a trading voyage to the China coast and Kamchatka would pay golden dividends.[21]

Hunnewell planned to give up his Sandwich Island interests in December 1833;[22] Peirce therefore took in a new partner, Thomas D. Hinckley, to conduct the trading store while he himself was away. Hinckley was a nephew of William Sturgis of Bryant & Sturgis, Boston commission merchants, and brother of Capt. William Sturgis Hinckley another Honolulu trader at this time.[23] In the midst of all these plans, Peirce decided to give up the projected newspaper, and on August 10, 1833, wrote thus to Hunnewell:

> When Mr. Paty left here for Boston in April last I requested him to purchase a printing press and types and I requested him to draw on you for the amount or cost as you will probably see him—I would thank you to countermand the order; as I think it very uncertain whether I shall be here on his arrival out—I would however advise him to buy one on his own account—as I have no doubt the Residents here will purchase it from him."[24]

This letter did not reach Boston in time to stop Paty.

On his arrival in Boston, Henry Paty had left Peirce's letter of April tenth with Bryant & Sturgis. He then bought the hermaphrodite brig, *Avon*, and began to alter it and to assemble his cargo. His brother, Capt. John Paty, was to be master on the voyage to Honolulu; Henry Burditt, Boston commission merchant, who had an interest in the brig, was to outfit it.[25]

Hunnewell, unable to reach the busy Paty, and worried and annoyed at Peirce's having commissioned Paty, instead of himself, to buy the press, explained his predicament in the following note to Paty:

[Addressed] To Mr. Paty at A. W. Doolittle's, Boston.
Charlestown Nov. 15, 1833

. . . .

My dear Sir

Mr. Peirce in his letter to me by your hands mentions the subject of a printing press which he expected you would carry out with you.

The owners of the ship Lagoda anticipating the wants of all among other things sent out a printing press, types, etc. which will be I expect at the disposal of Mr. Peirce at Oahu which will I think do away the need of carry [sic] out an other at present for him.

I have called at your lodgings but have not been so fortunate as to see you. Should be glad to see you at my house on Green St.

Your Obt. Servant James Hunnewell[26]

On the same day, November 15, 1833, Hunnewell also wrote to Peirce:

You mention you had requested Mr. Paty to purchase a printing press and draw on me for the amount. We anticipated your want of a printing press and sent one out in the Lagoda and one I suppose will be as many as you want in the town of Honolulu for the present.[27]

But Henry Paty was a determined man. Peirce had told him to get a press, and he knew if Peirce had purchased the press on the *Lagoda*, he could sell the second press elsewhere. On December 20, 1833, Hunnewell explains this to Peirce in another letter:

I sent the info/to him (Paty) that we had sent out a printing press, etc. in the Lagoda and advised him not to get another one.... He told me a printing press was very much wanted on the coast as well as the islands and he thought he had better take one.[28]

Over Hunnewell's protest, Paty took the press aboard the *Avon*. The following receipt[29] is in the Hunnewell manuscripts: "Boston December 20th 1833. Received of Mr. James Hunnewell three hundred and Sixty ($360) on account of Mr. Henry Peirce of Oahu, to make purchases for him according to his orders. Henry Paty
*$360* Witnes [sic] H.B.Evans"

Meanwhile, the *Lagoda*, sailing from Boston April 23, 1833,[30] arrived in Honolulu, October 4, 1833.[31] On this voyage it must have been a floating print-shop. In addition to the large cargo of miscellaneous trading merchandise, and the printing press and types shipped by the owners,[32] she carried a large, varied consignment for the Sandwich Island American Mission.[33] The A.B.C.F.M. did not ordinarily use the Boston commission merchants for mission needs. One of their own staff, usually the treasurer, took charge of shipping their consignments, which were largely contributions from churches, Sunday schools, and merchants who took an interest in saving the heathen. These donations were often second-hand.[34]

From the A.B.C.F.M., on the *Hellespont* in August 1833, the American Mission in Honolulu had received a new iron press to replace the wornout, second-hand Ramage press brought by them on the *Thaddeus* in 1820,[35] and to supplement the second Ramage press sent them on the *Parthian* in 1828.

The *Lagoda* carried additional equipment for the American Mission Print-shop; a book binder's press, a standing press, cutting press, shears, paper, and a "box containing a pretty numerous selection from the stock of the Boston Type Stereotype Foundery. We hope also to send out a set of plates for outline and skeleton maps ingeniously devised by Mr. Woodbridge." There were also many books, largely religious, aboard, and John Tappan, Boston merchant and president and treasurer of the American Tract Society, who was at this time a corporate member and auditor for the A.B.C.F.M., sent various tracts which he wished the American Mission to translate into Hawaiian, print, and distribute among the heathen. He also sent to the mission families "four dozen printed handkerchiefs, one of each is a present to each of your children."[36]

Capt. John Bradshaw, master of the *Lagoda*, and Thomas Shaw, supercargo, called at once at the American Mission.[37] They were not strangers in Honolulu. Captain Bradshaw had been in Honolulu in 1828, when he was master of the *Franklin*. He seems to have tangled with the American Mission at this time, for there is a curt note in the mission files, telling them not to send any more Bibles or tracts to his ship, that he prefers to take care of the spiritual needs of his crew himself.[38] However, when he again arrived in Honolulu as master of the *Pocahontas* in 1830, he and Thomas Shaw, his supercargo on this voyage, had tea at the American Mission.[39] This was probably due to Shaw's influence, for he was an even older friend of the Sandwich Island American Mission than Bradshaw.

In 1823, as mate of the *Octavia*, Captain Blanchard master, Shaw had made his first acquaintance with the American Mission. He was an ardent Baptist, and his recreations, during his sojourn from 1823 to 1824 in the licentious town of Honolulu, seem to have been "up at the Mission." Here, to the accompaniment of James Hunnewell's flute and Harwood's bass viol, Thomas Shaw joined in the monthly evening concert of hymn singing. He even occasionally led the singers in prayer, for all mission social events began and ended with prayer.[40] He left the *Octavia* in Honolulu on January 13, 1824, sailing on the *Champion* for Boston via Canton.[41] There appear to have been two seafaring men of the same name in the Pacific at this time, and Thomas Shaw, supercargo of the *Pocahontas,* and later of the *Lagoda,* is not to be confused with Captain Shaw, master of the *Volunteer* and the *Harriet Blanchard* in 1833, who was famous for his severe discipline aboard ship.[42]

Peirce was still in Honolulu when the *Lagoda* arrived on October 4, 1833, but apparently he did nothing about the press aboard ship. Thomas Shaw must have been relieved. Because of his friendliness toward the American Mission he could not have approved the use the traders were planning to make of a press, i.e., to harass the American Mission in every way possible.

The *Lagoda* left the Sandwich Islands on November 14, 1833,[43] and by December 10, 1833,[44] was in Monterey, where the press must have been sold, for, early in 1834, Zamorano advertised his print shop, and by July was printing government letterheads.[45]

Meanwhile, on December 27, 1833,[46] the *Avon* sailed from Boston with another press aboard. She arrived in Honolulu on June 15, 1834.[47] Henry Peirce was not there. On January 12, 1834, with the cannon mounted on its deck firing salvos in answer to salutes from cannon on the walls of the Hawaiian fort at the harbor, the *Becket,* Charles Brewer master, Henry Peirce supercargo, had sailed for Canton with pomp and circumstance—and noise. It was Sunday, and the American Mission shuddered within its enclosure at this flouting of the Sabbath.[48]

However, Henry Paty must have left the *Avon* press at Peirce's trading store, for when Peirce returned to Honolulu in September, he opened a new account book with James Hunnewell, and the following item is entered: "1834 Sept. 25 Amo. advanced by you to H. Paty for printing press, newspapers, etc.......................... $367"[49] This is signed as paid by Henry Peirce.

The *Avon,* with William Sturgis Hinckley as master, left the Sandwich Islands for the California coast on July 16, 1834,[50] and in August delivered a large miscellaneous cargo to Nathan Spear in Monterey.[51] No press is listed on this manifest, and as Zamorano had his California press operating by July, while the *Avon* was still in Hawaiian waters, he must have been using the *Lagoda* press, which Peirce had refused to buy.

Peirce failed to get the Sandwich Island traders to buy or use the *Avon* press on shares, but Capt. William Sturgis Hinckley had a clerk working for him, a relative of his wife, who had decided to start up his own trading store, and to print a newspaper as well. This clerk, Stephen Davis Mackintosh, a nephew of Henry Burditt, left Honolulu on January 7, 1835, for Boston. Here he assembled about $15,000 worth of merchandise through his uncles, the merchants Burditt, married, and engaged a printer. Sailing in September 1835 as supercargo on the *Don Quixote* (Capt. John Paty), he arrived in Honolulu the following February 1836. Nelson Hall, the printer whom Mackintosh had engaged in Boston, arrived in May. After overcoming all the obstacles which the Hawaiian government, encouraged by the American Mission, placed in its path, the *Sandwich Island Gazette and Journal of Commerce* published its first issue on July 30, 1836. This was Hawaii's first English newspaper.[52]

Though Peirce supported the newspaper he had advocated during the three years of its existence with a column-long, paid advertisement of his merchandise in each issue, the paper was not a financial success. Mackintosh also supported it by his trading store and auction room, but as he failed in business in January 1839, he was forced to sell out and leave the Sandwich Islands. Then Henry Peirce's original plans bore fruit. For the sum of $450 the traders bought up the newspaper and press on shares @ $10 a share, and Peirce's name is on the list of its owners. In August 1839, the traders changed the name of the paper to the *Sandwich Island Mirror and Commercial Gazette,* and published it monthly. A year later they gave up their attempts to promote a newspaper, and it passed out of existence.[53] Along with sacks of sweet potatoes, bundles of the unsold issues of this dull, unpopular traders' gazette were shipped June 8, 1840, by Stephen Reynolds, Honolulu trader and part owner of the gazette, on the schooner *California* to Monterey, where Thomas O. Larkin wished to use them as wrapping paper for his customers' purchases. Honolulu residents still carried their goods upwrapped.[54] The press, by now in poor condition, was sold to the Catholic Mission in 1841, and they printed their first Hawaiian books on it.[55] However, in 1846 they discarded it, replacing it with a new press from France,[56] and Honolulu's first secular press passed into oblivion.

The later history of the *Lagoda* press is given in George Harding's book on Don Agustin Zamorano. It was owned by Don Agustin himself, and was used in his printing establishment largely for government printing, although two school books were also printed on it, an arithmetic and a catechism. In November 1836, it became the property of the new revolutionary government of California, and was used by the officials of this government until March 1845, when it was placed in storage. Robert Semple and Walter Colton resurrected it, and in August 1846 printed California's first newspaper, the *Californian*, on it. The *Californian* moved to San Francisco from Monterey in May 1847, and Edward C. Kemble bought the paper and press there in November 1848. He issued the *Star and Californian* on the same press. From 1849-1851, it was moved from one California town to another, publishing four more newspapers: the *Placer Times* in Sacramento, the Stockton *Times*, the Sonora *Herald*, and the Columbia *Star* for two issues. Here, unpaid for by its new owner, G. W. Gore, it was sold back under execution to Dr. L. C. Gunn of the *Herald*. Left standing on the sidewalk after the sale, before being shipped back to Sonora, it was moved during the night into the middle of the street, and was burned by vandals on November 13, 1855.[57]

## NOTES

(In the following, the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society Library is cited as "HMCSL"; the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, as "ABCFM")

1. See note 17 below.

2. Hereafter referred to as the "American Mission." By 1827, the Roman Catholics were attempting to establish their own mission, which was predominantly French.

3. *Missionary Album* (Honolulu: Hawaiian Mission Children's Soc., 1937 [2nd ed.]), p. 175.

4. C. S. Stewart, *A Visit to the South Seas in the United States Ship Vincennes* (New York: John P. Haven, 1833), II, Letter XIX, pp. 128-29.

5. Hiram Bingham to Rufus Anderson, March 20, 1833, *in* Missionary Letters

(typescript, HMCSL), V, 1469; Levi Chamberlain Journal (manuscript, HMCSL; hereafter referred to as "Chamberlain Jour."), Aug. 7, 1825.

6. *Ibid.*, 1822-1835 *passim;* Minutes of Prudential Meetings of the Mission Family (typescript, HMCSL), Nov. 26, 1819, p. 2.

7. Ralph S. Kuykendall, *The Hawaiian Kingdom—1778-1854* (Honolulu: Univ. Hawaii, 1937), pp. 117-32; deposition of Hiram Bingham, Aug. 18, 1829, *in* Missionary Letters (note 5 above), II, 380-86; Chamberlain Jour. (note 5 above), Dec. 21, 1823, and Sept. 27, 1825; Harold Whitman Bradley, *The American Frontier in Hawaii: The Pioneers, 1789-1843* (Stanford Univ. Press, 1942), pp. 168-213.

8. Chamberlain Jour., Dec. 21, 1823, and Sept. 27, 1825.

9. *Sandwich Island Gazette and Journal of Commerce*, July 28, 1838.

10. Chamberlain Jour., Jan. 19, 1823.

11. *Instructions of the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners For Foreign Missions to the Sandwich Island Mission* (Lahainaluna, 1838), pp. 49, 74, 83, 84, 91; Levi Chamberlain to Jeremiah Evarts, Sept. 11, 1826, *in* Missionary Letters, II, 471-75.

12. Chamberlain Jour., March 9, 1833; Stephen Reynolds Journal (manuscript, Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass.; hereafter referred to as "Reynolds Jour."), March 18, 1833.

13. Josephine Sullivan, *A History of C. Brewer & Co., Ltd.* (Boston, 1926), pp. 26-29.

14. Chamberlain Jour., 1826-1830 *passim;* Levi Chamberlain Account Books (manuscripts, HMCSL), 1827-1830; Hiram Bingham to Rufus Anderson, March 20, 1833, *in* Missionary Letters, V, 1468.

15. Hiram Bingham to Jeremiah Evarts, Nov. 23, 1831, *ibid.*, p. 1356.

16. H. A. Peirce to James Hunnewell, Sept. 22, 1834 (Hunnewell manuscripts, Houghton Library, Harvard Univ.).

17. Sullivan (note 13 above), p. 44; Peirce to Hunnewell, April 10, 1833 (note 16 above).

18. Peirce to Hunnewell, *ibid.*

19. Reynolds Jour. (note 12 above), Aug. 15, 1833.

20. Chamberlain Jour. 1823-1840 *passim;* Reynolds Jour., 1827-1840 *passim; Sandwich Island Gazette and Journal of Commerce,* 1836-1839 (advertisements).

21. Sullivan, *op. cit.*, pp. 45-47.

22. *Loc. cit.*

23. John Paty, "Journal of Captain John Paty, 1809-1868," *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly,* XIV (Dec. 1935), 342; Reynolds Jour., Feb. 24, 1832; Sullivan, *op. cit.*, p. 45.

24. Peirce to Hunnewell, Aug. 10, 1833 (as above).

25. Paty, *op. cit.*, p. 314. An hermaphrodite brig is a two-masted vessel, square-rigged forward and schooner-rigged aft; in Great Britain, a brigantine.

26. James Hunnewell to Henry Paty, Nov. 15, 1833 (note 16 above).

27. Hunnewell to Peirce, Nov. 15, 1833 (Hunnewell manuscripts, Baker Library, Harvard Univ.). From the present note and note 16 above, it will be seen that there are two depositories at Harvard for Hunnewell material.

28. Hunnewell to Peirce, Dec. 20, 1833 (note 27 above).

29. Receipt, Dec. 20, 1833 (note 16 above).

30. Rufus Anderson to Sandwich Island Mission, *in* Missionary Letters, April 11-17, 1833; invoice of *Lagoda* cargo, May 20, 1833 (note 27 above); Boston *Evening Transcript,* April 24, 1833.

31. Chamberlain Jour., Oct. 4, 1833.

32. Invoice of *Lagoda* cargo, May 20, 1833 (note 27 above).

33. Rufus Anderson to Sandwich Island Mission (note 30 above); Sandwich Island Mission to ABCFM, Oct. 15, 1833, *in* Missionary Letters, V, 1462.

34. Joseph Tracy, comp., *The History of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions* (Worcester, Mass., 1840), *passim.*

35. Sandwich Island Mission to ABCFM (note 33 above).

36. Rufus Anderson to Sandwich Island Mission (as above).

37. Chamberlain Jour., Oct. 4, 1833.

38. John Bradshaw to Sandwich Island Mission, Oct. 18, 1828, *in* Levi Chamberlain Business Letters (manuscripts, HMCSL).

39. Chamberlain Jour., April 25, 1830.

40. *Ibid.*, June 2, July 7, Aug. 4, Aug. 7, and Sept. 14, 1823; Maria Loomis Journal (manuscript, HMCSL), Sept. 14, 1823.

41. *Ibid.*, Jan. 13, 1824; Chamberlain Jour., Jan. 13, 1824.

42. Thomas Shaw, supercargo, was signing invoices for the *Lagoda* in Boston during April 1833. Captain Shaw (Thomas?), master of the *Volunteer*, sailed from Honolulu April 13, 1833. The *Lagoda* sailed from Boston April 23, 1833. *See* Chamberlain Jour., April 13, 1833; Boston *Evening Transcript*, April 24, 1833; William Heath Davis, *Seventy-five Years in California* (San Francisco: John Howell, 1929), pp. 2, 27, 232, 242.

43. Chamberlain Jour., Nov. 14, 1833.

44. Notes by copyist, List of Ships at Monterey, 1833-1834 (Bancroft Library, Univ. Calif.).

45. George L. Harding, *Don Agustin Zamorano, Statesman, Soldier, Craftsman, and California's First Printer* (Los Angeles: The Zamorano Club, 1934), p. 195.

46. Paty, *op. cit.*, p. 314.

47. *Ibid.*, p. 315; Chamberlain Jour., June 15, 1834.

48. *Ibid.*, Jan. 12, 1834; Reynolds Jour., Jan. 12, 1834.

49. New Account Book Opened by H. A. Peirce with James Hunnewell, Oct. 1, 1834 (Hunnewell Manuscripts, Houghton Library, Harvard Univ.).

50. Chamberlain Jour., July 16, 1834.

51. Nathan Spear Account Book for 1834 (manuscript, Bancroft Library, Univ. Calif.).

52. Helen P. Hoyt, "Hawaii's First English Newspaper and Its Editor," Hawaiian Hist. Soc., *Sixty-Third An. Rept.*, 1954, pp. 5-18.

53. *Idem.*

54. *The Larkin Papers*, ed. by George Hammond (Univ. Calif. Press, 1951), I, 40; Reynolds Jour., June 8, 1840.

55. Hoyt (note 52 above).

56. Reginald Yzendoorn, *History of the Catholic Mission in the Hawaiian Islands* (Honolulu: Honolulu *Star-Bulletin, Ltd.*, 1927), p. 193.

57. Harding (note 45 above), pp. 208-10.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Through the courtesy of Mrs. Hoyt, carefully-compiled notes on the missionaries and traders, mentioned in the course of her article, have been placed on file in the Society's library.

# A Mississippian in the Gold Fields

## The Letters of John Paul Dart, 1849-1856

*Transcribed and Edited by Howard Mitcham*

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FOREWORD.— John Paul Dart was a native of Mt. Alban, Warren County, Miss. He grew to manhood in Warren County, and served in the Mexican War under Jefferson Davis. In 1849, when the gold fever broke out, 24-year-old John Dart left for California. As the letters show, many of his neighbors had also become infected, although most of them seem to have been gamblers rather than miners.

Dart's letters, together with the already-published mass of correspondence originating in the mines, are important in the flesh-and-blood picture they give of individual Forty Niners, here in California; but they are important also in the light they throw on the thoughts and habits then current in the different parts of this country and of other countries from which the miners came. The miners, being still susceptible to home influences, can't, even if they would, avoid weaving mention of home into their letters. And so, as each series of newly-uncovered letters adds its quota to our store of such primary source material, an intracontinental as well as an intercontinental composite of opinion and conduct is being built up for this particular period in world history. Viewed artistically, it was their consciousness of the miners' connections, past and present, that contributed to the story-telling skill of Bret Harte and Mark Twain.

For the times, Dart was well educated as a civil engineer and surveyor, and after the gold rush subsided he became official surveyor of Tuolumne County, continuing in that position for twenty years. Family tradition says that he made a fortune from his mining adventures. Most of his time was spent at Sonora, where he boarded with a McTarnahan family. In 1891, at the age of 66, he married Miss Edith McTarnahan, the 18-year-old daughter of his landlord. Dart died only a half dozen months after his marriage and was buried at Sonora. His fortune was left to his young bride, who shortly afterward married a Mr. Gallagher.

All of the letters except one were written to his younger brother, Benjamin Dart, and are among the family papers now in the possession of Miss Mary Davis a niece, and a nephew John Dart, of Bovina, Miss. The "Ellen" and "Emmet" of the letters were John Paul Dart's younger sister and brother.

In conformity with printing practices and also, in some cases, to facilitate comprehension, capitals have been substituted for Dart's use of small letters at the beginning of sentences; similarly, commas now take the place of his periods within sentences. Spelling has been transcribed as written. Peculiarities of chirography, resulting in unintended capitalization, have been treated as such.

## THE LETTERS

San Francisco Nov. 10th 1849

Dear Brother

I have been here just a month and . . . have been at work ever since . . . except when raining which is about half the time. I get ten dollars a day now. The prices have fallen from fourteen. Everything is fluctiating here except board which holds about the same thing no matter what provisions are worth. I pay eighteen dollars a week for common board and lodging. As to other things there is no settled prices. Some things you can buy cheaper than you can in the states such as spades picks &c I saw a fellow go into a store the other day and enquiring the price of [a] box of cigars fifty dollars says the fellow. Why says the other I bought a box yesterday for five cant help it says the clerk and walked off. Think [of it] having boots on selling from 7 ounces [gold dust] to five since the rain commenced. Three weeks ago flour was selling at ten Dollars, now it is fifty pork fifty, lumber is worth from 300 to 500 a thousand and still rising. Small houses ten by twelve feet square framed in the states and brought around the horn sell for one thousand dollars. There has been built about a thousand houses since I have been here. It dont take more than about four days to build a large house and such houses. But they are bound to have them. There is millions of Dollars worth of provisions and goods lying in the streets softened with the rains.

Gambling is carried on in all its various shapes from the Faro bank to the A.B.C. [Adam's Banking and Express Company] but mostly monte. Faro cant stand a week at a time, the fellows have such big piles that they smash them at a few bets. Henry Dawson is at Sacramento City trading, the rest are at the mines. I have seen none of them except Hartwell Dawson he has had a monte bank here but I heard that he got broke. I have not seen him for several days. [illegible] up there so I am going up to see. Many will come down and say there is nothing to be made, others say that they can average an ounce a day. Some men are working here for Six Dollars a day that have been in the mines all summer and made nothing. But they are lazy Devils I am inclined to think. If you have any notion of coming out I would advise you to stay, if you consider everything, running the risk of losing your life in a thousand ways exposing your health and living the life of a dog. You would say that it is very stale and unprofitable. Dont think that I have got the the blues but I am here and intend to see it through if I keep my health.

Give my love to all, to mother and Ellen. Tell Ellen to write to me and to mail her book. Tell her to feed Bosten well and keep him alive till I come back. I want to leave this country by next winter if I have good luck but it is like a lottery. About ten out of a hundred make money.... Write to me every opportunity there has been no mail from N.O. for three months. Three months mail arrived the other day July Aug. Sept. about fifty bushels of letters.

Yours, John Dart

I expect letters by the next Steamer but there is no telling as they pay no attention to mails although the government pays them well.

–J. D.

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Chinese Diggins Dec. 26h 1850

Dear Bro.

I have concluded to write to you once more. I have been expecting a letter from home for three months but none has arrived as yet. When you write to me again direct [to] A.B.C. San Francisco, and then I will be certain to get them. Tell others of my correspondents to do the same.

I have been at the Chinese Diggins nearly two months doing nothing, waiting for rain. We have had two or three hard rains, but not enough to wash. The creeks and rivers are so high that they cant be be worked. From all signs and indications I dont think we will have much rain this winter, it is two months behind the usual time.

The miners generally are amusing themselves killing deer and grizzlys. The Deer are sassy plenty and fat. I killed one that weighed 168 lbs clean. Every log around our house is strung with venison. One hombre got hold of an old grizzly the other day and vize versa. The bear tore him pretty bad and left him.

There is about 1000 people in this camp, and some five or six women quite an unusual sight to see. When I first came here there was a story going the rounds that a man on the other side of the hill had found a specimen on the Stanislaus that weighed 18 lbs. (Everything in the shape of a lump of gold is called a Specimen) so I went in company with two others to see it, when we asked the man to let us see it. Certainly says he, and went in the tent and brought out a boy baby about two months old. That is it says he, but he didn't have the laugh all on his side. I told him I though[t] if he would continue to dig in the same old claim, he would probably find an other. Somebody else asked him if he had reached the ledge yet. The mother was a regular Californian and injoyed the joke.

. . . .

The following will be interesting to Madison if he is home. I bought the John Pearsons Claim on the Tuolumne for seven ounces and after repairing the dam working about two weeks, the river rose and swept dam and all to hell.* The rise in the river was owing to rains in the mountains on the 23rd of Sept. which cleaned out Stephens [Stevens?] dam, and that came down and swept the Jacksonville Dam, and all below. I dam[m]ed my claims again and took out 25 ounces clear of expenses. Luce got about the same out of his claim. His was adjoining mine. The Jacksonville extension Co made a perfect failure. The water ran through their dam like a sieve, as soon as the Jacksonville Co. let it through the canal. The Jacksonville Co. worked using dams but didn't pay expenses. The grizzly dam[m]ing Co. made for three or four days 20 ounces apiece but afterwards made nothing. Pains [Payne's?] and Co. made 100 Dollars over expense which was doing admirably well. The Jacksonville Dam back water[ed] on the Canackus Co. and over the third bar, so they were abandoned.

I see in the San Francisco papers the arrival of two ships from France, with 300 women aboard gods what a rich cargo. They will be worth their weight in gold. The imports of Cal. are richer than the exports.

The wages of a common labourer in San Francisco is down to one Dollar a day. Carpinters five. How they manage to keep up prices is a mistery to me particularly in the mines. A shovel is worth an ounce—an axe an ounce &c.

Part of the returns of the Census have been published. Tuolumne Co. has 40,000 inhabitants, but it is big as all creation. Cal. has been admitted as a State at last. To read some of the San Francisco papers and some speeches in Congress you would think the people here were very anxious and even indignant she was not admited. Humbug. There is not one man in a hundred that cares a dam about it one way or an other. They feel as I do, like foreigners. And all they want is what

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*For a discussion of the mines of this district, see H. H. Bancroft, *History of California,* VI, 375-76, especially extended footnote.

gold they can get, and the State may go to hell, and they would Vamous for home.

Yesterday was Christmas and I took dinner off a haunch of venison like the one that Goldsmith wanted Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint. Tell mother that I will probably take my next Christmas Dinner at home. I am in good health. . . .

Yours John Dart

[In the summer of 1852, Dart made a trip to his home in Mississippi.]

Columbia, Tuolumne County Feb 27/53

Dear Brother.

I havent written to you since I left home. So I thought I would do it once to see if you would write back again, a thing in my mind rather doubtful.

I have been traviling all over the mines since I arrived and I find them all about alike, very little difference though verry different from what they were when I left. New modes of washing and everything else. All the mining land is now taken up that is good for any thing, and if a man can buy a share in some company he may do well if not he cant more than make board, though shares are lower just now than usual owing to the great number that is going to Australia. The Australian excitement is about as great here as the Cal. fever was in 50 in the States. My old partner is still here, and doing very well. He is engaged in the teaming business which has been very good this last winter, freight ranging as high as 30c per pound.

I bought a share in a mining claim about a week ago for eight hundred Dollars. Whether I will ever get the money out of it is a question yet to be decided. It has paid as high as twenty four ounces a day to the man. There are four [of] us [in the] Co. and the mode of washing is what is called sluice was[h]ing. There is ten boxes, fifteen feet long each, about 14 inches square, and the ends fitted in each other and made by nailing three boards together. The earth is put in the first one and a large stream of water turned on which by the time it gets through completely washes it, and washes it as fast as five or six men can put it in. We have water now brought from the Stanislaus river about forty miles from here, on every hill top there is a large stream of water, it is an immence work to bring water so far in a mountainous country. The river is about two miles from here, and at least 2000 feet lower than the water we use. They had to flume one place nine miles, and in some places it was eighty feet high.

There was a devil of a row here last night in a fandango house. A man got to quarrelling with a gambler about something and the gambler cut him with a knife, and shot another, and there friends tore the house down and broke things generally.

This morning the Fandango House is a perfect wreck. Speaking of gambling. Henry Dawson lost 100 ounces a few days ago. Some Mexicans cleaned him out at monte. He is at Sonora, about four miles from here. Hartwell has been here until a day or two ago, he left for San Francisco. Bob Wilson is at Auburn, in the northern mines so I hear. Somebody told me that Dr. Dawson was up in the northern mines about a year ago they said so though I dont believe it. James Folkes is here. Old Foster is in the southern part of the state in the cloth trade [gambling].

I have been in first rate health since San Francisco. I weigh now 175 lbs. and getting fatter every day. No place agrees with me so well as the mountains, but this is the healthiest place in the world. You never see any thin faces here. The small pox last fall killed a great many and you can hardly see a man but what is scarred with it, but it has disappeared some time ago. Chills and fevers is a thing never heard of here. It rained yesterday for the first time in six weeks and the tops of the mountains are covered with snow.

Write to me and let me know how all are. I received a letter from Ellen dated 17th Dec. when I was in San Francisco and that is the last. And tell Willis Oats to write to me, the villian. I wrote to him once and he has never answered.

Give my love to mother and tell her that I am mending my ways fast, I havnt drank any liquor since I left N.O. and I never gamble, and some other small vices I am free of. You can believe it or not, just as you please. Show this to Uncle George as I promised to write to him. This will do as well. My respects to all, and tell Ellen to write often.

Yours John Dart

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Columbia [Tuolumne County] April 10th 1853

Dear Brother,

I have just received your letter of the 26th Dec. I have been up in the mountains prospecting, or I would have got it before. I am very glad to hear from you and to hear that all are well at home. I have been in very good health since I came to the mines.... I have a very good mining claim about 4 miles from here and doing pretty well. You said in your letter that you would have come with me if you had known that I was coming. Do you know that I have regretted fifty times that I left home at all.... Contentment and happiness can not be obtained by rambling about. Travel soon ceases to interest and becomes stale and uninteresting. I would like to have you with me but you would soon get tired of the hardships of this country, and as to making money a man that gets two dollars a day in the States can save more money than he can here at six. Account for that if you can. Myself and another have a mining claim the expenses of which, necessary expences 144 Dollars a week for water and hire of hands, and board twelve Dollars a week. So you see a person must make considerable money to pay expenses....

You will perhaps hear before this reaches you of the loss of the Steamer Independent. I came up on her the last trip she made. It is said that the Cap. was bribed to run her ashore, and it looks very much like it. He ought to be hung any how for being careless if not guilty. There were about 150 lives lost, some fifteen ladies. I will write to you again soon tell Ellen to write to me. Give my love to mother and all.

Your Brother John Dart

Columbia July 10th 1853

Dear Brother.

I have today received your letter of 5 May. The last letter that I got was from you dated 26 Dec. When you write again direct to A.B.C. Columbia Tuolumne County.

You say that you have written four or five letters to me, now with the deference and respect for your word, excuse me if I tell you that I dont believe a d-d word of it. You say also that you havnt received any from me. Now I believe that just as much as the other....

There are various changes taking place in and around Mont Alban lately. Dying off and marrying off appears to be the go. Seabern Goodrum is dead poor Seabern his Medical skill couldnt save him from the felldestroyer and Avery Noland is married I am glad of it though I dont know that he ever did Me any harm. The old Castle is distroyed that is quite an event in Mont Alban and Citizens generally are glad of it, are they not. If I recollect aright, the place always had gotten a bad reputation. That has put a quietus to the Sons of temperance has it not. By the by perhaps some of them set fire to it, hint this to Asa, will you.

I am in excellent health and hard at work, and doing as well as the majority. The fourth was celebrated in all possible ways, with the usual amount of fights and drunkeness. For the first time in California I did no work on that day. . . .

Give my love to mother though I dont think I am worthy of hers from my running a bout habits.

If there is one thought in my mind more frequently than an other, it is of home and its inmates, *home* have you ever realized the true meaning of the word.

Tell Ellen to send the miniature and not be humbuging about it any longer.

I write to Willis to day also.

Your Brother John Dart

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Columbia 15th Aug./53

Dear Brother

I yesterday received yours of the 1st of July and I hasten to answer and let you know how I am. . . .

By the by I promised to write to Miss Marion and tell her about Bob, but I cant hear anything of him I have written to S. Francisco and to Auburn but he has never answered he has taken the letters out of the post office as I see they are not advertised. I saw one advertised for Dr. P. W. Dawson whether he is alive or not it is hard to tell, though it would be devilish hard to kill him.

I have been to Calivaras County about 30 miles from here to see the mammoth tree. It is arbor vitae, thirty two feet in diameter, the owners of the tree have cut it down to send part of it to the Worlds fair at N York. The piece cut off was only two feet long, it was cut off by boring with augers. The bark is twelve inches thick. After the bark was stripped off it was set up on the ground [big] enough for a captious party with music and numerous spectators. The owners of the tree has refused thirty thousand dollars for it. Mr. Leke, from Uncle Dicks neighbourhood is in Columbia. He has been in this neighbourhood since 49. . . . Speaking of politicks the election coms off in Sept. and the two parties are canvasing the state hotly. The democrats are in office at present but I think that the Ides of Sept. will be as fatal to them as the Ides of March were to Caesar. Gov. Bigler the present incumbent has advocated the passage of some very unpopular bills among which was the water lot extension. In 49 the water lots in San Francisco were surveyed and sold, under the agreement that no new lots should be sold. Thousands bought the lots at large prices. The front lots in particular brought enormous prices. Now Gov. Bigler wants a new survey to be taken and to extend the front three hundred feet more, under pretense of paying the state debt, but in reality to raise a few million more for himself and friends. The State printing for the last year has cost the sum of 300,000 Dollars, printing that a firm in San Francisco offered to do for 30,000 Dollars. But enough of politicks. . . .

The crops in this state have been unusually heavy this season, owing to the late rains. The crops of barly, wheat, potatoes, are enormous, even the fruit is getting to be an item of interest. Pears and peaches are getting plenty. Three years ago there was hardly a peach or pear tree in California.

We have had two slight shocks of earthquakes lately. I wonder they are not more frequent than they are in this volcanic country.

Give my love to mother. Tell her not to be anxious about me. I will turn up all right in the end. Make Emmet write to me, and tell me how he gets on hunting and fishing. . . .

Yours John Dart

[This letter is badly worm-eaten] Sonora O(c)t (—)th 1853

Dear Brother

I received your letter of the 27th of Aug. yesterday, nearly two months since it was written. . . .

I am now living about seven miles from Columbia and about three from Sonora. When you write again direct to Sonora. I have been doing nothing for the last 2 months in the way of m[inin]g except prospecting. You seem to think that I might have an idea of going home this winter, but I have not. In the words of the immortal Shakspeare, Hath not old Custom made this life more sweet, than that of painted pomp. Are not these woods More free from peril than the Curious Court. Here feel me but the penalty of Adam.

I am going to try to make some money before I go h[ome]. I think that by the first of May that I [will ma]ke a thousand Dollars, perhaps three. T[here are] only two ways about it. I will either do very well or nothing. I went into an opperation last spring that if it had turned out as I expected, I would have been at home now with twenty thousand, but it went by the board when least expected and I am glad to escape as I did. There is a company at work at it now, but it will take an immense capital to get at the gold. I cant work for four or five dollars a day any more. If I was satisfied at that I would perhaps do better but if I cant do better than th[at] at mining I will quit it.

This is [the] season for the river diggins and the diff[erent] companies are doing very well the Pains [Payne's? Company] took out one day last week 120 ounces in all [for the] week 410 ounces the company is compose of 20 [men]. Va[riou]s other Co. are doing very well. They will have perhaps three weeks to work before the river rises. The miners on the river have changed their plan of working altogether. They take the water up in a flume instead of digging a ditch, a better plan though a very expensive one. A claim at Columbia owned by nine men yielded 250 ounces in four days last week.

Speaking of politics the election in this state has just terminated in favor of Bigler Democrat, though by a small majority. . . .

The state is nearer balanced than most any other of the union. The party that is in power for the time being will be likely to hold it. The executive patronage is so great that they can bribe and buy votes enough to keep them in office. Old Bigler is an old rumhead, and about as fit for the office as hell is for a powder house. If whiskey drinking is a recommendation for office of Gov. he is better qualified than any man in the state. The grand waterfront extension of which perhaps you have heard [was one] of Biglers plundering schemes.

. . . .

This is the greatest country for dogs extant. Ross Brown[e]'s View of Constantinople would do very well for Columbia. The Frenchmen will average four dogs apiece and the Indian three to say nothing of the French women, their love for dogs is about as great as the Frenchmen.

I have just found out what a womans definition of disipation is. Talking lately with a woman about a young man who lives close here, . . . she remarks that he was a very nice young man if he was not so disipated. I couldnt think in what way he was disipated, I never saw him drink or gamble or keep late hours. I hapened to go to his place the other day and the presence of two mexican senioritas about the size of Sir John Falstaff around the girdle explained the meaning disipation eh.

The overland immigration is pouring in to Sonora bringing large quantities of stock of all kinds, including Missouri and Arkansas girls by the score. They have had better success this season in crossing than ever before plenty of grass and water and very healthy.

Stock of all kinds is very high. If a man had a few of the hogs, land pikes [from] on around Mont Alban [Miss.] here he would have his prosperity.... Tough boar pork sells on the market at fifty cents a pound. Mr. Leke was burned out at Sonora during the late fire. Loss a small quantity of Chili Colorado, Frijoles and other mexican notions.

There I have given you three sheets for yours. I dont know whether it will suit you but I never apologise.

Give my love to mother, Ellen, Aunts, Uncles &c.

Yours, John Dart A.B.C.

[This letter is badly worm-eaten] Oct. 22nd 1853

....

The indians three days ago murdered three men some ten miles from here in the mountains. They were out cow hunting and the indians ambushed them in [a] narrow pass, and shot them with arrows. They probably wanted their mules. The grasshoppers are about gone and the acorns are not in season so the mules and buros have to suffer. A po[sse] immediately started in pursuit bu[t] have no[t r]eturned.

[Sonora i]s entirely rebuilt. It burned about [torn] There [is] nothing like that in [your] part [of the wo]rld is there how would Vicksburg stay if it was burned, I see by the Picayune of the 22 Sept. that the Yellow Fever is very bad at Vicksburg, Jackson and Yazoo.

We are very happy here in not having any epidemic. The Small Pox last fall was very fatal in this neighbourhood, but it has entirely disappeared. I was on a Jury last week that tried a Mexican for stabbing another. The affray originated about a yellow gal from the States. The Mexican thought he had the best right to her and accordingly lambed her with laryet....

Free negroes are insolent when there is any Yankees [about] but when they come across a man from the Southern States they have to toe the mark.

A chinaman hates a negro as the devil does holy water. I witnessed a fight between about 10 darkeys and about a hundred Chinamen, with rocks sticks &c. The chinamen came off victorious after a hard fight the darkies were infringing on Johns rig[hts] and [Jo]hn wouldnt stand it. Two d[run]ken Americans lately [star]ted a small rebelion in a Chinese Ca[mp b]y [go]ing in [the] camp and . . . pulling some of their pigtails. The Chinamen captured them and took them before his honor, the magistrate he let them know that if they pulled John's tail the amusement would cost them a twenty apiece.

Henry Dawson is still at Sonora, he is still at the green cloth [gambling], but I dont think he makes much at it. Hartwell and James Folkes are at S. Francisco. J.D.

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Sonora Dec. 7th/53

Dear Brother

I have not yet answered your letter of the 27th Aug. I have received none from you since though I have been to Columbia twice a week for letters. When you write dont forget to direct to Sonora. . . .

I have been in good health but not doing much, for want of water, though there is plenty now, it rained for three days in torrents and some ten miles from here the mountains are covered with snow. I sold a claim lately to some fellows for seventy five dollars and the day after they took out a piece of gold that weighed 47 ounces. If the old adage about a fool for luck is true, I must be a very wise man. I owned half the claim and a party of savages from the western part of Arkansas owned the other and I sold out to get clear of them. If the rain pours like it did last winter, it will suit me very well. If I was offered a thousand dollars for a dry winter I wouldnt take it.

I saw a man stabbed in Jamestown last Sunday, by a peruvian. I was passing a house, when a man came running out, pursued by the peruvian, looking frisco as the furies, terrible as hell, with a drawn knife in his hand. He soon overtook him and stabbed him in the back of the neck instantly killing him. Cause, impropriety with his wife. He tried to kill the woman too but she escaped. Great Kountry this. The devil gets in the women here, or perhaps, it merely comes out of them. I suspect the latter, eight women in ten that comes here have three husbands. It is rather a dangerous thing to marry a woman here, for fear some hombre will prosecute you or her for bigamy. What do you think of the state of society, better to remain in batchelordem. At any rate the batchelors dont suffer any under the circumstances.

It is now ten oclock . . . and I have to be up to my knees in the mud before sunrise tomorrow. . . .

Yours John Dart

Dear Bro. Sonora Jan 11th 1854

I have just thought of sending you a line and whether you think it is worth the postage ten cents or not I will leave you to determine. The mail of the first failing in consequence of the mail steamer running against a rock on the down trip, no lives lost we will have two back mails on the twentieth.

I am in good health and hard at work, making good. It has rained once this season on 25th Nov. the dryest season so far that I ever saw, but we will have enough before the first of June. Provisions are very cheap, cheaper than they have ever been. This time last year flour was selling at eighty Dollars per hundred now at 7½ &c.

About the first of Sept last I wrote three or four letters to you and Ellen and others one to Ellen containing a lithographic view of Sonora, have you received them. Has old Bob Wilson left for California yet. He will come. No man can stay here three years and then live in the states. Can you account for it. Quien Sabe. Give my love to Mother Ellen and all my friends.

Yours John Dart

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Dear Bro. Sonora Feb. 10th 54

I have put off writing, waiting for the mail but it hasnt arrived yet. So I will have to write without receiving any letters, if there was any to come the loss of the Winfield Scott and now of the Golden Gate has disarranged the mails considerably.

The G. Gate went ashore at San Diego but has been got off badly damaged. No lives lost. She is the crack steamer on the Pacific. I am in good health. Some two months ago I left off chewing and smoking I had the heart burn, and indigestion terribly. . . . I now weigh one hundred and eighty pounds before I only weighed 155, and have the stomach of an ostrich, tough slapjacks or under done beans never cause me a pang.

I have been at work in the water up to my waist for a month, ground sluicing. (You I suppose know all about it) it is enough to say that four men can remove eight rods of ground, ten feet deep in a day, in order to get at the gold below. The ground I am working has all been worked by mexicans. We washed up the bones of one the other day. He was asifting when the earth caved in on him. He dug his own grave and buried himself. Whether the work we are doing is going to pay or not, Quien Sabe. It has cost considerable money and labour.

You no doubt keep yourself posted up in the doings of the Filibusters in lower California and Sonora. The expedition is viewed here as unwise and foolish. Uncle Sam has sent the Sloop of War, Portsmouth, after the chaps, but they will do no good. We have various reports here of a treaty made by Mr. Gadsden, if we get Sonora I am off for that place pretty soon. The last letter I received was from Mr. Foley dated Nov. 18th. I thank him for the Sentinal two copies I have received, one a tri weekly of Nov. 24. and one a weekly Dec. 13th. I have sent the Sonora Herald. The advertisements in the Sentinel are interesting. I have also received a copy of Gleasons pictorial marked E.F. I had rather have a few lines from Ellen than a volume of Gleason, I can buy them here for two bits, nevertheless I thank her.

Give my love to Mother, to Ellen and to everybody else that will receive it. I have asked you half a dozen times about Willis. If you dont answer me Damme Ill cut your correspondence. You are as silent about him as [if] he had married the cook, to quote Thackeray.

Your Brother John Dart

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Dear Bro Sonora Feb. 12th/54

I wrote to you yesterday. Since then I have received your letter of the 26 Dec. I am living about three miles from Sonora and had to go seven miles around this morning to get to Sonora, in consequence of the creek being up. I swam it coming back, no small job in Feb. I am glad to hear from home and to hear that you are well. You mention Uncle Henry being on a visit to his relatives did he say he had received any letters from me. I have written to him but have received no answer. Aunt Mariah done been gone and got married again eh. Its the way of the world. And Miss Marion is really bona fide married. I send my Congratulations, an affair that she would like to have been congratulated on some time ago. And Bob has been trying his hand with the widow. I think the elder Willis might reverse his injunction, its widow beware of Bob. You mention that Bob says he has a mining claim here worth 100 Dollars a mining claim that is worth no more than that no body would have. 5 and 6 hundred to 3,000 are about what they sell at. The idea of Bob holding a claim here and he in the States is simply absurd, if it was worth it somebody would pitch into it mighty quick.

Bob will knock around until what little money he has got is spent and he cant get back to Cal. Rob't cant humbug the widows, he had better let that game alone.

I have been reading the Herald this evening, old Bennett, as usual is looking into futurity and predicts it big with events, he is down on Pierce. What do you think of a Whig President next election. The Locos predict them dead but I think they will resurrect, to the dismay of the democrats. The purchase of the Mexican Territory will revive the Slavery question, will it not.

A dam I had constructed was washed off last night, clean, not a vestige of it left. We had the most severe rain storm that I have ever seen in Cal. It will cause me two weeks hard labour to rebuild it. The Spring has opened already, flowers are blooming, the hills are green but we will have some cold disagreeable [weather] yet before the first of June.

It is now ten oclock so I will bid you a good night

John Dart

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Dear Bro. Columbia March 27 54

. . . .

I have been at Columbia about two weeks and I have got into two scrapes with the french women already. An acquaintance of mine by the name of Dodge took onto himself a French woman built a little house on the hill furnished it and has been living in it for some four months the night after I arrived here I went to see him and he appeared all right. The next day I heard that he had vamoused. The french woman sent for me to know where he was all I could get out of her for half an hour was mon diu. ah mon diu. Mr. Dodge very bad man. Mr. Dodge le me ah mon diu. It was a long time before I could get her to believe that I knew nothing about it. I believe yet that she thinks I was the cause of it. However he is gone, and showed her a *dodge* that she wasnt acquainted with before. The other affair was this. I rented a room from a friend in the upper part of town and the neighborhood is settled with French. My friend has a lot of hens and chickens and they have been in the habit of trespassing on a Frenchmans garden. He saw one of his hens in the garden the other day and took his gun (a la Hicks) and shot her, jumped over into the garden and got her and brought her in to the house and in a few minutes left and went down town. Some twenty minutes after, I was lying on the bed four French women came in to the room and opened on me a perfect torrent of I dont know what. Babel to me me wouldnt have been half as bad. After firing away for about fifteen minutes together, they took turns at it. I never opened my mouth and just lay there looking at them. Finally I thought they would take me by the heels and drag me into the street and I jumped up ran to the corner seized the hen and held it up to them. By gar, after the manner of the Frenchman on the steamboat when another person claimed his trunk, they all examined the hen and discovered that it didnt belong to them. They backed out with many apologies, things I had to guess at that. I am in good health and not doing much. I have no claim at present and micawber like I am waiting for something to turn up. If it dont pretty soon I will turn it up.

Our Oak Ridge relatives would perhaps be interested to know that Mr. Leke is here. He has lately opened a liquer shop. He asked me to take a drink with him the other day. His brandy is of that quality that is warrented to kill at two hundred yards.

. . . .

Yours John Dart

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Dear Brother, Columbia May 27th 1854

I received your letter of the 8th April yesterday. I am glad to hear that the people are in good health and that my friend Willis is in search of a wife. I hope he may find her, though I don't wish him any harm particularly. I have just returned from a trip in the mountains about thirty miles from here, the head waters of the south fork of the Stanislaus River. I had the luck to kill a grizzly of which the country abounds, though it was not much to boast of for I was up a tall oak at the time: a position that I will always take when there is a grizzly about. I had considerable sport catching trout, of which there are great numbers in the clear cold streams and when properly cooked after a hard days work, climbing over rocks and mountains, they are hard to beat. Grizzly meat cant be eaten after them.

The Filibustaro [William] Walker and his party are in San Francisco, they surrendered to the U. S. Troops near the southern boundary of upper California and are now waiting trial in S.F. A disastrius end to a foolish undertaking. I see by the Sentinel (which I get now pretty regularly [publ'd in Vicksburg, Warren Co., Miss., 1838-1860]) that the agricultural papers reccommend the planters to plant corn, and not so much cotton, a plan which I think good at any time, are they doing it. There has been a Russian man of war cruising off the Coast for some time, and the British Consul has dispatched a pilot boat after an English frigate, that is cruising somewhere on the Mexican Coast. War and rumors of wars, but the end is not yet. . . .

I am in good health and sound in mind and limb. Some of my acquaintances started for home today, which has rather given me the blues, but I think that I will recover.

This Kountry is getting rather over stocked with people, if one judges from the prices of wages, farm labourers get 45 dollars a month, carpenters in S.F. 5 dollars a day, in the mines 4$ &c. What do you think a man can make at four dollars a day here. I wish you would make a calculation and let me know, I mean a miner calculation.

I send my love to Mother, Ellen. . . .

Your Brother John Dart

Dear Brother, Sonora, July 8th 1854

I yesterday received your letter of the 21st May. Had I been at Columbia I would have got it some days sooner, but I am now stopping in the neighbourhood of Sonora. I am four miles distant. When you write again direct to Sonora. I have a claim at Columbia but I have let it out on shares and seldom go there. I am now working a claim that I worked last winter and abandoned, it not paying board. Since I left, four men went in and took out 2200 $ apiece, now I am trying it again. Such is mining.

You say you wish I would come home and advance several good reasons why. In the first place the pursuit of happiness, second in a pecuniary point of view. You ought to say that I ought never to have left. Doubtless I would have seen a greater number of happy days and been richer in this world's goods. I am not the only man that has had an angel under his tent and did not know it until she was gone. Had I staid at home and worked as hard as I have for the last 17 months, I could make two thousand a year easily, always providing I could get work.

I will give you the history of one day and the history of one day, is the history of one year. I rise at half past four o'clock, cook breakfast and eat it. By the time I can walk half a mile and get to work it is half past five. From then until eleven, hard work picking, shoveling, prying up rocks, pumping or bailing water and frequently up to my knees in mud and water. At about eleven, knock off, cook dinner and eat it. At one get to work until about half past six, wash out the sluices and perhaps will not have one dollar. You are at an expense of six dollars a day for water to wash with, sluices will cost from twenty to thirty dollars, hose twenty, picks, shovels, forks, hoes, pans, &c. are all expensive and last but a very short time. Board costs about six dollars a week to live economically and at the same time like a white man, which I have always done, if it took the last shot in the locker. Wages for miners is four dollars a day. I have never worked a day, by the day, or never will, when it comes to that, I quit the mines bodily and in haste. You deplore the want of honest men. They are as scarce here as they are every where else. Honesty is like the pearl in the oyster only to be had by deep diving and seldom found, when found tis only the more brighter for the scarcity. Dont think because I tell you I am broke that I could not get home. I always keep two or three hundred at the Messrs. Adams & Co. Bankers, for emergencies. Had I two or three thousand I would go home instantly. It would help considerably to smooth the way to the Eden you talk of. It has been so long since I have had a compass or square in my hand, that I doubt very much whether I could erect a perpendicular or shove a jack plane. . . . How does Jim Newman's barn roof stand. I expected to hear before this that it caved in. I don't care much if it does, so that it does not kill Jim which it is not apt to do. It is only held up by two or three pins.

If you will chalk out your vision of the promised land a little more distinctly I will give it my earliest and closest attention. I am not going to work in the mines more than one year longer. That at the present time is my determination. Should I happen to make a strike before that time you will see me pretty soon after.

The principle reason that I went to Galveston in [18]52 from N.O. [New Orleans] was that the inventor of the patent pri[n]ter presses, I forgot his name, was going to establish a shop in Texas and promised to give me a job, but I found that like a good many other things that was going to be done, the Pacific R. Road for instance, was not likely to come off. So I went back. I rather think suspension of payment in that community is a common occurance. It was so during my experience. Small wages or a promise and no pay was the rule, I believe.

From the rise in value of property one would think that planters could afford to pay mechanics better wages. Mechanics wages are always the first to fall and the last to rise of any thing else.

. . . .

Give my love to mother, tell her I am in good health.

Yours Brother, John Dart

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Dear Brother, Sonora, 8th September, 1854

I have just received your letter of the 28th June. . . . As to the time of my return, I can't speak positively, because I have no more idea than you. It depends altogether on circumstances. I have excellent health and while that remains, hope never leaves me but shines brightly like a star to cheer me.

The water in this vicinity dries up every year for about three months and until about the first of Nov I will be doing nothing, that is not making money. For the last month I have been engaged in the quartz business. I have sunk a shaft 40 ft. through a vein of solid quartz, but without finding the colour. Quartz mining is very precarious but occasionally big strikes are made.

The elections are just over and from all indications the Whigs will make a clean sweep of the state. The Democrats are divided and run two separate tickets but what the result will be no one can guess. Tis said that the Know Nothings are numerous in Sacramento, Stockton, and San Francisco and it is also said that they are split up in S.F. owing to some win working [getting voters to the polls] quien sabe.

I see that Congress has passed a bill paying 183,000 dollars with ten per ct. interest since 1850 to Freemont [John C. Frémont] for beef furnished California Indians. . . . All agree that a damder scoundrel never lived, his last letter to old [Thomas H.] Benton about the Pacific rail road was as big a lie as was ever invented he said snow had fallen that winter only four inches but he didn't tell how deep it was before that in some places it was 75 ft. and has never melted since Creation.

The weather for the last month has been very pleasant like October at home, but in July and June the thermomenter stood frequently at

110 in the shade. The crops are remarkably good. There will be more wheat raised than can be used in the state. Write frequently and let me know how the times are at home.

Give my love to mother.

Your Brother, John Dart

Dear Brother, Sonora, March 8th, 1855

I received your letter of the 18th Dec. some two weeks ago and yesterday I received one of Feb. 1st. I should have written before but I have been very buisy and hard at work, and another thing I have some how got out of the habit of writing, and it comes hard when I used to write about once a week, I thought it very easy. You say that my worthy Uncle opened my last to you. I thought that he would be the last man in the world to open a letter. I suppose that his wife was the cause of it. Of all the mean tricks that a man or woman could do, opening a letter not directed to them, is the *meanest*. If he or she ever read a word of my writing again, it will be because I cant help it. I thought it was the safest way for you to get my letters.

We have had colaps after colaps among the banking fraternity, first Page & Bacon went by the board, next Adams & Co. the great banking and express man, and then all the smaller fry, one after an other. They are all closed. Dust [gold] can be sold at only two places in Sonora, two produce merchants are buying. Adams & Co. office was mobbed last Sunday by the depositees. The doors were broken open, then the safe and the certificates were paid by a committee appointed by the mob. There was some $15,000 remaining after all had been paid. The mining news is of not much importance, the rains have just commenced, the winter so far been very dry. I am still at work at the old place, and making something, a party of hombres that work about 500 ft. from me that style themselves the Jackass and Tiger Co. are taking out from 100 to 250 ounces a day.

I am in good health and able to eat beef steak with any other man. I am ready to go home at any time, if you think my presence would be of any benefit, ask mother's opinion and let me know. Write often. Give my live to mother, Ellen, and Emmett.

Your Brother John Dart

Dear Brother, Sonora, June 27th 1855

I have received two letters from you dated April 12th and May 12th. I wrote a few days ago to Ellen and would have written to you the last mail but it was closed before I knew it. I have been in good health with the exception of the toothache. You speak of the high price of provisions at home. We can live cheaper here than you can. Flour is selling at 6 ½ a hundred, potatoes at 3 dollars pr 100 pound. Hams 22 cts. Fresh beef at 18 - 20. As to the high price of bread in Miss. I think that it is the best thing that could happen to the planters. It will probably learn them to raise more corn and less cotton and make them independent of Ohio and other Free Soil States to which they appear to have such an antipathy. California now raises more flour than we can use, and in the course of a few years can ship you some. If Cal. can make it profittable, I should think that Miss. could.

Tell Ellen that I have got sixteen rabbits, large and small. An Irishman shot my old buck rabbitt. He was grazing about 200 yards from the house and within about 20 yds. of the Irishmans door when the gentleman shot him. He refused to pay for him, until I threatened to prosecute him for breaking the game laws which would have cost him 100 dollars. He got me an other, a black one, though not as good as the big grey one. He was about twice the size of our rabbits at home. I have given away two pair to the ladies in the neighborhood. A Mrs. Adams gives me the run of her cabbage patch for a pair.

We have had a rumer for the last day or two, that the convicts had escaped from the penetentiary to the number of 350. If it is so, the adjoining counties will have a nice time. It is located on the bay between San Francisco and San Jose. The great invincible Democratic party in this county are split in four different ways The Fandango wing, the Bella Union wing, the Courthouse Clingers, and the Bolters. They are fighting each other tooth and nail and the divisions is not to be united. The spoils is the cause of it. Meanwhile the Know Nothings are lying back watching the game. The K.N. and Whigs will elect all their candidates.

Give my love to Mother and Ellen and write to me frequently. Direct your next letter to J. Paul Dart. There are some hombres from Arkansas here that open my letters. They want to claim kin with me but I repudiated. I am down on all Arkansas men.

Yours Brother, John Dart

Dear Brother, Sonora, August 26th 1855

I have just received your letter of the 4th of July, along with one from Ellen. I have been in the mountains about thirty miles from here, since the first of June building a flume. That is the reason that I have not written lately, and the reason that I have got none of yours before. The water failed here about the first of June and I have been working in the mountains at five dollars a day. We have built a flume eleven hundred ft. long and twenty ft. high since then. You appear to think that from my long silence that there is something wrong. I know of no way to convince you that you are wrong, if you will not take my word for it. You seem to hint that my affections are engaged by some one in this part of the world, but you are mistaken. Save my Mother, Sister and Brother, there is no one in the world that I care two straws for.

I am going to leave for home next Spring, sometimes in April or May, I have quit mining, and am going the day after the election, which is the first Wednesday in Sept. to the Mariposa about 150 miles from here to work on a flume. I shall probably be gone from here about four months. I have been offered five dollars a day. You can still direct your letters to Sonora. I can get them by express. The probability is that you will not hear from me for a month or so, I can't tell. You say that you have been sick and that Ellen has the chills. That is bad news, chills are a thing that I am entirely unfamiliar with. I have not had one since I left home. I am glad to hear that the crops are good and that there is not any danger of a famine. Speaking of politics, Governor Foote* is the great apostle of K. N. [Know Nothings] ism in this state. He is now traveling from one end of the state to the other speachifying I heard him last monday and wednesday, in Sonora. The probability is that they will carry the state by a large majority. Foote I think is fishing for the U.S. Senate and will probably get it. He hit the Democrats the hardest blow that they ever got. The right of all the state courts to grant naturalization papers has been declared by the Supreme Court to be void. Since [18]51, the state courts have naturalized some 15,000. Foote argued the case against the right of the state courts. It has been appealed. I shall vote the K. N. ticket though I don't belong to the order.

Give my love to mother and Ellen and write to me often. Recolect to Direct to, J. Paul Dart Your Brother

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*Henry Stuart Foote had been elected governor of Mississippi on a Union ticket in 1852, defeating Jefferson Davis. Unable to control the Loco Foco legis-

Dear Brother Sonora Dec 2nd 1855

I have today received your letter of the 15th of Oct. I wrote you a short letter by the last mail. I had just arrived from the San Joachim [Joaquin] River where I have been since the first of Sept. I received five dollars a day for seventy days work that I done, little enough pay, as you say for handling pines trees, on the mountain sides at an angle of 45° but I could do nothing else at that time for want of water. I hunted elk and antelope, for several days. Three of us killed nine elk and seventeen antelope, besides catching any quantity of salmon, of which there is a great quantity. All one has to do is to stand on a bar in the river with a pole and kill them as they come up. I am glad to hear that you and all are well, I would have written oftener but it was impossible in [the] situation I was in.

I am engaged in mining again. I have a claim here, which I expect to work this winter, as soon as sufficient water can be procured. I have been engaged with a company of ten others in tunnelling in Table Mountain, nearly four months. I send a paper the Sonora Democrat, which contains a short discription of Table Mountain. We have gone in about eighty feet which is considered very good progress. We have to blast every inch through hard solid granante, at a cost of 18 to 35 dollars a foot. The rock in our tunnel is softer than the majority. You have probably read a discription of the mountain Where the gold is, has been a large river, but by some convulsion it has been entirely distroyed, and the bed of the river encased in a solid rock varying in thickness from 300 to 1200 ft. A shaft sunk on top will strike the gravel at about 140 ft. The Stanilaus River runs on one side and Wood Creek on part of the other. The hight of the mountain from the Stanislaus River is about 2000 feet. The bed of the river is a study for a geologist, part of trees, leaves, human bones, diamonds, rubies, and a great many other curiousitys, together with almost fabulous amounts of gold, have been taken out. The claims are 300 feet front, running from base to base of the mountain to each man an enormous amount, which the whole outside mining region are trying to alter, but taking into consideration the time and labors it takes to get in to the gold, it is not too much. Two men can only work in a tunnel at once, and it is the only way in which it can be worked. The mountain is about fifteen miles in

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lature, he resigned and went to California, where he quickly rose to prominence. In 1858 he settled in Tennessee, was elected to the Confederate congress, and opposed vigorously the "states' rights" party of the South.

length, and it is taken up the whole length. Whether I will be fortunate enough to strike it, remains to be seen, at present it is considered that a man having a claim on Table Mountain has a fortune secured, but it is almost as hard to get at as it was to draw a deposit from Adams & Company [see letter dated 3/8/1855, above]. The mountain takes its name from its appearance. The top is as level as a table. I have been in good health, Write to me frequently. I will send the papers occasionally. Give my love to mother, Ellen, &c. and tell her that I will come home some time Next Spring.

Yours Brother J. Paul Dart

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Dear Brother, Sonora, December 29th, 1855

I have just finished two letters, one to Ellen and one to Cousin Catherine and I will send you a few lines. I expected to have got one from you the last mail but failed. Catherine has written to me for the first time. She says that she has just returned from Mont Alban and that you are all well.

I am buisily engaged mining every day. I have nine Chinamen hired at two and a half dollars a day and it keeps me buisy to boss them. I had to boot two of them last week, and make them leave for laziness.

I am in good health and had quite a jolly Christmas. I dined with a lady, Mrs. Adams. She killed the fatted gobbler. We have had very cold weather, colder than I have ever seen here before. Write to me as often as you can I sent you some papers by the last mail. Make Ellen write to me.

Give my love to mother and tell her that I am doing well, make Emmett write to me.

Your Brother J. Dart

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Dear Sister, Sonora 28th Jan. 1856

I received your letter of Dec. 3rd by the last mail, two weeks ago and I hasten to answer by return mail. You complain that I have not written to you. I have written two letters to you since I returned from the San Joachim [Joaquin] River, one on the 18th of Nov. and one on the 28th Dec. At the same time I wrote one to Ben and one to Cousin Catherine. Three by one mail, think of that.

I am in good health and have been so for a long while. You tell me to be at home by the time the young ladies return from school. What do you suppose the young ladies would care for me with my iron grey head and ragged mustache. I don't fancy your bread and butter school girls no how.

Tell Emmett to take medicine and get well and to write to me. I am of Emmett's opinion of John Hebron, that he is a slow coach.

You say that Col. Hickey is about to take up his residence at Mt Alban he appears to like that neighborhood. Ask the Col. if he reclolects the last days march to Saltillo, when he staid behind with myself and about a dozen other poor devils sick and broken down. It was kind and I never will forget it. . . . I am glad to hear that the health of Mt. A. is so good. I suppose the yellow fever did not reach you.

Give my love to mother, tell her that I will come home next summer if possible. Write to me as often as you can and don't accuse me of having forgotten you. Don't you know that the last thing that a man forgets is his mother and sister.

Your Brother, J. Paul Dart

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My Dear Brother, Sonora March 18th, 1856

I have just received your letter of the 6th Jan. a few minutes ago. I have barely time to give you a line as the mail will close in two hours and I have three miles to walk to the P.O. You can easily imagine how I feel after noting your account of affairs at home. I shall go home as soon as I possibly can though I cant possibly get off before the 18th of June. I have sold my claim on Table Mountain and can't get the money before that time. I am in good health. Give my love to Mother and Ellen.

I will write at more length by the next mail.

Write as soon as you get this. Your Brother, J. P. Dart

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Dear Brother, Sonora, 27th April, 1856

I would have written to you the last mail but I was on a Jury and hadnt time to do anything.

In my last I told you that I would leave here about the first of July and I don't think that I can get off any sooner, if [I] can, I will. If you get this in time to answer by the first of July, do so.

I am in very good health at the present. I was about a month ago a little sick with a cold but soon recovered. We have had a remarkably dry and pleasant winter and a very early Spring. The crops all over the State are unusually good and early. The speculators in San Francisco have run up the price of flour and barley about three cents, but it can't remain so long.

I will send you some papers which will probably interest you more than any thing that I can write.

I am at present mining near Sonora, but not making much. The buisiness of mining now is less remunerative than any other branch of business. All the stone and brick masons in the county, have employment for the last two months. About half of the buisiness portion of Sonora was burned, and they are building fire proof buildings. The very thing they ought to have done three years ago, they have had an average of two fires a year.

The political news is of not much interest. Gov. Foote [see footnote, letter of 8/26/1855, above] has withdrawn his name as a candidate for Senator. What he is aiming at I don't know, but he is at some dodge that will make them open their eyes. He stands the best chance for Senator of any other man in the state. I think that he has done very much since he came here. He received 20,000 dollars in one case from the state in a trial of escheated property, besides he has married two of his daughters to eminent lawyers.

I think that Fillmore will carry the state in November, but it is hard to tell anything about it here, it is not like any other state in the Union. The Democratic electors are instructed to vote for Buchanan as first choice. The Black Republicans are also going to run a ticket in this state for the first time.

Give my love to mother and Ellen and tell them that I hope to see them in four or five months. Write to me if you will have time.

Your Brother, John Dart

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Dear Brother, Sonora July 3rd, 1856

I received yours and Ellens joint letter, several days after the mail had closed for the States. Also one from Cousin Catherine of about the same date. I am glad to hear that you are all well, and I approve of all you say you have done in relation to the Chancery Suit, however, I expect to be at home in a short time. I will start about the 10 or 12 of this month, and go through by land on the Southern route. What with extortion, bad fare, sickness and the accumulation of horrors on the Isthmus, by land is the cheapest and safest. The last Nicuragua boat that arrived here reported one hundred and twenty deaths on the istmus and this side. There is a party of nine of us going together, and with two mules apiece. We expect to reach Eagle pass in about 65 days, and if there is no yellow fever in N.O. [New Orleans] we shall probably go by there. This will probably be the last letter you will get from me unless we go by the Tehon [Tejon] Reservation If we do, I will write to you from there. I think, taking everything into consideration, that you will agree with me that it is the best. It certainly is the safest and cheapest. We are all well armed, and will give the Apaches and Muscaluros a warm reception if they interfere with us, though I apprehend nothing of that kind.

They are making great preparation in Sonora to celebrate the 4th in a proper manner. There is three thousand dollars subscribed. A procession with the miners in the post of honor, orations, barbecue and to conclude with a grand display of fire works in the evening, is the programme I believe.

. . . .

The arrival of the next mail is looked too with considerable interest. It will bring news of the Cincinnati convention, so eagerly looked after by the politicians.

I am in excellent health and have been so since I recovered from the Isthmus fever in 53. I came very nigh going by the board at that time. Give my love to mother and Ellen. I would write to Ellen too but both letters would arrive by the same mail and I can hardly see the lines and words now, they look double.

Your Brother, John Dart

# The Portuguese in California

*By* Frederick G. Bohme

In 1950, California had a population of over 7,000,000, of whom some 1,000,000 were born in foreign lands.[1] This one-seventh has been a leavening factor in the state's culture; yet, because the number is and has been steadily declining since imposition of immigration restrictions in the 1920's, the cumulative influence of the foreign born has become more and more difficult to assess.

Among foreign-born groups, the Portuguese*[2] have never been numerically significant (less than 100,000 in the entire United States at the height of foreign influx); what is significant is the fact that 35.4% of them lived in California as of 1940, the others being centered around New Bedford, Mass., and in Hawaii and Rhode Island. Moreover, of the *native-born* Portuguese in the United States, 49.1% were residents of California.[3]

The first permanent Portuguese settlers to come to North America were expelled Jews who sought refuge in Holland, then went to Brazil with the Dutch forces but fled to the Atlantic-seaboard colonies when the Dutch were pushed from Brazil by the Portuguese in 1654.[4] Some of their descendants were among those who followed the gold rush to California in 1849, where they were joined by others coming directly from Portugal or from the Azores, but their interest seems to have been more in commerce than in gold.[5] Mass migration did not begin until around 1870: whereas in the decade 1861-1870, only 2658 Portuguese landed on American shores, during the next decade (1871-80) the total was 14,082, their principal method of arrival being by fishing boats from the western Azores;[6] mainland Portuguese were not numerous until after 1910.[7]

In their California setting, the Portuguese have proved to be a peace-loving group of peasant farmers and seafaring folk. By 1950 there were

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*The term "Portuguese" refers, unless otherwise specified, not only to those who came from the mainland of Portugal, but to those from the Azores, Madeira, and the Cape Verde Islands, as well. (See note 2.)

15,134 foreign-born Portuguese and 11,205 Azoreans in the state.[8] This is only 2.6% of the state's foreign-born population, but members of their race represent the nuclei of two important California industries, fishing and dairying.

If we go back several centuries to Prince Henry the Navigator (1394-1460), we see that the race's significance for the Pacific coast began with the sailing charts that were produced under Henry's initiative, for, based on these charts, Portuguese caravels were soon venturing at great distances from their home ports. In command of one of these vessels was Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, or Cabrilho, to whom the discovery of Alta California is credited. Little is known of his early life; even his birth date and native city remain open to conjecture, although authoritative sources agree that he was a Portuguese, sailing under the Spanish flag.[9] On September 28 or 29, 1542, he entered San Diego Bay. Continuing up the coast, he was in the vicinity of Drake's Bay by November 16th of the same year.[10] Stormy weather forced him to turn southward, until a landing was made on present-day San Miguel Island in the Santa Barbara Channel. Here Cabrillo died in January 1543, from an illness which followed the accidental breaking of his leg some two and a half months before.[11] A granite cross in his memory has been erected on the island by the Portuguese Society of America.[12]

Cabrillo's explorations were continued by his navigator, Bartolomeo Ferrelo (Ferraio), who was a native of the Levant but frequently termed a Portuguese. After reaching a northerly point of about 42°, near the present Oregon-California border, he too turned southward.[13]

Spanish interest in Alta California lagged until 1595, when another Portuguese, Sebastian Rodríguez Cermeño, or Cermenho, sailed from Manila on the annual galleon bound for Acapulco on the west coast of Mexico. Instructed to find a suitable way-station for the galleon, he entered what is now known as Drake's Bay on November 6, 1595—he called it "La Baya de San Francisco"—and preëmpted it for the king of Spain. (Francis Drake had taken possession in the name of the queen of England in the summer of 1579.) While Cermeño was ashore, his ship foundered in a storm, and he and his party were forced to make their way south in a launch. This halted any further attempts to explore the California coast in a Manila galleon, and led to the Spanish-born navigator, Sebastian Vizcaíno's expedition of 1602, sent out expressly to explore Alta California.[14]

From this time until the 19th century, the Pacific coast was outside the bounds of official Portuguese notice, and the Spanish colonial policy discouraged the emigration of foreigners to her empire in the New World; but the ocean itself continued to be a potential source of interest, which was reinforced by Vizcaíno's report that whales abounded there.[15]

According to the U. S. census of 1850, there were 92,597 people in the state of California, includng 109 Portuguese. These figures have been officially acknowledged to be incomplete, but they serve as a starting point.[16] Prior to 1850, the student is handicapped not only by Mexican statistical laxity and Spanish anti-immigration policies, under which foreign birth would be hidden rather than revealed, but also by the frequent translation of Portuguese names into Spanish, and later into English. Portuguese names are usually distinguishable from the Spanish by their spelling; in California, on the contrary, there has been little or no effort to maintain this difference. In 1892, *A Patria,* a Portuguese language newspaper, carried an advertisement for the Lisbon House, located on Drumm Street between Jackson and Pacific in San Francisco, and owned by John Cardozo & Co. This bears sufficient resemblance to the Portuguese spelling, Cardoço, to be recognizable; but the Lusitania [ancient Latin name for present-day Portugal] Hotel, around the corner on Jackson between Drumm and Davis, was operated by Antonio S. Alamos & Co.[17] Here further evidence would be required to establish nationality. There was also "Joaquin" [not Joaquim], the "jolly Portuguese whaler," who was a friend of Robert Louis Stevenson at Monterey in 1879. When asked his "second name," the answer was, "Just Joaquin."[18]

Anglicizing was another prevalent practice. The *San Luis Obispo County History* lists two Portuguese, Barker and Clark;[19] another source lists Bennett, Perry, Marshal, Rose, Smith, Enos, Best, Martin, White, and Oliver, all said to be Portuguese.[20] *Portugalia,* a magazine published in Oakland, regularly carried the advertisements of an insurance agent by the name of Frank Pine, but noted that he was also known as Frank Pinheiro.[21] The Silveira and Carvalho families of San Leandro, some of whom changed their name to "Oakes," are discussed below.

A final difficulty is presented by multiplicity in nomenclature. One author has pointed out that where the father has three names in Portugal, the sons might take either the second or the last name, with the result that there might be ". . . the Silverias [sic] and Souzas, the Bettencourts and Josephs, the Joaquins and Roses, who are brothers. . . ."[22]

Earliest of the Portuguese to settle, Antonio José Rocha reached Alta California in 1815 on the ship *Columbia*, became a naturalized Mexican citizen, and built a home at Spring and Franklin streets in Los Angeles. Under American occupation, it became the first city hall, and the site was later occupied by the Phillips Block that housed the city's first large department store, "Hamburger's." Records indicate that Rocha, his wife, and five children, lived in Santa Barbara in 1836.[23]

Another record for 1815 is the Russian traveler Otto van Kotzebue's statement that in the latter part of that year, "John Elliot de Castro, native of Portugal, had come to Sitka on board an American ship and was there engaged by M. [Alexander] Baronof to go as supercargo with the trading ship bound for California where he was taken prisoner with the rest of the crew."[24] (Castro subsequently went to Hawaii, where he became an adviser to the king.[25])

Late in the next decade (1820-30), James Ohio Pattie wrote of hunting sea otter in the area of Monterey with an unnamed Portuguese.[26] In 1834, José María Bollon, likewise Portuguese, was said to have been in the provincial capital itself.[27] The record southward, two years later (1836), rests on census figures for the city of Los Angeles and its jurisdiction: out of a total population of 2228 there were 1675 whites; of these, 50 were foreigners, of whom 2 were born in Portugal—Jordan Pacheco, a tavern keeper; and Manuel d'Olivera, a laborer.[28]

Some two years after the American conquest of California, Solomon Nuñez Carvalho, a Portuguese Jew who had been in America for about twenty years and had gained a reputation as painter and illustrator, was asked to join John C. Frémont's exploring expedition of 1853-1854 as the official artist. He came to California in that year and painted a number of portraits, including those of Manuel Dominguez (influential in the affairs of Los Angeles during the 1830's and later as alcalde, etc.) and of Pío Pico, who had been Mexican governor of California in 1845-1846.[29] Carvalho's account, *Incidents of Travel and Adventure in the Far West*..., contains passages not entirely adulatory of California, and it is doubtful that he was instrumental in attracting many new immigrants. For example, there were so many murders committed in Los Angeles at that time that it "became dangerous to walk abroad after night..."; and not only were the miscreants in southern California two-footed, but the country was "infested with millions of ground squirrels," which destroyed vegetation and necessitated the importation of strychnine in such great quantities that it became "an important article of trade."[30]

In addition to the circumstances, already mentioned, which make difficult a true numerical analysis of the Portuguese in California over the years, there are the discrepancies between the U. S. immigration authorities' report for the period 1820-1910[31] (apparently based on custom-house records at the port of San Francisco, where, from 1848 to 1870, no distinction was made between Portuguese, Azoreans and other minor foreign groups[32]) and the figures published in San Francisco in 1946.[33]

As it is generally accepted that most of the earliest Portuguese arrivals were sailors who left their ships to mine or to trade or to farm,[34] the census reports—though incomplete owing to the scattered condition of the mining population, the loss of records during the count, etc.—give a better indication of the influx of these people to California than the immigration commission's figures for the nation. Especially is this so, because many of the immigrants continued on to this state after a stay in other parts of the country. About 1840, for example, a group of Portuguese emigrated to Louisiana to work on the sugar plantations. The men inter-married with creoles, and in 1865, after the abolition of slavery, moved to California.[35] Still others were drawn from New England,[36] and more came from Hawaii. The latter had gone to the islands between 1878 and 1899, and some 2000 of them had come to California between 1911 and 1914 due to poor working conditions and low wages in the pineapple and sugar industries.[37] Throughout the entire period, their focal point was the San Francisco Bay area, from which they spread to the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys; a lesser number to Monterey; and another group to San Diego.[38]

From the evidence available, it appears that the first Portuguese in the far west were fishermen from the Azore Islands who had come to California through the New Bedford, Mass., shipyards, where a large whaling fleet was based and where Portuguese in considerable numbers had settled. Their vessels stopped at San Francisco, which became a way-station for the Arctic;[39] so that, aside from those who entered the mining fields either to dig or to supply the miners, the 1850 and 1860 enumerations show that a majority were, or had recently been, seamen. They were engaged in "ship whaling"—that is, the mammals were taken far from shore, and some of the processing was done on board ship. The prevalence of whales along the California coast, however, led to the opening of the "shore-whaling" technique, which, after the gold rush, became dominated by the Portuguese.

Around 1854, an American, Capt. J. P. Davenport, seems to have been the brains behind the Monterey Whaling Co., chartered that year.[40] As reported by the Sacramento *Daily Union* of March 14, 1855, "During the year a number of Portuguese whalers have established themselves at Monterey for the purpose of capturing such whales as are indigenous to the coast."[41] Between April and September 1854, they are said to have captured five California gray whales, nine humpbacks, and four killer whales, netting the men $438 each.[42] In 1855, some seventeen Portuguese organized themselves into what became known as the "Old Company," which, for the next 3 years, garnered 800 or so barrels of whale oil per year. Davenport, after having been in and out of business in that locality several times, withdrew in the early 1860's, giving way to the "New Company of Portuguese Whalers."[43] Relics of their operations are the sections of whalebone pavement preserved in Monterey.[44]

The most prominent Portuguese in the industry was Capt. Joseph Clark (né Machado), who came to California about 1852 from the Azores.[45] He was connected with a whaling ship based at San Diego in 1858, and was still there in 1860-1861.[46] At that time Clark estimated that there were some 60 whaling ships operating along the Lower California coast, a majority of the crews (although not the officers) being Portuguese.[47] After a stay at Portuguese Bend near San Pedro in 1864, Captain Clark founded, the next year, the San Simeon Co. of shore whalers of which he was sole owner. According to reports in 1878, some 25 whales were taken a year with 5 whaleboats, each 30 feet or less in length. Operations were suspended for a time in 1889, and the last recorded catches there were in 1892.[48]

At one time or another in the 1870's, there were as many as 14 stations operating at once along the coast from Crescent City to San Diego; by 1886, only 5 remained: Monterey, San Simeon, San Luis Obispo, Point Conception, and San Diego.[49] Many were abandoned due to the low price of oil in the 1880's, caused in part by the increasing competition of petroleum; but the station at Portuguese Bend (near San Pedro) was closed as early as 1875 because of the difficulty of obtaining fresh water.[50]

Whaling operations appealed to travelers and to their talent for description. Of the station at Pigeon Point, Col. Albert S. Evans had this to say: "The men are all 'Gees'—Portuguese from the Azores or the Western Islands. . . . [a] stout, hard-looking race, grossly ignorant, dirty and superstitious. They work hard, and are doing well in business."[51] The proportion of Portuguese, according to this comment, was about double that at the San Luis Obispo establishment, operating between 1869 and 1887, where about half the personnel were said to be Portuguese.[52] The station at Carmel, opened in 1862 by a group of Azoreans and Madeirans from Monterey, was described at length by Capt. Charles Melville Scammon as it appeared when he visited it in the early 1870's. As he saw it, the station was "a pleasant retreat" for the men, away from "the rough voyages experienced on board the whaling ship. The surrounding scenery is broken into majestic spurs and peaks, like their own native isles. . . ."[53] Captain Scammon estimated that over a 22-year period the returns from shore whaling had amounted to some $1,250,000 worth of oil;[54] but toward the end of the 1880's the scarcity of whales along the coast,[55] the decline in the demand for oil, coupled with the use of ocean-going vessels and more modern methods, resulted in the demise of the shore-whaling industry.

In the 1890's, a whaling fleet operated out of San Francisco, many of the ships being owned by New Bedford interests. The masters were, in general, Americans, but the lower-grade officers (boat steerers and boat headers) were nearly all colored men or Portuguese from the Cape Verde Islands.[56] Out of a total of 645 men comprising the whalers' crews in 1892, Americans formed the largest group; the Portuguese were second with 93, or only about 15%.[57] But a change was already in progress among the Portuguese, toward other activities based on the wealth of the sea. David Starr Jordan noted that in the 1880's most of the San Francisco fisheries and the chief markets were in the hands of Italians and Portuguese.[58] By 1888, the Portuguese accounted for almost 20% of the foreign-born engaged in the ocean fisheries of California.[59] The proportion varied with place. In Monterey County, for instance, although most of the white fishermen were Portuguese, they were outnumbered 2 to 1 by the Chinese; nevertheless the whites accounted for 3 times the Chinese catch. In Los Angeles County the proportion was less: of those engaged in vessel fishing, 3 out of 10 were Portuguese; and in San Francisco County, only 120 out of a total of 1782.[60]

It appears that most of the Portuguese left San Diego after the cessation of offshore whaling at that port, for the manuscript census of 1870 reveals none there whatever.[61] In 1880, there were reportedly only 1 or 2, but by 1893 several more had arrived and were fishing in 1-man boats for albacore, bonito, and yellowtail, which they pickled for the Sandwich Island trade. Beginning with an experimental shipment of 3660 pounds in 1891, this delicacy caught on readily, and in 1892 some 34,300 pounds were exported[62]—only to decline with the advent of the canneries.

Commercial fishing in California attained its greatest growth after the beginning of the 20th century, the Portuguese, over the years, being sixth among the national groups so engaged, with the U. S.-born first and the Italians second. Their importance varies: around San Diego, the Portuguese now represent the largest foreign-born group in the industry,[63] whereas at Los Angeles, Monterey, and San Francisco, they are minor in number compared to the Italians. The latter first set the San Diego fishing industry in motion, but they were soon replaced by the Portuguese, who, operating on a relatively small scale until 1911, perfected their canning methods to such an extent that they could tap distant markets in the sale of tuna. Prior to that time, tuna had been thrown overboard as unfit to eat.[64]

On the bay side of Point Loma, there are now some 5000 second- and third-generation Portuguese, principally Azoreans and Madeirans, who own and operate a tuna fleet, which is on the high seas 3 to 4 months of the year.[65] Their lack of connection with San Diego's city life has kept them in a peculiarly Portuguese environment, but they have been quick to adopt modern methods. For example, their early boats had been only 30 feet in length; contrasting with this is the *Conte Bianco,* built in San Diego in 1951, which is 127 feet long, with a cruising range of 12,000 miles. Two years before, the *Espirito Santo* had been equipped with a helicopter for scouting purposes.[66]

Figures for the state as a whole indicate that, as of 1950, foreign-born Portuguese represented little more than 3% of the men engaged in fishing in California (468 out of 14,962).[67] Yet, they and their sons, with their native skills, have played a major part in bringing an industry from small beginnings to one involving a catch of 694,977,000 pounds, valued at $71,982,774.[68]

Originating in a country with an agricultural economy, the Portuguese immigrants to California who were not fisherfolk came from the land, and in their new environment they turned to it again. They were by far in the majority.

In their native islands, where there were, and still are, no factories, mines, mills, or railroads, the Azoreans had had to exist as best they could. Many left without obtaining passports, because of the threat of conscription; consequently there is no official record of their departure.[69] Similar conditions extended to the mainland, the bulk of the emigrants being peasants and agricultural laborers whose most pressing motive was poverty. In California they had the opportunity of remaining more fully in their own groups and occupations than in industrial areas in the eastern United States,[70] hence its attraction.

The countryside around San Leandro soon became one of their rallying points. They began arriving as early as 1854, when the district was just starting to be developed. Gradually they bought land, often paying exorbitant prices.[71] One of the investors was Antonio E. Silva, who in 1861 purchased land on the north side of San Leandro Creek, and founded a family which has been in the region ever since. In later years some of the members changed their names to "Carvalho," and others adopted the anglicized "Oakes." (It was in their honor that Oakes Boulevard in San Leandro was named.[72]) Some 20 Portuguese families were living in San Leandro by 1869, mostly engaged in diversified farming; 40 years later (1909), first and second generation Portuguese constituted two-thirds of the town's inhabitants.[73]

In that year (1909), the immigration commission made a field study of a group of these people, and found them extremely individualistic truck farmers. Of the 56 farms studied, 45 were owned and prosperous, their proprietors usually relying on hand labor for their crops and employing their own countrymen almost exclusively. They also largely married within their own group, although they associated with Americans and adopted English as a speaking language more readily than other nationalities, such as the Italians.[74] Later in the 20th century many of these truck farmers turned to dairying, and the Portuguese now produce much of the area's milk.[45]

In 1868 or 1869, certain Azoreans came from the San Francisco Bay area to work around Sacramento. They were joined by others, and took up bottom land along the Sacramento River which later became very valuable under reclamation. Almost without exception they came as young people and children, and stayed to become excellent vegetable farmers.[76] In the 1880's, Azoreans took up farming and sheep raising in Fresno County,[77] and about the same time Portuguese were found working in the vineyards of Santa Clara County.[78] Moving farther into the San Joaquin Valley, many took up leaseholds of from 120 to 600 acres in the early 1880's. Here, with larger acreages planted with field, feed, and grain crops, they operated in companies of 6 to 15 men, usually unmarried.[79]

Vegetable growing among the Portuguese in Alameda and Contra Costa counties continued through 3 or 4 generations,[80] and just south of San Francisco some began to specialize in the cultivation of artichokes.[81]

J. B. Avila, a native of the Azores, who came to California in 1883 and worked for a time in the vegetable fields near Niles and Mission San Jose, appears to have been responsible for a whole new industry. He missed one of his Azorean-diet staples, sweet potatoes, and resolved to do something about it. In 1888 he bought 20 acres of flood land near Merced at $1 an acre, whereas the going price for regular farmland in the area was $100. Here he planted some sweet potatoes from the Azores. With cultivation and irrigation, they multiplied rapidly from a small patch to 6 or 7 acres the next year. The sweet potato was soon accepted in the restaurants and hotels of San Francisco, and its cultivation spread to the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys. From Avila's small beginning, the town of Atwater grew to be the center of the industry. Even after retiring from active farming, Avila continued to be an important potato buyer and exporter, and, as the "Father of the Sweet Potato Industry," was one of the first officers of the growers' association.[82]

After the turn of the century, Portuguese in great number were found among the fruit pickers of Sonoma County and the surrounding area, being, with the Japanese, the most numerous foreign group prior to World War I.[83] Yet by the mid-1920's the Portuguese accounted for only 2% of the total foreign workers in California labor-camps.[84]

As we have seen, the practice among Portuguese-speaking people in California was to acquire land and settle on it as rapidly as they could, with the result that, by 1920, about 15,000 first-generation Portuguese and Azoreans accounted, among themselves, for some 10% of the farms owned by foreign-born whites in California.[85]

Of great importance in recent years has been the place of the Portuguese in the dairy industry. Just before and after World War I, a group of dairy workers entered the United States and were hired as milkers in California. As their savings grew, they left their Dutch, Swiss, Danish, and other employers, and bought land and herds of their own. Today, the Portuguese constitute a major factor in the industry,[86] with representatives all over the state: in the north, around Eureka, they produce milk for the manufacture of evaporated milk, butter, cottage cheese, and ice cream; in southern California they constitute the second largest group in the industry, controlling 10 to 20% of the herds—the Dutch are first, with about 50%. About 150 Portuguese are engaged in dairying in the Los Angeles metropolitan area alone, and, of these, some 100 are first generation, many still illiterate. Nevertheless, on their 10 to 20 acres of land, they and their families own and milk herds of from 150 to 200 cows.

Portuguese activities in the San Joaquin Valley are widespread. Here they own stores and operate cattle-feed lots as well as engage in milking. In the upper valley, around manufacturing areas such as Los Banos, they maintain smaller herds of 25 to 30, but further south, around Tulare, the Portuguese are in the majority and own from 30 to 60 milch cows per farm. In ownership of their own land, they exceed even the Danish group with whom they compete. Lower in the San Joaquin Valley, from 70 to 75% of the dairy herds are said to be owned by Portuguese, their herds tending to exceed in size those of any other national group. From the fact that a quarter of the 38,000,000 gallons of fluid milk sold each month in the state comes from this valley, and two-thirds of the 4,500,000 pounds of milk-fat, used a month in manufacturing, is also produced here, the commanding position of the Portuguese is readily apparent.[87] Several of the second generation have risen to high position in the industry. One, Dominic Veiga, has been secretary of one of the Los Angeles associations for many years; and the late Manuel Toste was for a long period manager of the Los Angeles Mutual Dairymen.

The general prosperity of the dairy industry has caused an almost complete change in the living habits of these Portuguese. On their arrival and for many years thereafter they often had been content to live at a mere subsistence level, with little interest in education or community participation. Now, with prosperity and some urging by their American-born children, comfortable and substantial homes have been built; they have encouraged the erection of churches in their midst; and their mutual benefit societies and the Roman Catholic Church (of which 98% are members) have given them social and community outlets. With the advent of greater numbers, they built their own places of worship: first at Centerville in 1888, and then in Oakland, Sacramento, East San Jose, Artesia, Point Loma, and East Oakland.[88] Also, a Portuguese Methodist Church was established in 1904 by the descendants of a group of Madeiran Protestants, who had settled in Illinois around 1850.[89]

One of their festivals, the Festa do Espirito Santo, is peculiarly Portuguese. It is celebrated annually on the Saturday preceding Whitsunday, and commemorates the prayers offered by the now-sainted 13th-century Queen Isabel of Portugal to the Holy Spirit, promising that a church would be built to His honor if the famine, from which her people were suffering, was relieved. Her prayers were answered by the arrival of ships laden with food. On this festive day a special sopa do Espirito Santo is prepared—beef soup poured over bread and mint leaves—and served to the populace.[90] Another holiday, observed by many, commemorates both the discovery of the Azores on April 3, 1432, and the death of St. Anthony on the same day 200 years earlier.[91]

Of the fraternal and mutual-benefits societies mentioned above, the first in the state was the Associaçao Portuguesa Protectora e Beneficiente, also known as the Benevolent Society of California. It was founded in 1868 in San Francisco, and was soon followed by a succession of eight others,[92] almost all of which provide disability as well as life insurance. In 1953 they represented an aggregate of 58,608 life-insurance policies to the value of $35,310,724, and assets—mostly in stocks and bonds—of $10,397,921. The Sociedade Portuguesa Rainha Santa Izabel, founded in 1898, has the largest number of policyholders —14,078—followed by the Benevolent Society with 10,022. Collectively, they are unique in that they are the only fraternal groups of any kind which were organized within the state and that are at present licensed to sell insurance. Other nationalities are represented by organizations which have their headquarters elsewhere; but, aside from the Germans who far exceed any, few measure up to the performance of the Portuguese mutual-benefit societies in California.[93]

Various other social clubs have existed. The "Clube Luso-Americano," the "Real Associaçao Benemerita Autonomica Micaelense," the "Clube Lusitania," and the "Clube Civico Portugues-Americano" (the last-named boasting over 500 members), all flourished in Oakland alone in the 1930's.[94]

While some three-fifths of the arrivals up to 1917 (when the U. S. congress passed legislation requiring a literacy test for immigrants) were unable to read or write, and have tended to remain so,[95] at least 20 newspapers have come and gone since the first, *A Voz Portugueza*, was established in San Francisco in 1880.[96] The only one which has survived thus far, aside from the bulletins of the various fraternal organizations, is the weekly *Jornal Português*, published in Oakland since 1924. These newspapers have represented the viewpoints of the Church, shades of political opinion, and the labor movements of the early 20th century, but they have also preserved close ties with the mother country. The papers whose readers were Azoreans, in particular, reported in detail the births, deaths, and social events of the various home islands in addition to vital statistics for the California community.[97]

The magazine *Portugalia*, published at irregular times from Christmas 1931 until June 1932, was devoted to club notices, advertisements, serialized histories of Portugal, a course in Portuguese for American readers, and an apparently unsuccessful subscription contest. It was merged with *O Portugal*, which continued for a short while longer.[98] Certain of the fraternal groups publish monthly newspapers or bulletins, but they deal primarily with association activities.

Portuguese-language radio programs, originating from time to time in the San Francisco Bay region through Oakland station KLX, KROW, and KTAB, have been broadcast for many years.[99] They were reported at one time from Long Beach,[100] and are still broadcast from KCOK in Tulare, the latter serving approximately 25,000 who speak this tongue in Tulare and Kings counties.[101]

The Portuguese people have found their place in the economy of California with a minimum of friction. Although many (4469 in one of the peak years of 1930) were located in the city of Oakland alone,[102] they have tended to move outward from the urban areas, and hence have had little conflict with established institutions.[103] Those who have remained in the cities have usually been domestic servants, plumbers, shopkeepers, etc., serving their own group.[104] There have been complaints, on the one hand, of their lack of enterprise compared to the Italians;[105] on the other hand, of an excess of energy: "Sometimes the small boy of the large family harnesses his smaller sister to a three-prong harrow and drives her between the rows of sugar beets and corn. . . ."[106]

With an almost continual movement toward the rural areas, it became progressively easier rather than more difficult for the Portuguese to retain their Old World way of life and family pattern, although compulsory education tends to break this down.[107] As a rule, children join their parents in family enterprises, and under this system there has been little need for the first generation to become assimilated in the American cultural and economic pattern.[108] Roughly, 50% of the first-generation Portuguese had arrived before 1910;[109] fewer after 1917 when literacy tests were applied; and only a scant number since 1930, when their quota was set at 440 per year.[110] In 1930, national figures indicate that only 19.3% of voting-age Portuguese had bothered to take out naturalization papers—or 28th among all nations in this respect.[111]

A survey in 1940 showed that nearly a third of the Portuguese (as distinct from the Azoreans) lived in rural Alameda County, and a quarter in similar sections of the San Joaquin Valley—especially in Merced, Stanislaus, San Joaquin, and King counties. There is one settlement of about 1000 foreign-born Portuguese in the Sacramento Valley, with others scattered nearby and in minor settlements in the north-coast counties.[112]

Portuguese-speaking people from the Azores are the most rural of all national groups in California. Alameda County (as of 1940) had almost twice as many as any other county; two-fifths lived in the San Joaquin Valley, and a third in Santa Clara County. Some 8% lived in the Sacramento Valley, and less than 5% in the north-coast counties.[113]

Although the numbers of Portuguese-speaking people in California have decreased due to death, returns to Portugal, and lack of fresh immigration, the statistical pattern over the years remains the same—the preponderance of rural (both farm and non-farm) over urban.[114]

The median value of a Portuguese rural, non-farm home in 1930 was $3494, which was the lowest among any group except the Spanish;[115] and they had the highest number of persons per family (3.7) next to the Spanish.[116] Small though they were, over 60% of Portuguese homes were paid for,[117] their owners in this way making themselves a permanent and stable part of the California scene. Especially since World War II, their standard of living has also kept pace with a general rise which has left behind no significant portion of the population. Thus the history of the Portuguese in California is not unique, but is rather an integral part of the larger story of the state's growth during the last century.

## NOTES

1. In actual numbers: 7,211,825 and 1,021,356, respectively. *U. S. Census of Population; 1950 General Characteristics, California* ... (Washington, 1952), II, pt. 5, ch. B, Table 17, pp. 5-63. Tabulation refers to persons 21 years old and over.

2. From an anthropological viewpoint, Portuguese-speaking immigrants from the Azores were often part Flemish, with perhaps a negroid strain; those from the Portuguese mainland possesed some Moorish or Negro admixtures; and the Cape Verdeans (also known as "Bravas," from the island of Brava in the Cape Verde group, from which the majority came), being very dark in color were sometimes spoken of as "Black Portuguese." Census treatment varies over the years: Azoreans have sometimes been listed separately; in other instances, they have been included with "Western Isles," and Cape Verdeans in African (non-white) tabulations. (*See* Edlefsen, note 34 below, pp. 266-67.)

3. *The Population of California* (San Francisco, c. 1946), Table 68, p. 174.

4. Benedicta Quinino dos Santos, "Portuguese Yankees," *Américas*, V. (August 1953), 21.

5. Doris M. Wright, "The Making of Cosmopolitan California—an Analysis of Immigration, 1848-1870," *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, XX (March 1941), 73.

6. Leo Pap, *Portuguese-American Speech* ... (New York, 1949), pp. 6-7.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 7. In 1886, J. B. Wilbor, U. S. vice-and-deputy consul general at Lisbon stated that emigration was discouraged; no official record was kept nor were departures for the U. S. noted in custom-house or police reports. U. S. Congress, 2nd sess., *House Ex. Doc.*, no. 157, (Washington, 1887), p. 323.

8. *U. S. Census*, note 1 above, Table 24, pp. 5-65; Table 5, pp. 3A-71, "Nativity and Parentage," Ser. P-E, No. 3A.

9. Henry R. Wagner, *Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, Discoverer of the Coast of California* (San Francisco: Calif. Hist. Soc., 1941), pp. 10-14.

10. Charles E. Chapman, *A History of California: The Spanish Period* (New York, 1921), pp. 76-81, citing H. E. Bolton, *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest, 1542-1706* (New York, 1916).

11. Wagner, *op. cit.*, pp. 13-14, 20-23.

12. Federal Writers Project, *Santa Barbara, A Guide to the Channel City and Its Environs* (New York, 1940), p. 74.

13. Chapman, *op. cit.*, pp. 81-83; Robert Glass Cleland, *From Wilderness to Empire* (New York, 1944), p. 13.

14. Robert F. Heizer, *Archaeological Evidence of Sebastian Rodríguez Cermeno's California Visit in 1595* (San Francisco: Calif. Hist. Soc., 1942); Celestino Soares, *California and the Portuguese* (Lisbon, 1939), pp. 44-45; Chapman, *op. cit.*, pp. 116-23, 124ff.

15. Edwin C. Starks, "A History of California Shore Whaling," Calif. Bur. Marine Fisheries, *Fish Bulletin*, no. 6 (Sacramento, 1923), p. 6.

16. Note 3 above, p. 4.

17. *A Patria,* Oakland, Oct. 19, 1892, p. 4.

18. Anne B. Fisher, *No More a Stranger* (Stanford, 1946), p. 237.

19. *History of San Luis Obispo County* ... (Oakland, 1883), p. 387.

20. Ninth Census of the United States [1870], X, San Luis Obispo County, California (manuscript).

21. *Portugalia,* I, *passim.*

22. Emily Y. Mowry, "Portuguese Colonies in California, a Problem in Race Amalgamation," *Out West,* I (n. s.), Jan. 7, 1911, p. 116.

23. H. H. Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco, 1884-1890), II, 273, 393, 565; J. Gregg Layne, *Annals of Los Angeles* ... (San Francisco, 1935), p. 13.

24. Otto von Kotzebue, *A Voyage of Discovery* ..., tr. by H. E. Lloyd (London, 1821), I, 287.

25. Andrew F. Rolle, unpublished manuscript.

26. James Ohio Pattie, *The Personal Narrative of James Ohio Pattie of Kentucky* ..., in Reuben Gold Thwaites, ed., *Early Western Travels, 1748-1846* (Cleveland, 1904-1907), XVIII, 305.

27. Bancroft, *op. cit.,* II, 723.

28. J. Gregg Layne, "The First Census of the Los Angeles District," *Hist. Soc. South. Calif. Quarterly,* XVIII (Sept.-Dec. 1936), 83; "Padrón de la Ciudad de Los Angeles y su Jurisdicción, año 1836," manuscript leaves 25, 33 (photostats).

29. Solomon Nuñes Carvalho, *Incidents of Travel and Adventure in the Far West* ... (New York, 1857), pp. 246, 250; reprinted in 1954 by the Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia. See also biographical notes on Dominguez and Pío Pico in Bancroft, *op. cit.,* II, 783, and IV, 778-79.

30. Carvalho, *op. cit.,* pp. 244, 250.

31. 61st Cong., 2nd Sess., *Sen. Ex. Doc.,* no. 756 (Washington, 1911), "Statistical Review of Immigration, 1820-1910," III, Table 9, pp. 14-44.

32. Wright, note 5 above, XIX (Dec. 1940), 343.

33. Note 3 above, p. 68. In addition to loss of records (while en route and by fire, *ibid.,* p. 4), relating to the very localities where the Portuguese were heavily concentrated, it is probable that many should have been listed as "Azoreans" instead of "Portuguese."

34. Pap, note 6 above; John B. Edlefsen, "Portuguese Americans," in Francis J .Brown and Joseph S. Roucek, eds., *One America* (New York, 1937: 3rd ed.), p. 265; Wright, *op. cit.,* XX (March 1941), 73.

35. Pap, *op. cit.,* p. 5.

36. [Joseph Berger], *In Great Waters, the Story of the Portuguese Fishermen,* by Jeremiah Digges [pseud.] (New York, 1951), p. xvii.

37. Gerald A. Estep, "Portuguese Assimilation in Hawaii and California," *Sociology and Social Research,* XXVI (Sept.-Oct., 1941), 61.

38. Pap, *op. cit.,* p. 8.

39. Berger, *op. cit.,* p. xvi.

40. Starks, note 15 above, p. 17.

41. *Loc. cit.*

42. *Loc. cit.*

43. *Ibid*, p. 18.

44. Fisher, note 18 above, p. 237.

45. *History S. Luis Obispo Co. . . ., loc. cit.*

46. Benjamin Hayes, "Emigrant Notes" (manuscript, Bancroft Library).

47. Starks, *op. cit.*, pp. 11, 21.

48. *Ibid.*, pp. 26-27; *History S. Luis Obispo Co. . . ., op. cit.*, p. 333; U. S. Com. Fish and Fisheries, *Report for the Year 1888* (Washington, 1888), XVI, 52.

49. Starks, *op. cit.*, p. 20; W[illiam] L. Scofield, "California Fishing Report," Calif. Bur. Marine Fisheries, *Fish Bulletin*, no. 96 (Sacramento, 1954), pp. 16-17. (Dates given are approximate.)

50. U. S. Com. Fish . . ., note 48 above, pp. 35, 43-44.

51. Albert S. Evans, *A la California, Sketch of the Golden State* (San Francisco, 1873), p. 44.

52. Note 50 above, pp. 52, 55.

53. Charles M. Scammon, *The Marine Mammals of the North-Western Coast of North America* (San Francisco, 1874), p. 250.

54. *Ibid.*, p. 251.

55. U. S. Com. Fish . . ., *Report for the Year ending June 30, 1893* (Washington, 1893), XIX, 194.

56. *Ibid.*, 1888, XVI, 76.

57. *Ibid.*, 1893, XIX, 205.

58. David Starr Jordan, "The Fisheries of California," *Overland Monthly*, XX (2nd. ser., Nov. 1892), p. 478.

59. U. S. Com. Fish . . ., *Report*, 1888, XVI, 21, 34.

60. *Ibid.*, 1893, XIX, 153, 195.

61. Note 20 above, VI, San Diego County, 461-531 (manuscript).

62. U. S. Com. Fish . . ., *Report*, 1893, XIX, 189.

63. In 1947-48, the Portuguese around San Diego numbered 318 out of a total of 2405 so employed. Calif. Bur. Marine Fisheries, "The Commercial Fish Catch of California . . . years 1948-1949," *Fish Bulletin*, no. 80 (Sacramento, 1951), pp. 202-203. These are, of course, first generation; a great many of the U. S.-born are of Portuguese extraction.

64. Scofield, note 49 above, p. 152.

65. Federal Writers Project, *San Diego, a California City* [San Diego, c. 1937], pp. 14, 46, 57.

66. Edward J. P. Davis, *Historical San Diego* ([San Diego], 1953), p. 103.

67. *Fish Bulletin*, note 63 above, p. 17.

68. Calif. Bur. Marine Fisheries, "The Commercial Fish Catch of California . . . Year 1952 . . ." *Fish Bulletin*, no. 95 (Sacramento, 1954), p. 53.

69. 48th Cong., 2nd Sess., *House Ex. Doc.*, no. 54, pt 2 (Washington, 1885), "U. S. Consular Reports, Labor in Europe," pp. 1650-51.

70. Pap, *op. cit.*, pp. 11-14.

71. 61st Cong., 2nd sess., *Sen. Ex. Doc.*, no. 633, pt. 25 (Washington, 1911), "Immigrants in Industries . . . Agriculture," II, 489-91; Reginald R. Stuart, *San Leandro . . . a History* (San Leandro, 1951), pp. 143-44.

72. Stuart, *ibid.*, p. 163.

73. "Immigrants in Industries . . .," note 71 above, p. 489; *cf.* Pap, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

74. "Immigrants . . .," *ibid.*, pp. 293, 316-18

75. Federal Writers Project, *California, a Guide to the Golden State* (New York, 1940), p. 599.

76. "Immigrants . . .," *op. cit.*, pp. 326, 330, 341-57.

77. *Ibid.*, p. 567; Virginia E. Thickens, "Pioneer Agricultural Colonies of Fresno County," *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, XXV (June 1946), 175.

78. William H. Bishop, *Old Mexico and Her Lost Provinces* (New York, 1889), pp. 359-60.

79. *Ibid.*, pp. 412-13.

80. Federal Writers Project, *San Francisco, the Bay and its Cities* (New York, 1940), p. 379.

81. Federal Writers Project, *Festivals in San Francisco* ([Stanford], 1939), pp. 26-27.

82. Theotonio I. Martins, "Batatas Doces," *Portugalia*, I (Jan. 15, 1932), 6.

83. Calif. Com. Immigration and Housing, "Report on Unemployment," suppl. to *First Annual Report*, December 9, 1914 (Sacramento, 1915), p. 59.

84. Calif. Com. Immigration . . ., note 83 above, *Annual Report*, Jan. 1925 (Sacramento, 1925), p. 16; *idem*, *Annual Report*, Jan. 1927 (Sacramento, 1927), p. 27.

85. *U. S. Fourteenth Census* . . . 1920 (Washington, 1922), VI, pt. 3, "Agriculture," Table 16, p. 337. Azoreans are presumably included in this tabulation. No other figures are available for comparison. In prior censuses, the Portuguese were included with other countries, and in subsequent ones no breakdown is made by nationality.

86. Information on diary industry obtained, unless otherwise stated, from personal interview on April 22, 1955, with Mr. Ned Clinton, mgr., Protected Milk Producers Assoc., Paramount, Calif.

87. Average figures from the *Dairy Information Bulletin*, XI (Dec. 1954), *passim*. For the importance of the Portuguese, *cf.* Carey McWilliams, *California: the Great Exception* (New York, 1949), p. 114.

88. Soares, note 14 above, pp. 64-65.

89. Pap, *op. cit.*, p. 155 note. Reference to standard works has not revealed any Portuguese among the many missionaries who visited California during the provincial period.

90. Note 81 above, *loc. cit.*

91. *Portugalia,* I (Feb. 29, 1932), 4; *cf.* Easter issue, I (March 1932), 2, 3, 16.

92. Soares, *op. cit.*, p. 63.

93. Calif. Dept. of Insurance, *Eighty-sixth Annual Report . . . for the Year ended December 31, 1953* ([Sacramento], n. d.), pp. 173-75, 180-81, 208 ff. Their disability insurance operations reflected a 33% loss.

94. Advertisements and notices, *Portugalia,* I (Jan. 15-Feb. 29, 1932), *passim.*

95. "Immigrants in Industries," note 71 above, p. 492; Urban T. Holmes, "Portuguese Americans," in Francis J. Brown and Joseph S. Roucek, eds., *Our Racial and National Minorities* (New York, 1937), p. 397.

96. A government survey in 1909 indicated that most Portuguese subscribed, some even to two or more newspapers. "Immigrants in Industries . . .," *op. cit.*, p. 355.

97. For names of Portuguese-language newspapers published in California, *see* Soares, *op. cit.*, p. 62; Common Council for American Unity, *Foreign Language Publications in the United States* (New York, 1952); W. P. A., *History of Foreign Journalism in San Francisco* [Vol. I of series entitled, "History of Journalism in San Francisco"] (San Francisco, 1939), pp. 68-69.

98. *Portugalia,* XII [I], June 1932, p. 4.

99. Holmes, note 95 above, p. 399; advertisement, *Portugalia,* I, Dec. 1931, p. 11. KTAB, operated in the 1930's by Portuguese Broadcasters [firm name], is no longer in existence.

100. Estep, note 37 above, p. 61.

101. Letter, May 1955, from J. Alan Rinehart, station manager: "We consider the Portuguese purchasing power in Tulare and Kings Counties to be far in excess of the normal per capita due to the many Portuguese dairymen and cotton-cattle ranchers."

102. *U. S. Fifteenth Census . . .* 1930 . . ., "California, Composition and Character of the Population" (Washington, 1933), p. 41.

103. Estep, *op. cit.*, p. 68.

104. Holmes, *op. cit.*, p. 401.

105. *Ibid.*

106. Mowry, note 22 above, p. 115.

107. Estep, *op. cit.*, p. 64.

108. Interview with Mr. Ned Clinton, April 22, 1955, note 86 above.

109. *The Population of California,* note 3 above, Table 24, p. 84.

110. Edlefsen, note 34 above, p. 266.

111. Marian Schisby, "Naturalization in the United States," in Brown and Roucek, note 95 above, p. 678. In the U. S. as a whole, only 498 Portuguese took out second papers between 1923 and 1928; 759 in 1929-36; but in 1937, alone, there were 1304 who completed this step. Holmes, *op. cit.*, p. 400.

112. *The Population of California, op. cit.*, p. 159.

113. *Ibid.*

114. *Fifteenth Census*, note 102 above, p. 12; and *Population of California, op. cit.*, Table 61, p. 163: as of 1940, *total urban*, 11,707; *total rural*, 17,921.

115. *Fifteenth Census* ... "Special Report on Foreign Born White Families by Country of Birth of Head ...," *op. cit.*, Table 16, p. 80.

116. *Ibid.*, Table 17, p. 95.

117. *Ibid.*, Table 14, p. 59.

118. Among the localities in California, whose names are suggestive of Portuguese activities, are: "Portuguese Bend," near San Pedro; and, in the mining area, "Portuguese Flat"; also, former "Portuguese," now "Hazel Creek." Erwin G. Gudde, *California Place Names* (Berkeley, 1949), p. 270.

# Julius Wangenheim

## *An Autobiography*

*(Continued)*

I lived in San Francisco and commuted daily to Berkeley. The trip, by ferry and rail, took forty-five minutes and landed us at Shattuck Avenue, just as at present. Walking to the college, we passed Strawberry Creek and the big oaks as one does now, and then along a grove of eucalyptus trees which flanked the campus on the north and on the south. Many of these have since been cut down. When we spoke of the campus then, we did not mean the huge area of today, but only the drill and football grounds in front of the buildings.

The college buildings were North Hall, South Hall, the Mechanics Building, the Library, the Gymnasium, and a little observatory on the hill. That was all. In North Hall there were lecture rooms, an assembly hall with a large picture of Bishop Berkeley, and a basement with dingy wooden lockers where we kept our uniforms (drill was obligatory). Next to the locker rooms was housed the printing press of the two weekly papers—*The Occident* and *The Berkeleyan.* To North Hall belonged the famous steps on which we were wont to lounge, and which were dear to the memory of all graduates. South Hall held lecture rooms and laboratories. In the Mechanics Building were lecture rooms and drafting rooms with equipment for mechanical engineering; electrical engineering had not yet come in. The Library was a circular building with alcoves built radially; it had a museum upstairs, hardly worth seeing, and I visited it only once. The gymnasium was an octagonal wooden structure where we had athletic exercises on our own time. This was also the seat of all university functions—graduation, special events, and dances. It remained standing for many years after my time.

That was all there was to the university, but it was enough, considering that the enrollment was less than three hundred and fifty, in contrast to eighteen thousand today.

The town of Berkeley was well suited for such a small number. There were absolutely no buildings to the north or the east of the university. Around Shattuck Avenue to the west were a few shops, conspicuously a stationery store and a bakery. Most of the town lay southward, toward Oakland, where the boarding houses, the frats, and the professors' homes were. Connecting Berkeley and Oakland was a one-track horse-car on Telegraph Avenue. That street was composed of wooden shacks for a block or two, one of the shacks being the joint stationery store and post office. Directly across the street was Mrs. Makins' restaurant, where the blackberry pie with cream was better known, and much more beloved, than most of the topics of study. Where Sather Gate now stands was a wooden foot-bridge. North of that was a garden restaurant called French Charley's, where we usually had lunch.

The two LeContes and Professors Howison and Hilgard lent an aura of academic achievement to the college, but they personally affected the students very little. Most of the professors were just average to good. There was little mixing between faculty and students; it was rather accepted that the groups belonged in separate compartments. This probably was remedied in time as it should have been. In sophomore math we had a dub, but a very popular dub, who taught calculus. I got a high grade for the course, but, feeling that I hadn't really understood it, I took it over the following year, until suddenly I concluded that the professor wasn't really understanding it either, at which point I quit the course. After that I had a professor who really did know a great deal and who tried to impart his knowledge by way of lectures. That might have been a good method with grown men or with earnest students, but for the average schoolboy, which I at least still was, it was of no use at all except possibly to make me do my own thinking instead of listening to the professor. This reminds me of a definition of the lecture system: "The lecture system is a means of transposing the facts from the notebook of the professor to the notebook of the student without going through the minds of either."

In the English courses, we were set to analyzing the great writers in terms of whether they used long sentences or short ones; whether they preferred metaphors, metonyms, or synecdoches; whether they were free with punctuation marks, and similar rot. If anything could take the life and spirit out of fine literature, I'm sure that course was it. The best course in the English department, and the one we hated most, required the monthly writing of themes. We all tried to shirk it, but the job had to be done. Once the subject was *Les Miserables,* and I just wrote down the plot, ending with a grandiloquent "And this is the story of Jean Valjean." "Yes," the professor wrote underneath in red ink, "but something more than the story is expected of a sophomore." And he was right.

In chemistry I had a wonderful instructor and laboratory teacher named [Edmond] O'Neill. I liked him and the course, and did so well that he wanted me to follow chemistry as a profession. I've always been proud of that compliment, for, in later years, when I worked with financiers, they thought I ought to be an engineer, and when I worked with engineers, they thought I ought to be a financier. The professor who gave the advanced chemistry courses used the lecture method and, as in mathematics, the messages didn't get across to me. The professor knew his field, and had a national reputation, but he was primarily a scientist and only incidently a teacher.

The civil engineering instructor was a fine chap, and we enjoyed learning surveying with him. It was an easy course, with our time spent mostly out of doors, on projects such as getting the height of Grizzly Peak by level measurement, six feet at a time. Once he took the class, six or seven boys, to the Russian River country to lay a course for a railway to the coast. That railway, I'm afraid, has been laid out hundreds of times on paper, but has not been built yet. But the river, the mountains, the swimming and camping, the deer and the venison, made the trip one of my most pleasant vacations ever.

The head of that department [Frank Soulé, Jr.] was a graduate of West Point and one of the handsomest men I've ever seen. He didn't know an overwhelming amount about some phases of his subject, like strength of materials, but no matter. Civil engineering is one of the things that can't really be taught from books and must be all relearned when the time for actual practice comes. Everyone liked the professor, and I was satisfied with the progress I made under him.

Hydraulics was taught by a lovable old German named [Frederick G.] Hesse. In addition to being a wonderful person, he made a difficult subject easy. He seemed to be fond of me, and occasionally when he was called out of class, I was asked to take over at the blackboard. However, at that point the subject of the course changed from hydraulics to trajectories, because everyone threw things at me and I fired back with chalk.

The president [William Thomas Reid] of the university had been the principal of the high school while I was there, and had had an unimpressive record. It is hard to know how or why he got the university post. However, his administration didn't last long [1881-85], and by the time I was an upperclassman we had a West Pointer [Edward S. Holden], an astronomer of whom I shall speak later.

In French we had a nice old professor, but not a French one. His name was [Henry Benjamin] Jones. His teaching was good enough, but no one ever learns French in school. He hated to flunk anyone, but apparently this occasioned some criticism, and he was given to understand that he must be more severe in grading. So to make good, he flunked some of his best scholars, on the theory that they could make up the course with the least difficulty. I was one so chosen (at least flattering to my French!) and it was the only condition I had all through college, and of course was easily wiped out.

It was a small college, and in a sense everyone knew everyone else. But on the other hand it was true that, though as a freshman one knew the seniors—or in lesser degree the professors—the intimacy was still less than it seemed at the time. Years later I met Professor [Bernard] Moses, who taught history then, and I was really surprised and dismayed that he didn't remember me—though I'd never had a course with him. But one really did feel that one knew all the students, and this was borne out by friendships—with upper classmen as well as lower—that lasted right through into later years.

Commuting daily between Berkeley and San Francisco was quite an undertaking for a person as lazy as I. Often I finished dressing as I ran for the car, and usually I just managed to catch the ferry. Then I would breakfast in the coffee shop on board, where I loved to watch the cook at work; everything—steak, eggs, fish—was done on the top of the stove: a real American rotisserie. As for my own breakfasts, they were limited to coffee and doughnuts, which I particularly enjoyed. Judge of my disillusionment therefore when a few years ago in San Diego I confidently ordered a cup of coffee and three doughnuts. I couldn't eat even one, and felt that my youth was really gone forever.

The boat trip was a boon to my studies; what studying I did was done there. But I heard so much about the wild times they were having in Berkeley, evenings, that I decided to move there. I took a room with Joe Sloss, a very good friend, and we prepared to join in the revels. But there weren't any. We found that Berkeley was infinitely deader than San Francisco. One thing I remember about the evenings in Berkeley concerns that painful chore referred to earlier—the English theme.

We had a month in which to get each one done, but with the usual youthful capacity for procrastination, I wrote mine the night before it was actually due. Joe Sloss went me one better: he started work at four in the morning of the day the theme had to be in! I always had a soft spot in my heart for him, perhaps because he beat me in what I considered my own game.

Lunches at college were an important event of the day. I got forty dollars a month as spending money, so I could be lavish and eat at the best "joint" near the grounds—French Charley's. We had a private room and a select crowd—Joe Sloss, Sig Heller, John Dornin, and a few other well-to-do young men. The meals were excellent and cost thirty-five cents, and we had a good time shaking dice for the extra pie.

I'm afraid that Charley sold liquor, although the law forbade its sale within a one-mile radius of the college. One day he was caught, and brought to trial in West Berkeley. For the fun of it, I went. The enforcers of the law proved that they had bought the stuff, that they knew it was whiskey, and that it had, item by item, all the characteristics of whiskey. Then one of the jurymen got up and asked if it might not have looked like whiskey, smelled like whiskey, and tasted like whiskey, and yet not have been whiskey. And darned if they didn't let Charley go. Later on, in a federal court during prohibition, I was on a jury and saw similar tactics successfully employed. It is difficult to get a conviction except with the complete testimony of stool pigeons on every count, and people don't like stool pigeons. Fortunately, prohibition is no more.

My associations were fairly general, and I was intimate with many of the fraternity boys. Of course, no one asked me to join a fraternity, but somehow I never minded. In fact, I never thought of it, but just took it for granted that no Jewish boy belonged. I had the innocent notion that there was something Christian in the fraternity ritual, something akin to Knights Templar. At any rate, as there had been many fine Jewish boys at the college, then and in preceding years, and none of them had ever belonged, we took it for granted. We mixed with all members on equal terms and never gave our exclusion a thought. Later in my time, they started a fraternity that admitted Jewish members, but my pride forbade me to join that.

Let me say something about collective college events. The first set-to, when we became freshmen, was the Grand Cane Rush. It was one of the traditions in college that freshmen couldn't carry canes. So the first event was the securing by the freshmen of a huge cane, about six feet long and four inches thick, whereupon the whole might of the sophomore class was directed at taking it away from the freshmen. In this and in all subsequent struggles, the freshmen were sponsored by the juniors, and the sophomores by the seniors. It was a great fight, and I did my part enthusiastically, but I don't remember whether we kept the cane or not.

At the end of the year the "Bourdon burial" was staged, when the year's algebra books—by one Bourdon*—were consigned to a really huge bonfire. There were printed programs for the occasion, with a picture of a coffin surrounded by the names of the mourners, and a number of speeches. Tradition demanded that the sophomores break up this ceremonial occasion and kidnap the speakers. We freshmen were each armed with a bit of rubber hose for our part of the battle. It was a wild night, though the outcome of this, too, is enshrouded in fog. I still have a number of those programs, of my class and other classes.

Then I became a sophomore, with the privilege of a cane, a gown, and a mortar board. Having procured these symbols of a higher estate, I went immediately to a photographer and fixed my possession of them forever.

Junior Day was a formal occasion designed to give the juniors an opportunity to display their oratorical and musical prowess. It was the custom for sophomores to try to disrupt this affair, too, particularly by distributing bogus programs in which the speakers were ridiculed. Our program, of which I still have a copy, was pretty nasty. In addition to the program, our class was inspired to crawl under the building with a lot of chemical vats. We generated hydrogen sulfide, a foul-smelling gas that rivaled our program in unpleasantness. The result was that when our turn came, we were denied our Junior Day.

At the end of our last year came "class day." This was the seniors' own graduating day, the official "commencement" being in the hands of the college. Class day was an important affair, and all of one's lady friends turned out in their best array. Ours held little honor for anyone, including me. Traditionally the morning program for that day was serious, but the afternoon was more light-hearted. A class historian jollied the members about their pasts in college; a class prophet outlined the future of each student; and a class dispensator gave each member a present, suggestive of some incident or personality characteristic. This last office had been banned in 1885 and 1886, because the dispensator of the class of '84 had been pretty raw. However, our class pleaded that the function should be restored, and, the request being granted, I was chosen to fill the role.

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*Pierre Luis Marie Bourdon (1779-1854). A copy of his book, which was translated into English as "Elements of Algebra," is in the Univ. Calif. archives, and is the one used by George C. Edwards (of "Edwards Field," Berkeley campus) assist.-prof. math. 1884-89, after having served as instructor in math. and commandant of U. C. cadets 1873-83.

Being warned by the example of the 1884 exercises, I thought I had the thing fairly toned down; but when the faculty met a few days later, they refused to recommend me for a degree. It was said that the college president, E. S. Holden, wished to do away with class day altogether, concentrating on the dignity of commencement. Here was his chance.

When I heard of the faculty's decision, I told President Holden that I would like to appear before them, and he agreed to let me do so. But I had it from one of the professors that Holden appeared before the faculty with the statement that I had nothing to say. That seems impossible, but all things considered, it isn't entirely unlikely.

As commencement day approached, my classmates announced their refusal to take their diplomas unless I received mine. This would have meant the devil to pay, and word came that if the class would take their diplomas in the morning, the faculty would arrange that I received mine in the afternoon. When afternoon came, the faculty sent word that they were ready to give me my diploma as soon as I apologized. Incensed, I wrote: "Having completed my course of study and been found proficient therein, I herewith petition your Honorable Body for my degree." In a few days the answer came: "The Academic Senate does not consider your letter as constituting sufficient regret for your action." A prominent attorney of San Francisco, Carroll Cook, volunteered to force the regents to grant me the degree, as the state constitution specifically stated that anyone satisfactorily finishing his course must be granted the proper degree. But I didn't like the idea of the publicity which would be involved, and instead I appealed to the regents.

All this I had to do on my own initiative; my family were off in Europe. I was living at Simon Newman's, and the controversy was out of his line. I buttonholed quite a number of the regents—John F. Swift, who had been governor of the state; A. S. Hallidie, who built the first cable car; the eminent attorney, D. M. Delmas; and others. I talked to

Delmas for a long time, and was really hurt at his inattention. He seemed to be busy with his papers instead of listening to me.

I was present at the regents' meeting. Holden introduced the subject, and said he would disqualify himself from voting. Then Delmas spoke, glowingly and feelingly, bringing out in his arguments everything that I had mentioned to him—and I had thought he wasn't listening! After a long and heated discussion, the vote was a tie. Then Holden offered to end the deadlock. He voted against me. So that was that.

This was an unusual occurrence. Years later I was one of the regents myself, and never did a question bring a divided vote. It was always, as it is in most boards, unanimous after discussion.

Professor [Frank] Soulé, the handsome teacher of engineering who had always championed my cause, urged me to write a very mild letter of regret, which he himself composed, and which I signed. The regents were glad to act on it, and I got my degree, dated back to commencement day. The only difference between my diploma and those of my classmates was that mine was signed by Governor [Robert W.] Waterman, and theirs by Governor [Washington] Bartlett, who had died in the meantime.

The role of tradition has always interested me. During the four years that I spent in college, we departed not a hair's breadth from the prescribed customs. All the activities I have described were copied in the greatest detail, year after year. The same songs were sung, even the same hats were worn: mortar boards for sophomores, crushed gray stovepipes for juniors, crushed black ones for seniors. And why? Because everything was hallowed by time; because we couldn't change the customs that had been accepted as tradition by the thousands who had preceded us for such a long, long time. And the long, long time was just fourteen years! Tradition seems to count most in its early stages. Today the youngsters would rather break tradition than eat. Gone are the songs we sang, gone are the cane rushes, Bourdon burials, and the rest—even the ecstatic thrill of getting a mortar board upon becoming a sophomore.

Of course, there was no Stanford yet, and all our activities were intramural. The college enrollment of three hundred and thirty-seven represented just about all the college students in the state. When we graduated there were forty-five of us, and this was about as large as any graduating class was for a number of years. In fact, it was only with the coming of Benjamin Ide Wheeler in 1900 that the great influx began.

In sports I took a minor part. I played baseball and football on class teams and did a lot of running on the cinder track. I was best at high jumping, but not good enough to compete. For many years I never went through a gate when there was a fence to jump over. My daughter Alice may recall the days when I used to jump over her—a sort of William Tell act. Sports were a simple matter in those days. Nobody watched class games, and 'Varsity contests with the Olympic and other clubs were attended by a handful of sports enthusiasts and the players' best girls. There was no admission charge and no banners or pompons.

My favorite sport was poker. This activity I pursued in San Francisco, where a crowd of us, with Melville Klauber at the head, indulged in the game. I usually won—though not as much as Melville—and, as we played a lot, I won considerable money. I have hardly played for thirty years, but the intensity of this period made up for any slack since. I recall one all-night game in San Francisco from which, when early morning came, we emerged to find the city covered deep in snow. I couldn't think of any winter sports, though; I had to rush over to Berkeley to take an examination! Perhaps it would strike a better moral note if I were to say I failed the examination, and let posterity be warned, but I didn't.

Through this period, my interest in politics continued. It was important to know the majorities in every city and state, because they were the basis of a good many bets. Most exciting of all was the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884. Youth was on the side of James G. Blaine, better judgment on the side of Grover Cleveland.

Noisily proclaiming our enthusiasm for Republican Blaine, a group of us students painted San Francisco red one night, climaxing the night's revels by drinking two glasses of beer. We watched the returns come in on election night and I still have the record: "If Blaine elected, will win $2.40. If Cleveland elected, will win $2.10." So I was pretty well covered.

I remember only two of my college vacations, the one with the surveying class, and the other with John Dornin when we went to a miners' camp on the American River. This last was in 1886, I believe. We took the train to Alta and from there walked down, it seemed thousands of feet, to the bed of the river. We stayed with a couple of typical miners who had embarked on what looked like a very plausible scheme. Considering how much gold the American River had been carrying in its upper reaches, and how much had been excavated in places along the bank, it seemed likely that they would make a good haul if they could blast the boulders which impeded the river's flow. They worked continuously, while we bathed and fished and listened to their songs. It was good sport for us, but the miners never appeared in *Who's Who* as a result of their riches.

Recalling my college life item by item, I can find little fault. The student material was good, and much more selective than it is today; students in college then were only those who had a flair for learning. The faculty was mostly good and so was the curriculum. And yet there was something decidedly lacking. One of the drawbacks inherent in all school education is the separation of theory and practice. (Such schools as Antioch College are now trying to bridge that gap.) Another is that, except in stern necessity, no seriousness of purpose is likely to develop. Too many students matriculate in college as schoolboys and emerge with their degrees still the same schoolboys. I'm sure it was so in my own case. I have long contended that there should be a year between high school and college, in which one should engage in practical work. This would be a boon to the institutions of higher learning, sifting out many students who should never go there. And it would, besides, develop an earnestness in those who do go that is now woefully lacking. Lately I have added to this idea the proposal that the year's interim should be spent in public service, which would inculcate a sense of civic responsibility and appreciation for what has been received. It would be good for the boy or girl, and helpful to the community's cultural activities. Perhaps this will some day be tried out.

In appraising my own education, I insist that, whereas I remember everything I was taught in grammar and high school, I remember almost nothing that I was taught at the university. Teaching in the lower grades was based on the fundamentals used in everyday life. The subjects taught at the university were mostly technical elaborations of principles which, if not used at once, had later to be completely relearned in connection with practical problems. It seems to me that the human mind, and especially the youthful mind, cannot grasp abstract ideas without a concrete base. When, for instance, one reads the Civil Code of California without reference to actual problems, it is just a waste of time.

This is not to belittle the value of a college education; I believe in it thoroughly. To be thrown for four years into constant contact with the ideals of the ages, instead of the cheap ethics of the street; to learn the relation between cause and effect—a knowledge which most studies transmit subtly; to know well a fine group of men and women is an advantage that no one should easily forego. In later years I was full of theories and criticisms of Berkeley, but whenever I saw a fine, alert crowd of youngsters on the campus, my critical attitudes were knocked into a cocked hat.

Although I had not officially "commenced," I began life in the post-school world. My friend Professor Soulé proposed me for a job with Col. George Waring, the sanitary engineer who laid out the sewer system in San Diego. Waring had just signed a contract to install a new system in San Francisco. I was to be his chief assistant, and I accepted gladly, for my graduating thesis at Berkeley had been, "A New Sewer System for San Francisco." But politics entered into the picture, the city's board of supervisors got into a wrangle, and Waring threw up the job.

Soulé got busy again and recommended me for a position with the Southern Pacific Railroad in their bridge building department, where I was duly installed. The plant was in West Oakland, and the men in charge were Arthur Brown and J. D. Isaacs. The former had been the construction engineer in the building of the Central Pacific Railroad; he was a practical man with little knowledge of mathematics, but with a keen instinctive sense that transcended figures. Isaacs, on the other hand, was a technical student and a man of culture besides. He started me reading Dickens and Thackeray, and I can recall going to my work and to my meals with *Vanity Fair* in my pocket.

I was engaged at sixty-five dollars per month, with the assurance that I would soon get more. My first job was to work out a locomotive round-table. I believe that this was only a test, for though I did it satisfactorily, my next assignment was to trace door jambs and window frames. From this I gradually worked up to planning small depots and, later, bridges. Eventually I made the plans for all the bridges in the lower coast line as far as Santa Margarita, where the road then ended. Those bridges, made of wooden trusses and iron rods, have since been replaced by steel structures. One of my other jobs was building a long pier for San Pedro, supposedly to make Los Angeles a shipping port. That pier took three million feet of lumber! Another job was figuring the cost of a bridge across Carquinez Straits. It came to three million dollars, and was considered out of the question. Since then a bridge has been built across the straits, and at a cost of fourteen millions.

I had one of the scares of my life in that period. Shellmound Park, on the Berkeley Southern Pacific route, was a place of great outdoor activity, especially on Sundays. The park could be reached only by crossing the tracks. It was decided to build a bridge-crossing overhead, and the job was assigned to me. I did the work and saw the bridge constructed. After the bridge had been opened for use, I woke up one night in a cold sweat with the realization that I had made a mistake in figuring the size of the bolts that held up the floor: I had figured them at five-eighths when they should have been seven-eighths! I had visions of a Sunday picnic, the bridge crowded, and a sudden collapse. I found no peace until I reported the matter to headquarters. We then went to the yards to check up on the construction. To my infinite relief, we found that the foreman had realized that the bolts were inadequate, and had changed the size to a full inch.

All this time I lived in San Francisco, commuting to my work in Oakland, which in 1888, was a pretty small town—actually, a quiet little village. The only places to eat were Barnum's, a French restaurant that was almost a roadhouse at the corner of Seventh and Broadway, and a dairy lunch nearby. As I hardly had time for a French dinner, I had to choose between the dairy lunch and a meal on the San Francisco ferry. With my pass on the ferry, I paid nothing extra for the privilege of riding back and forth while eating a leisurely dinner.

Though I had been promised an early increase in my monthly stipend of sixty-five dollars, I saw one month roll by, then another, and finally a third, with no sign of a raise. I went to Isaacs to ask about it, and he was courteous, but noncommittal. After a fourth month with no raise, I made a statement to the effect that as they didn't seem to appreciate my services, I would quit. This time Isaacs was more frank, and explained that too often I came to work bleary-eyed from my late poker game. So poker had caught up with me after all! There was only one decision to make—I cut out the poker. The next month I got eighty dollars, in a few months ninety dollars, and, in a short time, one hundred dollars. I can't understand why Isaacs didn't throw me out when I struck, except that he was such a fine fellow.

I enjoyed all the work, but I realized that to continue with this job would get me nowhere. I would get raise after raise, and eventually reach the top at about two hundred and fifty a month. I decided to quit and to go into the Newman business which had always been open to me, to stay there five years, to save twenty-five thousand dollars, and from then on to go into engineering on my own. With mutual good will, the Southern Pacific and I parted ways.

My stint in bridge-building made me realize again the one-sidedness of university training. I had had to learn over again the things I'd tackled in college, although, it is true, this time with more foundation. But in a month of work I learned more than in a year of studying. Most painful of all was the lack of practical knowledge. I didn't build bridges, I only drew lines. When I saw the finished structures, I had to force myself to believe that I had had anything to do with them. I believe that a person studying engineering should put on a pair of overalls and do some good, thorough, practical work before ever sitting down to the drafting table.

I was now out of a job. Just for the fun of it, I went next to call on Claus Spreckels and offered my services as chief engineer for the new railroad he was planning. Always contentious, the old gentleman (father of John D.) had had one of his rows with the Southern Pacific and was building the San Joaquin Valley Road to compete for California business. He listened to me courteously and didn't betray a smile at my presumption, which was very nice of him.

But in this spring of 1889, before going to Newman, I got another assignment. Opposite my father's salmon cannery on Chipps Island there was another cannery, at Black Diamond (now Pittsburg). They competed with each other for the purchase of fish, the quantity of which was limited. The Capachuties—Italian fishermen in caps—could drive a hard bargain, and under competitive bidding the prices had gone beyond what either cannery could afford to pay.

To solve their problem, the two canneries combined and formed a trust, as was about to be done on a much greater scale all over the country. Frank Booth was made manager of the whole business, and I represented my father's firm. The Chipps Island cannery was closed as such, and the business was centered in Black Diamond. It worked out beautifully. Booth and I struck up a firm friendship which has remained unimpaired to the present day. He was a fine chap, capable and efficient as he could be, although he was only twenty-six years old. I lived with him and his charming wife and two little daughters, as clever and imaginative children as I've ever seen. Poor Booth—his wife died a few years later, and not long after that, when the children came to the Oakland station to meet him, they were both killed by an oncoming train. He later remarried—to a woman of whom Laura and I are very fond, and he has another daughter.

Though we were in a sense competitive, we were always congenial, and nothing marred our fine relationship. I learned to keep books, and, always analytical, I figured out costs, which was a rather novel thing then. We packed salmon during the two runs of the year—in spring and in fall. In between, there was nothing to do. The owners decided that, since the plant was there anyway, it would pay to pack fruit in the interim. We began packing peaches, apricots, and pears. I figured costs and found out that peaches cost $1.64 to produce, while we had been selling them at $1.05. The owners, however, evinced little interest in the mathematical theories of a mere boy, and wondered why they lost money that year.

The cannery was as self-sufficient as possible, and we made our own cans. We bought tin plate from Wales, since none was being produced in this country. This struck me as wasteful, since we could make iron plate in the United States cheaply, and tin was free of duty, while tin plate had a high tariff. I felt that America should supply its own demands, and decided to go to Wales to study the business so we could go into production. When I broke the news to my father, he tried to dissuade me, saying that if I failed it might put a damper on any future enterprise. But I wasn't convinced. I had four hundred dollars, and figured that I'd need about three thousand. How to make the one grow into the other? The only answer I knew was the races. Down on Leidesdorff Street were a number of dives where bets were made on eastern races, and where a running narration of the race was provided by an announcer's voice over a telephone wire.

So I threw my future to the races. At one time I had six hundred dollars. Then I got a tip on a horse named Freedom, at five to two, and put up four hundred dollars. That poor horse got left at the post! The rest of my money soon vanished, too. About two years ago, casually chancing to look at the records of the Agua Caliente races, I saw in large letters, "*Freedom* Wins." Around fifty years too late!

The tin plate business thus had to bide its time until some progressive capitalists established it during the time of the high McKinley tariff.

Then I had another scheme. Fish were plentiful in Siberia along the mouth of the Amur River. Why not start a salmon cannery there? Alas, political considerations and international red tape loomed large, and I abandoned that project, too. But I had become interested in studying the Amur. A Russian ship captain, whom I had come to know during my salmon investigation, waxed enthusiastic about the profit there would be in digging a canal which would provide a short-cut for ships sailing down the Amur to the sea. As the river flowed naturally, ships had to follow a huge bend; this added miles to the distance as the crow flies. We discussed the canal with enthusiasm, and I paid for many meals at the Pup; but the Amur still flows undeflected in its old channels.

To return to my decision to go into the business at Newman, which, as I said above, was always open to me: in the winter of 1889 I reported for duty by prior arrangement. The scope of the business clearly justified my plans. It was divided into two types: the store on the one hand, and the outside interests—lands, cattle, horses, warehouses, and loans—on the other. My father gave me a quarter-interest in the store profits, and my Uncle Simon gave me an eighth-interest in the outside business. There were no salaries for me, or for any of the owners, nor was interest paid on the investment. But the prosperity of the business assured me of a good income, and I was ready to do my best.

An opportunity like this to learn about business would hardly exist any more; for such as I, it was a fine worthwhile experience. The Newman enterprises belonged to a different era, like the "cotton factor" system of the south. The store dominated the activities of the section, as banker and purveyor in one. It attended to all the farmers' needs, paying for their labor, taking care of their taxes, and furnishing their supplies, including farm machinery, grain bags, and what not. The farmers delivered their produce to the store, and at the end of the year the balance was struck and a note given or a credit entered to even the account.

There was mutual confidence in those days. The notes often ran high into the thousands of dollars, and they were entirely without security. Later, one of the farmers placed a homestead on his farm, exempting it from attachment, so thereafter we often took mortgages to secure large accounts, particularly when these arose from the purchase of land. Now, what with banks, telephones, good roads, competition in business, farmers' unions, and so on, the whole picture is changed.

My work was along all lines. I waited on customers, particularly on the grocery and hardware side, but often in "gents' furnishings" and even drygoods—most clumsily, I assure you. I supervised the books kept by the bookkeeper, and devised a whole new system which worked splendidly. I attended to the insurance business and was notary public. I had to go out and buy grain, and I remember those long, hot, dusty drives in an open buggy. As we had a number of ranches, I often had the job of looking after them. I had my share of selling hogs and cattle, and I am still astounded at what a little experience could do for a young mind. It wasn't long before I could gauge almost exactly the weight of a carload of hogs, or a drove of cattle.

Evenings were spent in ordering goods. As I've said, those were simple days, and we weren't bothered by salesmen, except by seasonal ones for drygoods, shoes, and furnishings. Every day we sent orders to our San Francisco office, which would fill them there. It is interesting to note that bills at the San Francisco office were paid twice a month—on the 13th and the 28th—and in coin, not by check. Those two days of the month were called "steamer days," a survival of early California when there were no railroads, and when settlement was made just before the departure of the steamers. This curious custom continued in San Francisco until the fire of 1906.

I thought I took life pretty easy, but looking back, and in the light of the work hours of today, I find I worked fairly hard. I reported at seven in the morning and worked till at least nine at night. Sunday morning was the most active time of all. I slept in the store building, as did all the employees, for their pay included board and lodging. Summer was terribly hot and baths could be had only occasionally at the hotel. I took my meals close by, with my Uncle Sig Newman and his family.

Insurance was an important item in the business, particularly insurance on the growing crops. Once, when I had insured a farmers' field of wheat, there was a fire, and it burned up. Then I discovered that the crop had been barley, and not wheat. What was I to do? I pleaded that I was extremely busy, so that I could go out with the adjuster only after working hours, when it would be too dark for him to judge whether the ruins were of wheat or of barley. Fine. I drove him out about thirty miles, changing horses at our ranch. Everything went smoothly until I got near home; then one of the traces which I had not secured properly came off, and the team was frightened and ran away, leaving a broken pole. The adjuster jumped out; the buggy, using the pole end as a fulcrum, circled through space and landed on top of me. I escaped unhurt, but the adjuster had a damaged ankle. Anyway, I saved the farmer. In looking back now, I suppose that my panic was unjustified, and that the company would have overlooked such a technical error and would gladly have paid anyway.

Business was thriving and profitable, and things went along smoothly. But I was never very happy in my surroundings. There was no congenial society and there was always a lot of small but irritating criticisms, common in too many families in those days. So I read a good deal, and went to San Francisco as often as I could to see Laura Klauber, with whom I was in love.

At about this time, or perhaps a little later, Laura and I had the pleasure of attending the wedding of one of her best friends, Lucy Simon, to Lionel Heyneman. It was a gala affair, in an elegant home, and the festivities suffered only from the fact that that same evening took place an intensely competitive affair—the fight between John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett, in which the long-treasured crown of the former was lost forever. And many of the sports there present were undoubtedly much more interested in the fight than in the wedding.

In the spring of 1892 Laura and her father [A. Klauber] went to San Diego on a visit. Was it mere coincidence that just at that time I was asked to go to southern California to look into recent irrigation improvements? Or did I have something to do with being sent? Anyway, I went. There was quite a flood that year, and our train was held up for two days at Mojave. A theatrical troupe was aboard, with a lot of girls, so that helped to pass the time. In the course of my irrigation survey we had to change trains often, because of washouts. But I finally reached San Diego, to get my first view of that city—and there was Laura at the Florence Hotel. We saw much of each other. I recall a buggy ride to the Old Town Cemetery, another trip to Sweetwater Dam—where the reservoir was bone-dry, flood or no flood—and particularly I recall the trip to the Coronado Hotel, where we sat long and talked earnestly in one of the S-shaped sofas (called love seats or something of the sort), and there I think we definitely sealed our engagement.

It must have been then, or shortly thereafter, that I asked Mr. Klauber for his daughter's hand. He was very nice about it, and almost as embarrassed as I was. A little later, I had to undergo the terrible ordeal of a day-at-home in the Klauber parlor on Sutter Street fortified by adequate food and drink, meeting all of Laura's relatives and friends. This is one of the pre-marriage rites that every poor male has to undergo, and furnishes the best argument for elopement. In October the whole Klauber family moved back to San Diego, and a month later (November 21, 1892), in their new house there at 30th and E Streets, we were married.

Then we went on a brief honeymoon. It seems neither romantic nor gallant to remember the meals of one's honeymoon, but I do recall the Thanksgiving dinner at the Mission Inn at Riverside, where we had such things as bear steaks, venison, and opossum. We took a boat to San Luis Obispo, and followed it by a buggy trip in the rain over the mountains to Santa Margarita. We stopped briefly at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, then on to Newman, which was to be our home for the next few years.

Laura was a good sport about Newman; for a person of her instinctive refinement, used to a different kind of social life, she took splendidly to life in the little country town. We went to the newly built Russ House, a typical rural hotel, right across from the store. It stood directly on the street, and had no trace of a garden. We stayed there for some months, while we planned our home. Our lot, a corner 150 feet square, was given to us. (All the land in the townsite belonged to the firm.) We hired a young architect named Mose Lyons, a friend of Laura's, and we ourselves spent considerable time and thought on the details, often going to Stockton to pick out mouldings, carvings, and metal fixtures.

The house was a rather large one-story structure with a wide veranda on two sides. The roof was supported by columns that seemed to me as large as those of the Parthenon, but they were really only about ten inches in diameter. The walls and ceiling of the central hall were fully panelled in redwood. We both remember how lovely the wood was when put up, but at that time we never dreamed it could be considered finished until it had been varnished. The living-room had a splendid fireplace and ample book shelves; the dining-room an attractive built-in sideboard, decorated with carvings and metal fixtures. We had ample bedrooms and baths, including rooms for maids. It was an attractive home, seen even in retrospect, and—to give an idea of the lower cost of labor and materials in those days—the entire investment came to only four thousand dollars.

There wasn't much entertainment offered in the village, but we had frequent visitors from outside. During the hot summers Laura went to San Diego. Even in April, however, there were apt to be hot winds blowing dust through every crack and crevice, making housekeeping less than a pleasure. And we lacked such modern conveniences as a telephone, a Frigidaire, and gas and electricity. Coal-oil lamps were a daily nuisance. One of the hardships for Laura was my having to work every evening at the store. But, all in all, we got along well and happily.

In the summer of 1893, while Laura was in San Diego visiting her family, I went to Chicago to the World's Fair. It was thrilling to see the lovely buildings and their setting. I have always thought that the finest exposition that ever was, or ever will be, was that Columbian Exposition of '93. It broke away entirely from the topsy-turvy architecture of the 1880's, and inspired a renaissance throughout the country. Gone forever was the florid Queen Anne, Eastlake type of architecture with its gimcrack ornaments. This was before the days of both art nouveau and modernistic art, and all the decorations were natural and beautiful. The exhibits were not overwhelming, but qualitatively they were of far higher character than the quantitative output of some present-day expositions. If I had been asked then what I enjoyed most, I would probably have cited the iced root-beer which I first discovered there, so very good in the typical Chicago heat.

On the way home I stopped in San Diego to pick up Laura, and we returned together to Newman. Then, on December eighth, our first child was born in San Francisco. We named him Richard Melville. His life seemed happy, but it turned out to be brief; he died in Newman on November 22, 1894, of an intestinal ailment. Everything humanly possible was done, but it was all unavailing. We had the little body cremated, and the ashes are in the Wangenheim family plot in San Francisco.

After that, Laura could no longer bear to stay in Newman, and, since I had completed my five years' service, we sold the house to my brother Emil. He had originally been in the business, but had left it about the time I went in. He was now ready to return, not having made the success he had expected in outside enterprises.

During my sojourn in Newman, I had engaged a little—a very little—in outside activities. Traveling one day to San Francisco, I got into a scrap (it was a real fist fight) with the head-waiter in the Pullman diner. As a result, during the terrible Pullman strikes of 1893, which called for federal intervention, I was thoroughly on the side of the strikers, and wrote a scathing article in the Newman *Weekly*. This was not my only literary attempt. When a high school was built, I was asked to make the dedication address, and I did so, with such success that it was printed in the paper with most laudatory comment. The fact is that it was the worst bunk imaginable; for big words without a vestige of thought, I've never seen or heard it equaled, even in political conventions. It began: "We stand on the threshold of the people's prosperity;

through its aorta flows the lifeblood of this great nation." Did you ever hear anything more terrible?

I never looked back with any pleasure on our life in Newman, outside of the fact that our first married years were spent there. Being a king, or rather a vice-regent, in a very little town did not interest me. It seemed a mighty ephemeral thing. Some fifteen or twenty years after we had left, I got off the train at Newman to revive old acquaintance. But I found there was no one I knew; I was almost a stranger, until word reached a few old customers who came in to welcome me. But the whole experience was most perfunctory, and I never repeated it.

Upon moving to San Francisco in 1895, I had an idea that I would like to go into the contracting business, feeling well equipped by my facility in figures and my engineering training. My plan was to operate a lumber yard, planing mill, and brick yard, and figure on any job that came along. If I got it, I would make some money; if not, I'd be out only the cost of figuring.

I discussed the plan with our friend Charles Altschul, head of the London, Paris Bank in San Francisco, which I had expected would do the necessary financing. It didn't appeal to him; he felt the project would take more money than I was able to put up. I accepted his conclusions; that was the nature of banking relationships then—you went to your banker for advice, and you usually took it. Today, you decide what you want; if one bank doesn't concur, you go on to the next, until you find a backer for your idea.

My plan discarded, I had to figure out something else, and I hit on the idea of power transmission. There was not yet a power transmission plant in California, and I could easily visualize its possibilities. So I decided to take a post-graduate course at the university for that purpose, and got in touch with the head of the electrical department, Professor [Clarence L.] Cory, and with my old friend Professor [Frederick G.] Hesse in hydraulics. Both were enthusiastic about the plan, but, strange as it may now appear, while Cory believed that the future of power transmission would be electrical, Hesse felt that it would be pneumatic.

At any rate, I started. I got a room in the Mechanics Building and was ready to work. Just then Melville Klauber came up from San Diego, with a reorganization plan for Klauber & Levi, the family grocery business down there. The firm had successfully withstood the collapse of the 1887 boom, as well as the panic of '93, but its assets were by this time pretty well tied up in real estate, and it sorely needed more liquid capital. Melville's suggestion was that his uncle, Henry Epstein, and I each put up $25,000 (he had successfully gauged my pile) and that I come to San Diego and associate myself with him. Being particularly fond of Melville, and influenced, too, by the old-time prestige of the firm, I agreed to the plan.

So engineering went to the wall. I have often thought that if I had followed the idea of power development in those early days, I would have made a great deal of money. My next thought has invariably been: "And maybe have been the worse for it!"

Arrangements were made to go to San Diego, but we lingered for a while, awaiting the arrival of our daughter, Alice, who was born in San Francisco on December 4, 1895.

We reached San Diego some time in January 1896, to begin our long residence there, to grow with it and of it. San Diego had had a long record of ups and downs, since the year 1769. Though it began as the first of the missions, and occasionally the most prosperous, it had become at times a well-nigh forsaken spot. Regaining importance during the Mexican War, it afterwards dwindled to almost nothing. There was a little boom in 1869, followed by stagnation in the later 1870's, a big boom in 1887, and an almost complete collapse thereafter.

The boom of 1887 was probably as crazy an example of that sort of thing as has been witnessed anywhere. Lots were sold with title and without, and as to getting a certificate of ownership, why should anyone want to do that, when it was merely a matter of buying one day and selling the next? (Similarly, people later dealt in Bank of Italy stock without caring even to look at its statement.) Lots were sold to the accompaniment of brass bands, free lunches, and street parades, and the territory covered extended even to San Miguel Mountain. I once asked Mr. Klauber, who went through it all, what sane people had been thinking about such goings-on. He answered, "There were no sane people those days!"

But a deadly reaction, heightened by the panic of 1893, changed all that, and San Diego became an easy-going, lethargic town, a bit run-down at the heels. The streets were all unpaved, dusty in summer, impassably muddy in winter. The houses were mostly small and scattered, and the larger ones were perfect examples of that terribly-ornate Victorian architecture. The population remained fairly constant—sixteen to seventeen thousand in both 1890 and 1900—and life ran along at an even pace. Downtown it was quiet, and often you could look up and down Fifth Street without seeing a single person or equipage.

Notwithstanding all this, San Diego was attractive. Secluded in the southwest corner of the state, it was a small cultural center in itself. In spirit, the place was more nearly akin to San Francisco than to Los Angeles, which was already having an influx from the middle west. A number of cultured people who were lured here in 1887 remained, together with the old San Diegans, while the floaters departed with the boom. I remember making a statement then, which I still endorse, that one can live a larger life in a small town than in a big one. In a small town, one chooses associates out of mutual attraction—easy where numbers are few, and people and their interests are generally known. In a city one's associations are ready-made by propinquity.

That I always felt strongly about this is evidenced by a toast I made in 1903, when a group here gave a farewell dinner to one of our friends leaving for Hawaii. My subject was San Diego, and I extolled it as a fine place, "Where people are men first, and doctors, lawyers, and merchants after; where there is no opportunity to expend one's energies along material lines, and hence they are expended in cultural activities like music, art, and literature; where in the preceding ten years no one has accumulated fifty thousand dollars, and yet everyone has done well." When, these days, I praise the fine old town of long ago, people are apt to say that it is only an old man looking backward, and I quote the toast because it shows that what I felt then about the advantages of the smaller community, I feel still.

When we arrived in San Diego, we stopped for a few weeks at the Klauber home on 30th and E, and I daily walked up and down the several canyons between the house and the business at 4th and H. Shortly we rented a newly-built house on the corner of 20th and H (now Market) for thirty dollars a month, and we lived there for two years.

*(To be continued)*

# News of the Society

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*June 1 to August 15, 1956*

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On view in the Society's library is a finely bound "Book of Remembrance," recording the names of persons in whose memory contributions have been made to the Library Fund and the Exhibit Fund for the purchase of library and museum materials. Below are the names that have been inscribed since the commencement of the memorial:

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*A Check-List of Publications Relating to California*

Blair, Hosea. Monuments and Memories of San Francisco; Golden Gate Park [San Francisco, Author, 1955], 112 p. Illus. $1.65.

Bledsoe, A. J. Indian Wars of the Northwest; a California Sketch. Oakland, Biobooks, 1956. ix, 297 p. Map. [Apply to publisher]

Bleeker, Sonia. The Mission Indians of California, N. Y., Morrow, 1956. 142 p. Illus. $2.25. [Juvenile]

Bowe, Richard J., ed. Historical Album of California. [n. p., 1956] 16 *l.* Illus., ports. $1.00.

Buchanan, A. Russell. David S. Terry of California, Dueling Judge. San Marino, Huntington Library, 1956. ix, 238 p. $5.00.

Conmy, Peter Thomas. The Origin and Purposes of the Native Sons and Native Daughters of the Golden West. San Francisco [Native Sons of the Golden West, 1956] 24 p. Port. [Apply to publisher]

Davison, Grace L. The Gates of Memory; Recollections of Early Santa Ynez Valley. [Solvang, Santa Ynez Valley News, c1955] 101 p. Illus., ports. [Apply to publisher]

Dryden, Cecil. By the Sea on the *Tonquin.* Caldwell, Idaho, Caxton, 1956. 289 p. $4.50.

Englebert, Omer. The Last of the Conquistadors, Junípero Serra, 1713-1784. Trans. from the French . . . N. Y., Harcourt, Brace [1956] 368 p. Illus. $6.00.

Fatout, Paul. Ambrose Bierce and the Black Hills. Norman, Univ. of Oklahoma [c1956] ix, 180 p. Illus., ports. $3.50.

Hamlin, Herbert S., ed. Index, *Pony Express Courier,* June, 1934 to May, 1944, and *The Pony Express,* June, 1944 to May, 1954. [Sonora, The Pony Express, c1955] 167 p. Illus. $10.00.

Helm, Mackinley. Fray Junípero Serra; the Great Walker. Stanford Univ. Press, 1956. xv, 86 p. Port. $4.00.

Hunt, Rockwell D. Mr. California; the Autobiography of Rockwell D. Hunt, Educator-Historian. San Francisco, Fearon Publishers, 1956. 380 p. Illus. $5.75.

Hutchinson, W. H. The Life & Personal Writings of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, a Bar Cross Man. Norman, Univ. of Oklahoma [c1956] xix, 432 p. Illus., ports. $5.00.

Imperial Valley Pioneers. The Valley Imperial; First Annual Historical Volume. [Holtville? The Pioneers, 1956] Illus., map. $1.00.

Laurgaard, Rachel Kelley. Patty Reed's Doll. Caldwell, Idaho, Caxton, 1956. 149 p. Illus. $3.50. [Juvenile]

Lewis, Oscar. Bay Window Bohemia; an Account of the Brilliant Artistic World of Gaslit San Francisco. N. Y., Doubleday, 1956. 248 p. Illus. $3.95.

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Norris, Frank. The Letters of Frank Norris. Ed. by Franklin Walker. San Francisco, Book Club of California, 1956. xiii, 98 p. Port. [Available to members only]

[Rathbone, King & Seeley] The RK & S Story; 1849 and Onward. [San Francisco, The Company, 1956] 8 *l.* Illus., ports. [Apply to the Company]

Reed, Merrill A. Historical Statues & Monuments in California. [San Francisco, Author, c1956] 176 p. Illus. $12.50.

Stuart, Reginald R., and Grace D. Tully Knoles of Pacific, Horseman, Teacher, Minister, College President, Traveler, and Public Speaker; a Biography. Stockton, College of the Pacific, 1956. 145 p. Illus., ports. $6.50.

Tchitchinoff, Zakahar. Adventures in California, 1818-1828. Los Angeles, Dawson, 1956. xxix, 26 p. Illus. $5.00.

Wagner, Jack K. Short Line Junction; a Collection of California-Nevada Railroads. Fresno, Academy Library Guild, 1956. 266 p. Illus., ports. $4.75.

Westerners, Los Angeles Corral. Brand Book. Los Angeles [The Westerners] 1956. 163 p. Illus., maps, ports. $15.00.

White, Michael Claringbud. California All the Way Back to 1828. Written by Thos. Savage for the Bancroft Library, 1877. Los Angeles, G. Dawson, 1956. 93 p. Maps. [Apply to publisher]

# Marginalia

NOTES ON AUTHORS IN THIS ISSUE:

MRS. S. T. (HELEN P.) HOYT – Stanford Univ., A.B., 1917 – is a native daughter and present-day resident of Honolulu, T. H. She received her early education at Punahou School, founded by the missionaries in 1841. In addition to her papers on historical subjects, published in the Hawaiian Historical Society's year books, and elsewhere, Mrs. Hoyt is the author of stories for children's magazines.

A native of Mississippi, HOWARD MITCHAM calls Provincetown home, although his profession as collector of paintings, sculpture, graphic arts, and handcrafts for his gallery there necessitates frequent absences from the Massachusetts town. His professional writings include articles on "Yankee Clocks and Clockmakers," on "The Slate Angels of New England" – those to be found on pre-Revolutionary slate headstones in New England cemeteries –, and on ghost towns along the Mississippi River. Most of his articles are illustrated with his own drawings and wood engravings. The John Paul Dart letters are the result of one of his exploratory trips, this time in Mississippi, where he found them being exhibited by Dart's family in an old Vicksburg museum.

FREDERICK G. BOHME (Occidental College, A.B., 1954; A.M., 1955) was born in New York, received his early education in Phoenix, Arizona, and, after a brief period in the U. S. army, World War II, he moved to southern California, where he attended Pasadena City College at night while holding a full-time job. While at Occidental, Mr. Bohme held a Ford scholarship in the intercollegiate program of graduate studies, 1954-55; and in 1955-56 was recipient of a fellowship in American Studies at the University of New Mexico.

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December 1956

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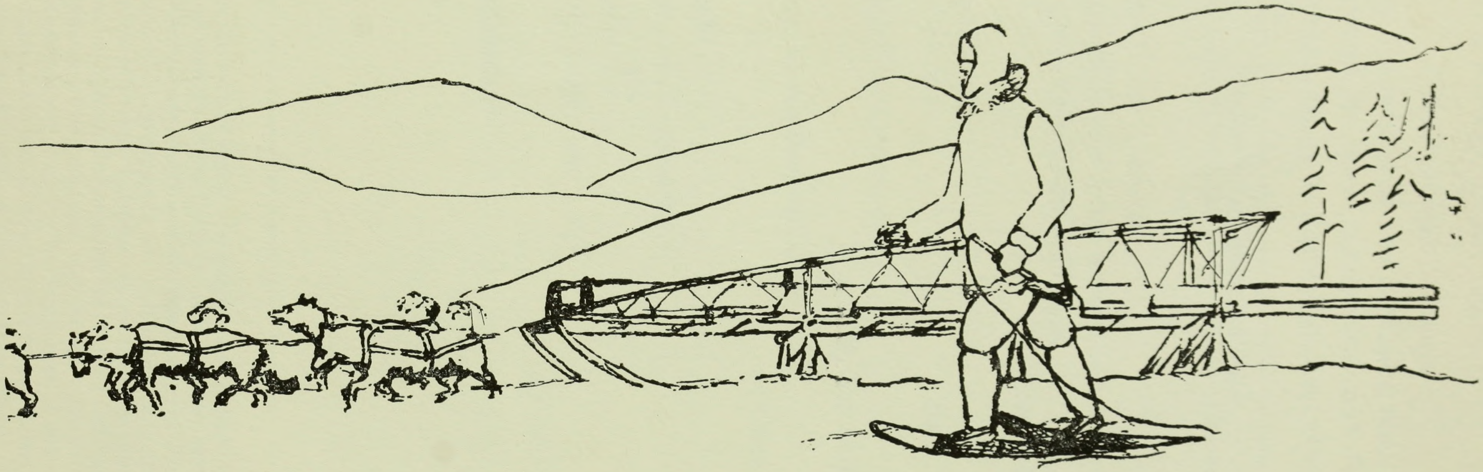

HAULING POLES

Reproduced from pencil sketch by Ferdinand Westdahl, member of the exploring expedition.

*Courtesy of his grandson, Philip R. Westdahl, M.D., of San Francisco.*

# Journal of George Russell Adams

## Member, Exploring Expedition in Russian America, 1865-67

*Transcribed, with Introduction and Notes*

*By* HAROLD F. TAGGART

---

INTRODUCTION. – George Russell Adams was born in Hollowell, Maine, March 20, 1845, the youngest of three children.[1] His father, Samuel Adams, was a descendant of one of the earliest settlers in Massachusetts. Ancestors of his mother, Philomela Johnson Adams, came to America in 1638. Following the destruction of his drug store in Brooklyn, the father joined the gold rush to California, traveling around the Horn on the *Mazeppa.* He had taken a stock of drugs on the ship and opened a drug store in San Francisco on Washington Street below Kearny. Each year he was burned out. The fourth store was started early in 1853 at the corner of Clay and Dupont streets. Soon afterwards Samuel Adams returned to Winthrop, Maine, where his wife and children were living.

On August 1, 1853, the family sailed on the *Georgia* for the Isthmus of Panama. They left the city of Panama on the *Oregon* and arrived in San Francisco September 10th. George Adams received his elementary education in San Francisco and after a short time at the Durant-Brayton College School[2] in Oakland (1859), he attended San Francisco City College, corner Geary and Stockton streets, where he was graduated in 1863. Meanwhile, his extracurricular activities had included carrying a torch for the Monumental Fire Co., no. 6, when he was eleven years of age, and during the troublous days of 1856 he and a companion had carried a banner for the Vigilantes.

Following graduation from college, Adams worked for two years in his father's drug store (then at the corner of Pine and Kearny streets). The newspapers in the early months of 1865 carried many stories of the proposed telegraph line through Canada, Russian America and Siberia.[3] Adams obtained interviews with Col. Charles Bulkley and Maj. Robert Kennicott, only to be informed that there were no vacancies. Adams then approached one of the members of Kennicott's group, who had contracted "cold feet," and bribed him with a suit of clothes and promise of a job to resign. The major not only gave the vacant place to Adams but also accepted his chum Fred M. Smith. Adams was commissioned second lieutenant at the age of 20 years and 3 months – the youngest man in the Alaskan expedition. He sailed on the *Golden Gate* from San Francisco, July 10, 1865.

Adams' three diaries give the most detailed and comprehensive record of the exploration and the efforts at construction in Russian America. Of the accounts of the expedition in Alaska, the first printed statement is the one by Charles Pease on the death of Major Kennicott.[4] Henry M. Bannister kept a journal of his part in the expedition from the time they left New York, March 21, 1865, to his return to the east, covering only the first year. While in Alaska, Bannister, as a member of the scientific corps, was assigned to make meteorological observations and spent most of his time at St. Michael's.[5] William Ennis, one of the original fourteen, succeeded to the command after the death of Major Kennicott and in the second year was in command of all exploration and construction between Nulato and Bering Strait. He left a journal that covers only his explorations during the first year.[6] Fred M. Smith, mentioned above, left a diary which has not been published. It records his activities for the periods, August 26, 1865, to July 14, 1866, and January 21, 1867, to March 22, 1867, but is not so complete nor so discerning as Adams'.[7] Ferdinand Westdahl, who had been first officer of the *Golden Gate* in the spring of 1866, was, because of his knowledge of astronomy and surveying, assigned to work under Captain Ennis at Unalakleet (variously spelled). Westdahl prepared a journal which was sent by him to his father in Sweden and from which extracts were published serially in a Wisby newspaper. The journal never was returned and no English translation has been published.[8] W. H. Dall and Frederick Whymper, both of whom joined the Alaskan expedition in its second year and explored in and around Nulato, published books, interesting and valuable; but neither can describe the boredom, the stark struggle against cold, wind, and snow as vividly as can a diary.[9]

George Adams left three diaries: September 26, 1865–March 23, 1866; April 28, 1866–June 11, 1866; and October 1, 1866–October 8, 1867. The first has no name on the original diary, but the context, checked against the diary of Smith and the "Story" mentioned in note 1 below, shows that it is the work of Adams.[10] It would require a fair-sized book to print the diaries in toto. The first portion, concerned with the transportation of supplies from St. Michael's to Unalakleet and the exploration between Unalakleet and Nulato, is repetitious of material in the Ennis journal, and will be omitted here. The limited space available at this time has made it advisable to omit also the second part and to concentrate on the third, portions of which are now published for the first time. Original spelling and punctuation have been preserved as far as possible where not confusing to the reader. Peculiarities of handwriting, resulting in unintentioned capitalization, have been treated as such. In a few instances, paragraphing has been introduced.

* * * *

## THE JOURNAL

*Christmas — December 25th 1866.* Today is Christmas. This is the second I have seen in this outlandish country, and in this same place. There is not much difference between this year and last except our quarters, which are now comparatively comfortable.... Force of habit is strong and we wish each other a "Merry Christmas" though we know that it will be far from that. But I must describe our dinner. It was a very high toned affair, and I will venture to say, as far as appetites and eating goes, there is not a person in San Francisco enjoyed their Christmas dinner Dec. 25th 1866 as much as we. Never (by us) was such a bill of fare seen before. The "Occidental" was distanced, and the Lick and Russ House [San Francisco hotels] were no where. First came "vegetable soup" made from preserved vegetables and boiled all day. (All I know about it). Then came "grouse" stewed and accompanied with a "delightful" gravy — as Bendeleben would say — also stewed tomatoes and peas — And then two "Noble" Puddings, as large as a water pail and each weighing from fifty to seventy five lbs. It was composed of flour and dried apple sauce tied up in a bag and boiled. And two pounds of sugar was "expended" for the sauce, though we knew we should suffer for our "extravagance" in the future.

But Christmas does not come but once a year. After all the pudding that we could eat, was eaten it was taken away and replaced by a huge pie, it was made of a berrie that grows here in summer. It looked splendid, but because sugar was so scarce and could not be used in pies it proved a failure, and but one mouthful was taken by each individual. I never knew what an alum or vinegar pie would taste like before but I think I know now. What merry times there are in Frisco now. What am I loseing, but I hope all goes well with me I will be far better both in "Body and Pocket" for my banishment (self imposed)....

*January 1st 1867.* Made no calls today but received visitors. Refreshments consisted of bread and molasses and ice water. Callers went away disgusted, said they had been treated much better in the village where they called and in proof of what they said showed me a piece of fat. This was too much so I immediately "shut up shop" and hung a barrel to the door knob for cards....

*Jan. 8th.* The Russians brought us but 10 dogs, but we have the promise of more in a few days. Capt. Ennis left today with the returning Russians to bring up the rest of the dogs and see that there is no "humbug." ...

*January 12th.* . . . All along the front of the fort the snow drifted twenty feet high. Today is the first encouraging weather we have seen for some time. It is now 30 below zero. The sea is all frozen over, as far as we can see, and if the wind does not commence to blow again from the N. E. when Capt. Ennis arrives we will start up the coast immediately and commence operations. Fred and Westdahl will go tomorrow for the sleighs left between here and St. Michaels. Went down to the mens house tonight and the minute I entered they began to talk about their "grub." They said that for breakfast a large camp kettle had been brought in and sat down on the table, it was full of a dark looking liquid and on trying it could not discover what it was meant for, some one suggested that if they dove down a little deeper they might find something to give them a clew. They accordingly "dove" and the result was the fishing up one after another of four copper spoons, after straining the contents of the kettle they found twenty-one beans as hard as the day they were landed here.

They then sent for the cook and asked him what he called the mixture, he said that he meant it for bean soup. They dismissed the cook (Watts) and kettle with more haste than was pleasant for the gentleman, and told him to allow at least one bean apiece to each man the next time he attempted to make bean soup. One of the boys thought it was pretty rough to have to come to spoon soup three months after landing here. One of the boys said his breakfast consisted of a very small piece of bread ditto salt pork and cup of hot water colored to represent tea by the addition of a little molasses. His supper consisted of a smoke and nap. They said they were so weak that they had to help each other into their bunks at night. I asked what the last man did and they said he dropped and slept where he was. To tell the truth the living is pretty rough, bean soup twice a day, very little bread, very weak tea, ham occasionally, canned beef "simmi occasionally." Our molasses, sugar, coffee, canned vegetables, apple sauce (dried apples) dissecated potatoes has vanished like a beautiful dream, and we must "live close" on our flour, hard tack, bacon and tea. These will soon run out, certainly no body of men could have more reason to upbraid a Company than we have. Left in a country like this where a person requires twice as much food, as in any other; with hardly half army rations is very rough to say the least.

Col. Bulkley thought there was plenty of provisions, told us there was more than we should need on the "Nightingale" and told Capt. Ennis to take all he wanted. He (Col. B) left before the goods were discharged and went away under the impression we were abundantly supplied. Where is the blame, in all probability it lies with some of the "brass mounted officers" who have lined their pockets with "tin" by getting a commission from the dealers of whom they bought the goods. Utterly incompetent for the position they hold, and now living at the first class hotels in San Francisco. Next year if I live I will *see* enough provisions landed to last a year, or the company will be requested to give me a passage to San Francisco. Capt. Ketchum and Lebarge arrived from Nulato today. . . .

*Jan. 20th.* Blowing hard all day, there has been for the last few days very cold weather. Fred, Jay Chappel and myself have each been assigned the command of a district through which we are to build the line. Jay Chappel has the command of the "Sun Golovene District," extending from Sun Golovene to the head of Norton Bay he is to have ten men and will proceed to this district as soon as possible and commence work. Fred M. Smith has command of the Norton Bay District, extending from the head of Norton Bay to "Unalacklet." He will have the rest of the men which are now here and as soon as the weather changes will immediately commence building the line from this place. I have command of the "Pera Valley District," extending from this place (Unalacklet) to Nulato District from 150 to 200 miles. Capt. Ennis has divided the men between Lieuts. Smith and Chappel, he says there are too few men to make three parties of – so he will bring down with him some of Capt. Libby men when he returns from Behrings where he contemplated going immediately. He will be gone some 40 days, in the meantime until I get my party I am ordered to report to Lieut. F. M. Smith for duty.

*January 21st 1867.* Planted the first two telegraph poles today, in the afternoon I went with a party of five men and in a couple of hours got out seventeen poles. . . .

*January 24th.* Have been hard at work the last four days with a party of four men cutting telegraph poles. Fred has two miles of poles up, and two miles more laid on the ground. I have a mile of poles on the ground on my line and will put them up in a day or so. Expect to leave here Monday next and go up the coast with Fred.

*January 26.* Was awakened early this morning by hearing a voice at our door, saying here are two of the boys, arrived from Grantley Harbor. Before we were dressed two men Harry Dyer and Tom Goble came up into our room and were introduced to us. They came down here for a little pleasure trip. Had two dogs, and sled and had been 25 days on the road six of which they had been living on dried fish. Their tea, sugar and biscuit having given out. They brought letters from Capt. Libby and men and were warmly welcomed by all here. They have had a very hard trip. Westdahl went to the Redout today with three sleds. It has stormed so much today we could not work any.

*January 28, 1867.* Capt. N[W]. H. Ennis and Lieut. W. M[W]. Smith left this morning for Behrings St. with two sleds 14 dogs – two Indians one Russian. They went off in fine style. They expect to make a quick trip and be back about the 1st of March.[11] Have some 400 miles to go to Behrings Straits and expect to travel 1000 miles before they return. W. M[W]. Smith said in speaking of our mess that he never saw a party of men get along as well together. There has never been a harsh word spoken and it goes to prove that men can lead the wildest kind of life and still can be gentlemen etc. . . .

*January 31.* Lieut. J. B. Chappel left with his party this morning for his district to commence work. We cheered him good bye and when he had gone went for the fire. It is fifty below zero today, pleasant weather to travel in. He had with him three sleds of provisions, etc. and 15 small dogs. I believe if the directors could see the difficulties we labor under at every move they would abandon this enterprise in dispair. Our pleasant mess has been broken up, in all probability we will never be all together again in this country at least except when the ships come. Tomorrow the rest of us leave for our camp five miles above here and commence to work.

*Monday – February 4th.* Came to our first camp this morning. It was very cold – 46 below zero. Yesterday it was 58 below zero. When we arrived at this place we had hard work finding a suitable place for camp, at last we picked out a place where there was plenty of wood and made an enclosure, and it is very uncomfortable but we have made a large fire and are now "comparitively." My hands are nearly frozen now. Fred has just received a letter from Capt. Ennis from "Shactolic" on business – Arthur Chase and T. Schuyler have just arrived from Shactolic and bring news of Chappel. The loads were very heavy, and one of the sleds was broke. He sent down for another sled, he is having a hard time. All the boys think they will return home next summer. Building telegraph line with dogs and sleds only for transportation in the frigid zone is not so much fun as it is "cracked up to be."

*February 5th.* Cut and distributed two miles of poles. Poles are up five miles from Unalacklet. Ground frozen very hard. "It is just like digging through granit." Lunchy is cook with two Indian assistants. He is very high toned and talks a heap of English to his assistants who do not understand a word he says.

*February 6th.* . . . Two of us cut 25 poles. Could not get near fire at night to eat supper, my beans were all frozen before I had half eaten my supper. Tea frozen tight. One hundred dollars to be in Frisco at home for half an hour. Therm. –59.

*Thursday February 7th.* Worst storm I ever saw. Cold blowing and snowing. Started out in the morning to make a new camp four miles up. Separated from the sled, got lost in the storm, could not see ten yards in front of me, at last struck the sea coast followed it, back to the old camp. There found the men [who] had started with me. They had found it impossible to make any progress and had left one sled and returned with the dogs. The men all deserted our old camp and taken up their quarters in two small Indian houses. Fred and I stood it out two nights longer than the rest, but tonight the storm is too much for us and we have taken our blankets into a small Indian house 10x12 long and wide inhabitants 16 Esquimaus and 11 dogs – dogs the least objectionable – being the cleanest. Fred and I have made up our bed in the most comfortable part of the house – here goes for a good nights sleep. . . .

*Saturday 10th.* Finished camp today. It is 24x24 feet long and wide with sides and back about 3 feet high, and it all roofed over with the exception of five feet wide, running the whole length of the camp. It is made of spruce boughs and is quite airy but much more comfortable than the last camp. The boys are all here tonight and in good spirits. Fred has gone to Unalaklet to see if our dogs have come down from St. Michaels and bring up provisions. . . . [almost daily entries, wind, storm, not much accomplished between February 12 and February 19]

*Tuesday February 19th '67* Wind blew quite hard this morning. . . . Fitz and I cut thirty poles today and walked five miles. I am getting to be a heavy axeman. Fred told me I could do anything I wished on the line, but I prefer hard work. At night I feel swell and sleep sound.

*Wednesday February 20th.* Cut 15 poles today. The post hole diggers only worked five minutes and then put out for camp it blew so hard. . . . It would be interesting to an outsider to step in camp now and see how we are engaged. There are three fires going. On one side of the fire near the back of the camp sets Clark teaching Lunchy who is comfortably rolled up in his blanket English — on the opposite side of the fire sets Dick Thomas smoking a pipe, by the way he has looked at the fire for last few minutes I think his thoughts are wandering to some more congenial clime. C. C. Smith has half made his bed, but got choked with the smoke and thrown himself down on his blankets completely disgusted with everything. Fred is drying his boots and I am going to bed perhaps to dream that I am at home.

*Thursday — February 21st.* Snowing most all day — quite warm 24 above zero. Cut twenty 4 poles today. Did not turn in last night until everybody else had been in bed half an hour. Could see nothing of them but mounds of snow where they slept. The snow had drifted in and covered everything. Awoke up in the night and found my blankets in the fire place and myself covered with snow. Arose, shook the snow off myself, recovered my blankets and turned in again thoroughly disgusted with the accomodations of this hotel. Charley Pease used to say last year he wished he had his fathers pig sty up here to live in. Said he would have better quarters than any in this country. I wish I had a dry good[s] box to sleep in though. The boys are all in good spirits. They were all laughing and singing and making so much noise that I could hardly write. . . . [Between February 22 and March 1st, moved camp again, 15 miles from Unalakleet; Fred Smith and Adams made trip to Unalakleet for supplies; daily entries]

*Friday, March 1st.* Cut road through forest today about a third of a mile. . . .

*Saturday, March 2nd.* Today I changed with John Clark. He to cut poles and I to set them up with Fred for a week. One of the men went to Unalacklet for provisions and I found that Clark had volunteered to take this man's place, digging post holes while he was gone and in changing places I had struck a very nice job viz — digging post holes. He offered to change back but I told him no, I would try it for a day, as I wished to learn all parts of the trade, so I shouldered my crowbar and shovel and started for the line. I managed to dig three holes which was as much as any of the men dug and more than most — it was just like drilling through rock and at night I was very tired, dont think I shall try post hole digging again (not if I know myself — and I believe I do).

[Entries for several days review problems of crowbars and wind]

*March 7th.* Clark and Fitzgerald went ahead about three miles today to build a camp. No work done today, the crowbars are so dull that it is misery to work with them. Everytime you strike with them into this hard frozen ground you get an electric shock equal to any battery I ever saw. Westdahl arrived today [from Unalakleet].

*Saturday 9th March.* Went to work this morning but it was so windy that we had to stop. All hands went to work collecting fire wood and fixing up the camp. . . .

*Sunday, March 10th.* [no work. Smith and Adams took dogs to trace course of the line] The line is now running back from the sea shore a couple of miles. For about five miles from Unalacklet there are high bluffs extending some 25 miles along the sea shore, and we have to keep inside the bluffs and run the line in the valleys. We went some thirty miles altogether ascended some very high mountains and got some splendid views of the country. Returned to camp at dark tired and hungry.

*Monday March 11th.* While at work was very much surprised to see Capt. Ennis coming along the line. He had just arrived from Behrings St. and had parted from his sleigh sending it down to Unalacklet and came himself to spend the night before going to Unalacklet. W. W. Smith remained with Jay Chappel. Everybody is well at Grantley Harbor.

*Wednesday March 13th.* [Fred on trip. Adams in charge. They have "put up 18 miles of poles"] . . .

*March 17th.* . . . The Reindeer have gone back on us. They refuse to come around and be shot. The Indians think the Tel-line is the cause of scarcity of deer. If the Indians give us trouble on account of this we may have to give up building telegraph lines and go gunning for Indians. Much more to taste of some of boys. . . .

*March 19th* [Have set poles for 21 miles. Adams thinks they will finish 50 miles by the first of May, then all go to Unalakleet to build houses].

*Wednesday 20th.* My birthday wish I was home. No use, I have to remain here many long months more. . . .

*Sunday March 31st.* Moved camp today—would not have moved on Sunday but there was so much water today in camp that we had to get out of it. The wind was blowing at a fearful rate and the snow was drifting so that we could not see a dozen yards ahead. One of the men Preston who has been quite sick lately I told to keep near the sleds or he would get lost. About a mile out he fell behind and I could not see anything of him. I sent an Indian back after him and went on to the new camp. After being at the new camp about an hour the Indian returned saying he went back along the road to the old camp and could see nothing of Preston. He had most likely I thought lost the road and was wandering around the mountains. I sent two men in one direction to look for the missing man and taking one Indian myself went in another. After an hours hard walking against the storm I came upon Preston wandering about entirely bewildered, not the slightest idea of where he was going to. He was delighted to see me and finding that his snow shoes were broken gave him mine and I took his and started for camp. When we got there he followed me around for about an hour and then came up held out his hand and said that as long as he had breath in his body he would never cease to thank me for my kindness in hunting for him, etc. He was as near gone in when he arrived at camp as any man I ever saw.

*Friday, April 26th, 1867.* I have been so tired at night for the last three weeks that I have neglected to write up my journal. We stopped work on the 11th of April after finishing the 28th mile – for the last few days Lt. Westdahl and myself have been doing the hardest work on the line, viz. hauling poles. Most of the men are unable to work. Hard work on no grub or very little has completely played them out. We are almost completely out of provisions, only a little tea and bran is all we have to depend on – our bacon has given out. Sugar all gone two weeks since – and bread and tea is all we have to live on unless we can get reindeer meat until the last of May when fish and game will make their appearance, if they do not go back on us.

We all of us bag and baggage came here to Unalacklet on the 11th and 12th. On the 14th Fred, Westdahl, Cortin Clark and myself and two Indians went to St. Michaels with six sleds and 45 dogs to bring up enough flour and fish to last ourselves and dogs until open water. We returned on the 18th bringing up 600 lbs of provisions on each sled, more than has been brought up before for some time. The road was quite bad, we had a fine time riding down, but coming back there was more pushing to be done than was agreeable.... On the 19th Lt. Chappel and party returned, their provisions also gave out and they were forced to stop work. On the 21st W. W. Smith and I took a trip a little way up my district to determine on the course of the line. We went about 35 miles – to old Ulukuk – found a pass through which to run the line so as to save five or more miles also discovered two quite large rivers where the line will cross and near which I shall land provisions etc. this summer for operations next winter....

*Saturday April 27th.* The roast venison was delicious last night. . . . The last of the poles for the new mens quarters hauled today – as soon as the snow leaves we will put up here a large station – it will be built in the same style as the Russian forts – there will be mens quarters, officers qtrs., store house, fish house, bath house and surrounded by stocade. . . .

*Monday May 6th.* Received instructions from Capt. Ennis this noon, to commence work on my line "Pera Valley Dist." and work as long as possible or there was any snow on the ground. Am to take all the well men of the party. Went to work and had everything ready for a start for camp day after tomorrow.

*Tuesday May 7th.* Went out this morn and staked out two miles of line there is one mile of poles already up – it was put last January – it is not straight and in summer shall alter it to suit me. The men cut and delivered 13 poles. [Next day, with 15 men, three sleighs and 23 dogs, set up new camp two miles from Unalakleet]. . . .

*Monday May 13th.* . . . In every gullie in the side hills along the line the snow is waist deep and under the snow is a pool of water. There is a small creek running through the centre of the valley – the men have to cross this every pole they deliver and come into camp wet through. I have hardly been dry since I have been out here. . . . Then there is the low marshy place covered with two feet of water, waded through this for a quarter of a mile. Find it impossible to do anything at present. This is the worst season of the year to work, the holes the men dug fill up with water as soon as they dig them and they had to leave a number on account of the water pouring in faster than they can dig and bail out.

*Wednesday May 15th.* . . . Have distributed 4½ miles of poles and dug about two miles of post holes. The brackets are all on the poles except ten, those nearest to Unalacklet. . . .

*May 20th.* Since I came from work have been doing nothing (the hardest kind of work in this country). The water in the river has gone down and the ice has gradually broken up – today the ice in the river started and went to the mouth of the river and there lodged, it came up over the banks and very near came making firewood out of our little steamer, large pieces of ice weighing tons, came up over the banks, and ground everything it came in contact with. . . .

*Tuesday May 21st.* . . . Went out to get logs to complete house. Had difficulty over shallow places. We worked for an hour afterwards and I had the pleasure of seeing one after another of the men follow my example viz — taking a cold bath — the Capt. (Ennis) with the rest. He had come out to see how we were getting along, and took hold of the raft to get it over a shallow place when down he went all over — he looked the picture of disgust when he rose up. He at last concluded it was no use and left the raft until higher water. . . .

*Sunday May 26th* [more logs for the new house] . . . A year ago yesterday left Nulato with the Major's [Robert Kennicott] body down the Kivhpak for St. Michaels . . . [House completed on the 31st except for roof and floors; no entry for several days].

*June 20 Thursday*. Steamer "Wilder" launched today. We have been trying for the last week to get it off, not having screws etc. to raise it up we had to dig the dirt away from under her and just put rollers underneath.

*Saturday June 22nd*. Capt. E., W. Smith, and F. Westdahl left today for Sun Golovene to explore the harbor thoroughly, fix up a place to build a station, and determine where the line is to run. They went in the launch which we have named the "Pioneer."

*Tuesday June 25th*. Lt. J. B. Chappel left in steamer "Wilder" this morn with party of men for St. Michaels to bring up a house from that place — one that we purchased from the Russians.

*Wednesday June 26th*. The mosquitos have been perfectly fearful for the last two or three days. There has been a strong wind from the mountains and it has blown these little pests all down the coast. They almost drove us crazy. The only way to get clear of them is to keep smoking. "Woe to the person who cannot smoke." You see them wandering about all hours of the day and night striking right and left — first on side of the head and then on the other — it is fun for a spectator but agony to the one what has to endure the torments. Cold is nothing compared to the mosquitos — of the two give me fifty below zero. For three nights Fred and I have slept not a wink. . . .

While lying in our tent this eve Dennison came around and said that "Andrae" (the Russian Bardarjik at U——) was out on the bar and could not get in, the water was so low and said lets row out to him just for the fun. Anything for excitement, we said, and started off — and were well paid for our trouble. On getting to the boat we saw Mr. Bean, the storekeeper at St. Michaels. We wondered what he was doing up here but our wonder ceased when he commenced to talk. The "Clara Bell" had arrived, John Norton, Capt., 30 days from S. Fr. [San Francisco]. Company suspended operations, reason Atlantic cable a success.

We are all ordered home (much joy) United States bought Russian America for 7,000,000 dollars from the Russian government, and a torrent of news which left us speechless. We hurried ashore and received our letters—all well at home "Thank God." Devoured letters and papers. Intense excitement among the men who ask all sorts of questions. Will we get paid—when are we going home sure there are no more letters for me, etc. etc. We are to be at St. Michaels by the fifth of August. The "Clara Bell" is to go to Anadyr and get the "Golden Gate" party who were wrecked there last year and return for us, take us to "Plova bay" where we will meet the "Nightingale," Col. Bulkley and the northern parties.

*Thursday June 27th.* The "Wilder" returned today from St. M. they left the house as it will be of no further use to us—brought a little sugar, two or three hams and some beans. The "Clara Bell" left but very few provisions for us, said they could not spare them so we will have to wrestle for some months yet.

*Sunday June 30th.* Have been trying for some days past to get an Indian to go to Sun Golovine and inform the Capt. how things are, but no Indian is willing to go, so Jay Chappel and I concluded we would take a baidarka* and go up. As it is of the utmost importance that news be got to him immediately, we concluded to start today so as to lose no time. Left U—— this morn in the baidarka I came down the Kivhpak in, with three of the boys, Conlin, Schuyler and Watts and an Indian "Hungry" as he is very appropriately named. When we left the wind was fair but of course as soon as were fairly started came dead ahead and continued so all day. We made "Egowic" 15 mi. from U—— by three P. M. had supper and had just turned in when it was reported that there was a fair wind. We all hurried up, packed our blankets, launched the boat—which we had hauled up on the beach to have mended and started. We had not gone more than five rods from shore when the wind died away and it came dead ahead. Schuyler and Conlin came to me at "Ewogic" and said that they could get two Indians to go with us, and asked if they could go in their places. I said "yes" and they brought the natives to me and started back to U—— overland. We made only about five miles. The wind came strong ahead and we had to go ashore. [Adams records each day's progress and events, noting on July 6 that the party had missed Captain Ennis. Turning back, Adams' party arrived at Unalakleet at 10 P. M. on July 8. The captain had arrived in the morning. The *Wilder* had already taken most of the men to St. Michael's.]

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*A portable boat made of stretched skins; variously spelled — bidarka, bidarkee, and "bardarrar," as Adams tended to render it.

*Wednesday July 10th.* Two years ago embarked on the "Golden Gate" for this country. Cannot say that I regret the time, it has not been lost. Went to sleep at sundown 10 P. M. yesterday slept until 9 A. M. this morn. Launch left this morn for the Redout. Westdahl, Dennison and 4 others left in her. The Capt., Fred, W. W. [Smith] G. Dow and myself with Lunchy will bring up the rear in the baidarkas. A wind fair this eve, concluded to start, made about 15 miles wind hauled around ahead and had to stop and camp. Went ashore — hauled the baidarka up on the beach.

*Thursday July 11th.* Awoke this morn at 8 A. M. wind strong and fair — loaded the boat — shoved off — had got but a few feet from shore found a hole a half foot square in the bottom of the baidarka, hurried ashore unloaded the boat and mended it, when we were ready to start again found the surf rolling in so high that it was impossible to launch the boat. Surf continued high all day and night.

*Friday July 12th* [They found 15 holes in boat, when they launched it; had to sew up some holes, stuff oiled rags in other holes, rowed 30 miles].

*Saturday July 13th.* . . . alternately rowing and sailing reached the "Redout" at 3 P. M. — 26 hours on the road with nothing but one cup of tea and for two days nothing but a little tea and bread. . . .

*July 30th.* Ketchum, Lebarge and Dall and Whimper [Whymper] arrived from Ft. Yukon today.

[There are several short entries, noting on August 18 the arrival of the *Clara Bell*, the arrival at Plover Bay on the 29 of August, the departure of the several parties on the *Nightingale* and the *Clara Bell* from Plover Bay on September 16, and finally the arrival at San Francisco on October 9, 1867, "after an absence of 27 months during which time have heard from home but twice."][12]

[END OF DIARY]

On March 25, 1868, Adams sailed from San Francisco on the *Caldera* for the Pribilof Islands. This small schooner was financed by John Parrott and Captain R. H. Waterman. The purser was William H. Ennis.[13] Adams later prepared a manuscript, "Pioneer Sealing in Alaska," which gives a good picture of the bitter rivalry among the several expeditions to the Pribilofs.[14] While supervising the killing on St. George Island, Adams was asked by Capt. Gustave Niebaum, of the Hutchinson, Kohl group, who were busy battling with the Ebeneazer Morgan men on St. Paul Island, to receive in the name of the Hutchinson, Kohl Co., from Prince Maksutoff the properties of the Russian American Co.[15] At the end of the season, the *Caldera* sailed for Honolulu, where the schooner was sold at a profit. The 40,000 skins that Adams had collected on St. George Island were shipped to San Francisco on the schooner *Thomas Woodward*, owned by the Tillman-Bendel interests, a grocery firm of San Francisco. The profits were divided three ways, the Parrott-Waterman interest, the Tillman-Bendel, and the Hutchinson Kohl. The last outfit had furnished most of the salt.

Adams was married to Lillian Hinckley. There were five children: Edythe, and two boys Russell and Raymond, both of whom died in infancy; and twins, Oliver and Otis. Otis was killed by a train in Berkeley at the age of eighteen years.

While superintendent of a copper mine in Bingham, Utah, in 1902, Adams wrote a letter to a friend, J. R. Farrell, an engineer for a British company in Africa. This letter led soon to an offer from the Tanganyika Concessions Co., Lt'd., to Adams to go to Africa to replace Farrell, who was retiring. He spent the next two and one-half years traveling over 6000 miles in Africa, developing the mines of this company in the southern Congo.[16] This was followed by twelve years more of "travel and adventure that embraced Russia, Siberia, and most of the countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa." Adams died in Los Angeles in 1938. His son, Oliver, in compliance with a last request, cast the ashes of his father over the Pacific Ocean somewhere between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

## NOTES

1. "A Story of the First American Exploring Expedition to Russian America (now Alaska)"; manuscript prepared by Adams in later life but never published; in possession of Mrs. Oliver Adams, Berkeley, Calif. In the preparation of this account, Adams apparently had the diaries at hand, but the "Story" does not have the spontaneity and directness of the diaries.

2. The (Henry) Durant–(Isaac H.) Brayton College School in Oakland was taken over by the state in 1869 to become a preparatory school to the University of California. San Francisco City College, established in 1859 by the Rev. George Burroughs in the basement of Calvary Church, in 1862 moved to Stockton and Geary streets. The college granted B.A. degrees.

3. The Russian-American exploring expedition was but one part of the grandiose scheme to circle the world. For background on the Western Union extension, see Harold F. Taggart, "Journal of William E. Ennis," *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly*, XXXIII (March and June 1954), 1-12, 147-68.

4. James Alton James, *The First Scientific Exploration of Russian America and the Purchase of Alaska* (Chicago, 1942), p. x, referring to the first number of the *Transactions* of the Chicago Academy of Science, I, 217-24. James noted that only 12 copies of the *Transactions* have been located. Pease, of the scientific corps, left Alaska, Oct. 1, 1866, with the body of Major Kennicott.

5. *Ibid.*, pp. 137-264. Bannister, Bean the storekeeper, and Greene the engineer of the disappointing *Lizzie Homer*, remained at the Redoubt while the explorations were made. Bannister's contribution was important when, following his return to Washington, he briefed Secretary William H. Seward on conditions in Alaska, in connection with Seward's effort to win congressional approval for the purchase of that region.

6. "The Journal of William H. Ennis," note 3 above.

7. "Diary of Fred M. Smith," original in Univ. of Washington library, as in note 10 below.

8. A grandson, Dr. Philip R. Westdahl of San Francisco, has copies of the Swedish newspapers and an English translation; also a small leather-bound book with penciled sketches of St. Michael's, of the camps, and of the men at work digging postholes, etc. Westdahl, with Ennis, visited St. Michael's in 1869-70, on the brig *Commodore*, to trade up the Yukon as far as Ft. Yukon. He has left a short biographical sketch, telling of the telegraph expedition and of his many years (1870-1907) with the U. S. coast survey.

9. William H. Dall, *Alaska and Its Resources* (Boston, 1870); and Frederick Whymper, *Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska* (New York, 1870). Contrary to the impression left by Dall's book, the Adams diary reveals the fact that W. N. Ennis, not Dall, was leader in the exploring expedition's second year.

10. The original diaries, together with a typed copy of the Adams diaries and one of Fred M. Smith's diary, were purchased several years ago by the Univ. of Washington library from the estate of Charles S. Hubbell, a bookseller. Hubbell, who made the typed copies, had bought the four diaries in 1938 from an unnamed person who claimed to have found them in a barrel of papers in a junk shop in San Francisco. Diary "A" is in ink on foolscap, quite legible, and runs to 47 pages. The second diary, beginning with April 28, 1866, is in pencil on small ledger paper, 6½x8 inches; each sheet, though written on both sides, is given a number beginning with page 48. The third diary, in pencil, is a small notebook; on the flyleaf is a drawing by Westdahl as noted by Adams, "meant for myself and looks exactly as I did, with the exception of the face, when I first made my appearance on the gangway of the Flagship, 'Nightingale' Sept. 26th 1865." The three Adams diaries and the typescript have been made available to me through the courtesy of

Mr. Ronald Todd, Univ. of Washington library, and the excerpts are printed with his permission.

11. According to a story in the *Esquimaux*, the "distinguished visitors," Ennis and Smith, arrived at Libbyville on Feb. 16. The *Esquimaux*, edited in manuscript form by J. J. Harrington for the entertainment of the men at Grantley Harbor, was printed in San Francisco, Oct. 31, 1867, for distribution among the men who had composed the expedition. A file is in the Bancroft library, Univ. of Calif., Berkeley.

12. Adams mentions the names of all but one or two of the men left at St. Michael's Oct. 1, 1866, of whom nine had been in the expedition during the first year. He names 22 other men at Unalakleet or at Nulato. His entry of Oct. 13 says that there were 34 men, all at Unalakleet.

13. Ennis left a short journal of the trip, up to the time that a landing was made at St. George Island. The *Caldera*, because of the use of illicit rum in trading, had kept ahead of the custom officials and was compelled to clear for a foreign port.

14. Adams' story, "Pioneer Sealing in Alaska," is appended to the manuscript on the exploring expedition in Alaska, referred to in note 1 above.

15. At Sitka, Oct. 11, 1867, H. M. Hutchinson and Capt. William Kohl bought the interests of the Russian American Co. Financial backing was furnished by Louis Sloss and Lewis Gerstle of San Francisco. The Hutchinson, Kohl Co. absorbed competing interests – e.g., John Parrott and Captain Morgan – and soon became the Alaska Commercial Co. The story of this company, its lease of the Pribilof Islands from the government, and its expansion throughout Alaska, is told by L. D. Kitchener, *Flag Over the North* (Seattle, 1954), as part of the history of the company and its successor, the Northern Commercial Co.

16. Adams left a manuscript of 393 pages, with many pictures, in two leather binders, describing in much detail his journey from the mouth of the Zambesi River, 1352 miles west to Kambove (headquarters of the company), the mining operations from May 19, 1903, to July 30, 1905, and his trip down the Congo River on his way home.

# Guillaume Patrice Dillon

*By* A. P. NASATIR

IN 1950, WHILE IN PARIS as Fulbright scholar, I was given access to ten cartons of records, which were stored among the archives anciennes at the prefecture of police and which, when I examined them, were found to reveal the entire history of the Société des Lingots D'Or—the most spectacular of the many companies formed to induce Frenchmen to dig gold in western North America. As a result of this one company's efforts, some 4000 Frenchmen were sent to California, the first boat load reaching San Francisco in February 1852.

A year and a half earlier, an Irishman had begun his tenure as French consul in San Francisco; and though everyone speaks of Guillaume Patrice Dillon, and despite his importance in the Pacific area and in California-French foreign affairs, no biography of that tempestuous, Irish-tempered, Latin consul, has, to my knowledge, ever been written. (See ADDENDUM, this article.)

Guillaume Patrice Dillon was born in County Armagh, Ireland—when, I do not know, but he was 45 years old at the time of his death in Paris, October 12, 1857. This would place his birth sometime in 1812. He went to France in 1827 and studied in the facultés of Paris, receiving his bachelier en lettres in 1834. He found employment at the Bibliothèque Royale abstracting historical manuscript collections, and he also tutored the children of M. de Montelivat. About 1836 he got his start in the department of the interior as redacteur (editor or clerk) and there allied himself with the family of François P. G. Guizot, foreign minister under Louis Philippe. He was transferred to the ministry of foreign affairs by decree of January 1, 1841, serving in the secretariat with a salary of 5000 francs, after a term as redacteur in another bureau of the same ministry. Shortly thereafter he applied for French naturalization and presumably received it; the minister of foreign affairs, a supporter of his application, said that he knew Dillon personally and that he was a very capable and a most meritorious employé in his ministry.

Dillon did not remain in that "low" position for long. In 1842 he was promoted to a consulate of the second class in Newcastle, England, where he remained until, in 1847, France opened a consulate of the first class in Honolulu to which he was appointed. This advancement in position and salary—a raise from 15,000 to 25,000 francs—was accepted on March 14, 1847, and Dillon proceeded to Paris for instructions. Shortly thereafter he sailed for his new post on the *Poursuivante*, enjoying en route a 22-day sojourn in Rio de Janeiro, and a month at Valparaiso. On February 1, 1848, he arrived at Honolulu on the French warship, *La Surcille*, with his wife, one girl (an attendant), and a baby. His actions in Hawaii can be interpreted by the fact that even Catholic historians called him, "The Impossible Mr. Dillon."

Because of threats, pressure, and the presence of French warships under Capt. Cyrile Laplace, a French treaty had in 1839 been forced out of the weak Sandwich Island monarch, Kamehameha III. It granted special tariffs for French liquors, demanded that Frenchmen be tried by juries appointed by the French consul, and stopped persecution of Catholics. Britain received a similar treaty in 1844. Hawaii was now trying to get more equal treaties, and was ably seconded by warnings from the Whig administration in Washington that the French must moderate their demands. The result was a new Franco-Hawaiian treaty, and to Dillon was entrusted the task of having it ratified by Hawaii unconditionally. Cultivate friendly relations, the French minister of foreign affairs told Dillon, "for moderation makes secure what boldness had obtained." Dillon secured ratification of the treaty but then proceeded to bring a succession of strong demands relating to schools, and to the tariff on spirituous liquors; he urged the use of the French language in documents presented to customs officials. He told the Scotsman, Robert C. Wyllie, foreign minister of Hawaii, that relations could not be bettered until Catholics obtained at least partial control of public funds for schools and until Catholic schools were freed from Protestant inspectors. He attacked Minister of Education Richard Armstrong and made native Hawaiian education and religion a matter of diplomatic interference. Dillon's objectionable actions wore out the patience of the king and his advisers, and they requested his recall in April 1849. Dillon then called in the French naval squadron in the Pacific.

The French foreign office reproved Dillon for his conduct, except in his efforts to reduce the tariff on French wines. He was ordered to stop his great acrimony, confining himself to the defense of French and Catholic interests without becoming involved in local intrigues. As the islands were going to be annexed by the United States, France should assume the position of moderator.

Before this news arrived, Dillon's call for the French navy had been answered. Admiral Legoarant de Tromelin and Dillon, backed by two warships, now increased their demands; they declared the treaty of 1846 null and void, reverted back to the 1839 treaty, landed forces, took possession of the fort, government offices and customhouse, and seized the king's yacht. Strangely enough, the people did not run away; instead, they all flocked to the shore to watch the French land and dismantle the fort. Hawaii protested. The French government disavowed and reversed the actions of both the admiral and Dillon. Complicating the situation was a change of ministry in France. But was Dillon punished? On the contrary, as will shortly appear, he was appointed to be consul of the first class at San Francisco.

While Dillon was in Hawaii, gold had been discovered in California. He kept his government informed and complained that there was no French agent in San Francisco to aid immigrants. He had heard that France had suppressed the consulate at Monterey and had dismissed Jacques A. Moerenhout; the latter had not yet heard the report, although technically it was true. Acting without authority, in typical Dillon fashion, he appointed to the post M. Langlois, a French merchant, who had been agent at Lahaina and who was about to establish a business in California. Dillon told Langlois not to act if Moerenhout was still in California. There were said to be over 1500 Frenchmen on the banks of the Sacramento, Dillon told his government; he had sent F. L. Hardy to visit California and report to him on the state of affairs. He also urged the foreign office to establish a consulate at San Francisco and recommended Hardy for the job. The ministry reproved Dillon for this action, and appointed Hardy to Santiago and Edouard Guys to California. They instructed Dillon to continue sending reports on the ore in California, but they turned down his request to include, within his consular jurisdiction of Honolulu, all the Pacific coast from Vancouver Island to San Diego.

September 5, 1849, saw Dillon on board the *Poursuivante,* en route with Admiral Tromelin to San Francisco, and then to France. Dillon wrote an interesting description of San Francisco and its environs, which was published shortly afterwards in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* He did not have enough time in the bay city to do much damage to its reputation, as he arrived there September 24th and left on the *SS Oregon*

October 1st, reaching Panama on October 23rd, and Paris on December 5th.

Since Guys was a "miserable appointment" and wanted to leave the consular service for more money to be made in what we politely call business nowadays, the foreign office named Dillon consul of the first class at San Francisco—salary 25,000 francs. Appointed by a decree dated February 7, 1850, he was informed two days later that the re-establishment of the French consulate was necessary as a protection for French nationals and commerce (Guys had only been an "agent"). The new appointee was told to await orders before acting; no provision had been made in the budget for a consulate at San Francisco, consequently his appointment could not be officially sanctioned by his ministry until the national assembly had acted. Meanwhile Dillon visited the chambers of commerce of Lille and Le Hâvre, and urged that French naval vessels be sent to San Francisco to aid French ships which were being plagued with desertions. On May 2, 1850, he was ordered to rush to San Francisco via New York and Washington, picking up his exequatur on the way.

Dillon's new jurisdiction included the area from San Diego to Oregon. The agency at Monterey was subject to his control and he had power to appoint agents elsewhere in his jurisdiction. Apparently he reached New York sometime prior to June 13th, visited Washington where he had talked with Sain de Boislecomte, the ambassador of France; was welcomed by Secretary of State John M. Clayton (he had been armed with letters of introduction from American Ambassador William C. Rives), received his exequatur, and left for his new post. It took him 9 days to reach Chagres, 3 from Chagres to Panama, and 19 days from there to San Francisco where he arrived on the *SS Oregon* July 22, 1850, eight days after Guys had left. At first, Dillon lived on a French vessel anchored in the harbor, but later he rented a house "a l'angle des rues Jackson et Mason."

As to personal appearance, Dillon was called by the English "a man of dignity." He was also scholarly and collaborated with Guizot in several historical treatises published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* some accounts he wrote himself (e.g., his description of San Francisco, mentioned above). In general his letters are well written—verbose but clear. French he spoke fluently as well as English and Spanish. He was an excellent man for the French consulate in San Francisco and quite popular; in fact, he was often imposed upon because of his extreme generosity.

At the same time the new consul—quick-tempered, obstinate, clever—could not brook the slightest opposition, which he tended to interpret as a personal insult. He practically controlled the thoughts and actions of the French in California and bitterly opposed the founding of French newspapers which he could not influence. Hence a number of French periodicals were started and lasted but a short time. Etienne Derbec was in sympathy with Dillon and so his French newspapers fared better. But *Colibri,* edited by Dr. Adolph Toubin, was critical of him (it was founded in part as an opposition paper) and faded away after a few issues. On the other hand, Dillon was an able spokesman for his countrymen. He knew personally most of the influential officials of government on all levels, and understood fairly well for a Frenchman the workings of politics and government in a frontier Anglo-American state. He was not, however, the keen analyst of California politics and economic conditions that Moerenhout was.

Trying to protect French nationals brought out Dillon's talent for hotheadedness. Once he was insulted by a police agent in full view of the French flag. The consul had tried to help the captain of the French ship *L'Epadon* whom the police had arbitrarily detained, and he even went to the governor about the case. When the latter attempted to defend the police agent's action, Dillon threatened to haul down the flag if justice were not done. Finally the French captain was freed, the governor expressed regrets to the consul, and the policeman was punished.

Other instances of his efforts in behalf of his countrymen involved American customs collectors. He filed claims for overtaxation and wrote to the embassy in Washington, which also filed claims with the U. S. departments of state and treasury. Indeed, cases of this kind make up a considerable portion of his correspondence. But what irritated Dillon particularly were the inconveniences caused by the silence of American law on the rights and powers of foreign consuls. For example, he was enraged when, upon his complaint, two deserters from the French ship *Java* were arrested, but a San Francisco justice freed them. Dillon took up the matter with the French ambassador, Etienne Gilbert Eugène, Comte de Sartiges, who reported the case to the French foreign office, claiming that such actions of justice were contrary to treaty agreements (which the American officers denied) and were also harmful to French commerce in California. Complaints such as these and others led to a suggestion by Dillon, seconded by the ambassador, that a new convention be negotiated with the United States. The resulting consular convention, signed February 23, 1853, provided that consuls could not be forced to testify as witnesses in court; that their homes and offices and papers were inviolate and immune from search or perusal; that consuls were in charge of vessels of their country while they were in harbor and could make arrests, including deserters; and many other provisions. But friction continued. (Incidentally, the French government sent Dillon a copy of the convention before it was signed, asking for his comments and criticisms.)

A further illustration of Dillon's activity in intervening in behalf of French nationals is the case of François Le Bras, who was brought before the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance for the murder of Francisco Guererro on Mission Road, July 12, 1851. The vigilantes permitted Dillon to appear before them and examine the accused. He was accorded the unusual privilege of borrowing the documents in the case for overnight use. The committee found the evidence inconclusive and refused to turn the prisoner over to the sheriff, but, instead, remanded Le Bras for a jury trial before the courts, which freed him.

Another case requiring consular ingenuity affected a large group of nationals. Collector of Customs Thomas Butler King told the committee that he had been informed by the American consul at Marseilles that the French government was preparing to send to California a shipload of emigrants, among whom might be a large number of desperadoes. The committee sent a delegation to enquire about the matter. The agent of the company agreed to inform France of the existence of the vigilantes, who were bent on ridding the community of despicable characters. In due course, word was received from France and was in turn communicated to the committee that no criminals were being sent; that Marziou & Co. were sending 4000 to 5000 industrious laborers. They reassured the vigilantes that the French emigrants were honest, migrating voluntarily. Dillon said that the French government would not send nor sanction the emigration of felons or convicted persons, and that government agents had examined each prospective emigrant as to character before embarcation. It was agreed that all such French emigrants would obtain an endorsement or gratuitous visa from the American consul at the port of embarcation. According to Dillon, he too had an official register and examined the papers of each French emigrant arriving in California. The prospective nationals, Marziou & Co. wrote, were agriculturists, laborers, mechanics. The Committee of Vigilance was satisfied.

The Société des Lingots D'Or,* under whose auspices the emigrants in question were being transported and which was referred to briefly in the first paragraph of this article, was an enterprise combining the speculative mania in France with the fever of the placers. There were many French companies connected with the California gold rush, but it was by far the most sizable; it had official patronage, and was the only company among them that succeeded in actually landing large numbers of emigrants on the shores of California. To carry out their plans, the company held a lottery (among the 224 prizes was a grand-prize golden nugget worth 400,000 francs), the net profit up to 4,500,000 francs to be used to transport, free of charge, 5000 poor emigrants to California, including political suspects—men like the gardes mobiles, who had been armed in 1848 to overthrow Louis Blanc's socialist republicans and, though demobilized, had not yet been paid. Emigration to California therefore appeared to be an admirable way to solve the problem. The government had already (1850) sent to the far west 140 officers and noncommissioned officers of the gardes mobiles; upon arrival in California on *La Sérieuse*, they were welcomed by the mayor and council of San Francisco, exempted from the payment of customs, and granted state exemption from the special foreign-miner's tax. Most of them had then left for the diggings at Mokelumne. Now, under the scheme devisited by the Société des Lingots D'Or and despite innumerable preliminary difficulties, legal and otherwise, some 3885 emigrants made the journey to California, their passage being defrayed out of the profits of the lottery. The first contingent reached San Francisco on February 28, 1852.

They created countless problems for Consul Dillon. He complained to the foreign minister on September 28, 1852, that they kept him and his employés at the consulate so busy that they hardly had time to perform their official duties. The new arrivals lacked food, lodgings. To remedy the situation, Dillon got the French merchants to form the Société Française de Bienfaisance Mutuelle, which aided the needy in moving to various parts of the interior—to the Feather and the Yuba River diggings and to Marysville. Twice, H. Arnaud visited and reported on the area for Dillon. After fully describing the conditions he saw, Arnaud pleaded for the establishment of a French vice-consulate in Marysville, because "God was too high and Dillon was too far away."

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*A. P. Nasatir, "Alexandre Dumas fils and the Lottery of the Golden Ingots," this Quarterly, XXXIII (June 1954), 125-42.

The increase in French population in California may be illustrated by a few figures: from a group of a dozen or so Frenchmen who lived here before 1849, they increased to such an extent that on December 15, 1851, Dillon reported their numbers and distribution to be as follows:

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| Yuba and Feather River area (center, Marysville) | 10,000 |
| Les Fourcades | 6,000 to 8,000 |
| Sonora, and banks of Mariposa and Merced rivers | 5,000 |
| San Jose and environs, in agriculture | not less than 1,500 |
| In San Francisco | about 6,000 |

Such a growth, said Dillon, required the appointment of consular agents to protect the interests of French nationals, and he suggested Dr. Pigné-Dupuytren at Marysville; Boursier de la Rivière at Les Fourcades; Mouton at San Jose; and Satinstatesqui, Spanish consul, to act as French consular agent at Sonora. (Monterey, he pointed out, had a vice-consul, also, to protect French interests.) Dillon estimated that within a year the French population would have doubled. He said that La Rivière had been his consular agent at the southern mines for two years, and that in 1852 there was a small French newspaper called *La Chronique de Calaveras*, published at Mokelumne Hill.

At first, French emigrants in California did not fare well. Many of those who had enlisted in company expeditions had been "taken in" and were disheartened. In the mines they were often in trouble. Usually they stuck together, isolated from the other workers but mixing sometimes with the Mexicans. They rarely spoke English. Then too, some were what Dillon called wild debauchers and gambling-house attendants. American workers at the diggings became hostile; furthermore, special taxes placed by the California legislature on foreign miners and lack of American respect for foreigners' mining claims were real grievances and bound to cause trouble.

The first foreign-miners' tax law, passed April 13, 1850, by the legislature, provided that, pending federal action in the matter, no foreigners should conduct mining operations without a license, which was to be renewed monthly at a fee of $20. The law was discriminatory and difficult to enforce. It was later repealed, then restored, and progressively and radically modified. Dillon protested in strong terms against it. Thousands of foreign miners—especially Chinese and Spanish-Americans against whom the tax collectors' best efforts were directed—became discouraged by the law and by the treatment meted out to them by the Anglo-Saxon races, who considered the tax, when not met, as an excuse to deprive these "foreigners" of their claims. The latter, gathered together in San Francisco and other towns, led a precarious existence; but as they were reluctant to become citizens, and therefore were without votes, their sufferings did not give too much concern to local officials. When difficulties affecting French nationals in the San Joaquin Valley rose to an unusually high pitch, however, Gov. Peter H. Burnett requested Dillon to intervene. On September 5, 1850, the latter ordered Vice-Consul Jules Lombard* to visit his compatriots at the principal placers, listen to their claims and complaints, and then render an account to Dillon. He was, in other words, to try to harmonize the just interests of the French with the requirements of the laws and with the respect that was due the authorities. Lombard left immediately, arriving in Stockton on September 6th. He spent 25 days touring the southern mines, and interviewing Frenchmen; and on October 7th he reported his observations by letter to the consul. He pointed out the inability of his countrymen to work together, a principal cause for their not making money. He complained of the high tax, and the violence for which it served as a pretext. But acts of the worst sort of spoliation were becoming less frequent; in fact, on his excursion Lombard found only five or six such cases, and for these he obtained complete satisfaction from the Americans on the spot. Moreover, the lessening of the exhorbitant amount of the tax prompted him to say that he "did not find a single one of our nationals who was not disposed to pay it."

At the end of April 1851, trouble broke out at Les Fourcades or Mokelumne Hill. By now the gardes-mobiles officers had arrived in California and were mainly sent to this area. It is claimed that they still kept their military organization. Be that as it may, a former officer of the French marine, known as Le Vendéen, discovered on a hill a rich digging which he proceeded to work alone. The result was a violent Irish-French quarrel, which culminated in the wounding of two Frenchmen and three Irishmen, with one Irishman (not involved in the dispute) killed. The French retreated temporarily to San Andreas, where they chose M. Villaçeque as their leader and hoisted the tri-color. Boursier de la Rivière, the French consular agent there, tried to restore peace, but, greatly worried, he sent word to Consul Dillon to come. Dillon, accompanied by Thomas Butler King the customs collector and by "Colonel" Woodlief, now left for Mokelumne, arriving there on May 3rd. He assembled the miners; the French flag was cased away and the French were left in quiet possession of their claims. In the midst of the affair, Dillon was told of the diastrous fire that had occurred in San Francisco and he hurried back, leaving the matter at Mokelumne in the hands of his agent. The consul reported the details of the incident to Paris and to Washington; and, in Washington, claims were made for the spoliation of French claims. The French foreign office gave its approval to the action Dillon had taken.

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*A. P. Nasatir, "A French Pessimist in California; the Correspondence of J. Lombard, Vice-Consul of France, 1850-1852," this QUARTERLY, XXXI (June-Dec. 1952), 139-48, 253-60, 307-24.

Troubles continued in the mines in 1852, during which the French were accused and/or exonerated of the charge of undue violence, the *Echo du Pacifique,* on its part, maintaining that the French were conspicuous for their respect for laws and their love of order; they were in need, themselves, of laws to protect their property. When an attempt was made in the summer of 1852 to drive the Spaniards and French from Mariposita on the Mariposa River, Dillon received letters from the expelled Frenchmen and he appealed to the governor to stop hatred and anarchy. With Leonetto Cipriani, Sardinian consul, he visited the southern mines, spending eight days there. He succeeded in calming the situation, but in general he held that the trouble was based on the fact that in California the law was a dead letter—the actions of tribunals had no effect. All but a few of the expelled Frenchmen returned to their claims, and a mass meeting was held at Mariposa to discuss the relations that *should exist* in the mines.

But miners' troubles were not the only matters with which Dillon had to deal. He corresponded with the governor; dined with Senator William M. Gwin; procured equipment for a corps of Sapeurs Pompiers in San Francisco; asked for better postal arrangements; sent M. La Rivière to Paris to report on California and to deliver documents to Sartiges concerning the problems that had been faced by the consul in San Francisco. He also took over Cipriani's job as Sardinian consul for many months during the latter's absence; and he interceded and acted on behalf of the Belgians. Another of his acts was to send Pierre Charles de Saint Amant to tour in Oregon and in the mines.

When Louis Napoleon through a coup d'état on December 2, 1851, set himself up as dictator* in France, the California legislature considered the passing of a resolution deploring the downfall of republicanism and the triumph of monarchy. It declared Napoleon an enemy of his own country and of representative institutions. Dillon wrote vehement letters, and the proposed resolution failed of adoption. He then arranged a banquet for August 15, 1852, in honor of Napoleon's coup. This brought further expressions of disapprobation from the legislators. A resolution to this effect was passed in the assembly, but, upon Dillon's intervening, its consideration was postponed indefinitely in the senate. From then, on, to the downfall of Napoleon III in 1870, the French in San Francisco celebrated August 15 as a fete day.

The best-known difficulties experienced by Dillon arose out of the filibustering activities of Count Gaston de Raousset Boulbon. "Wolf Cub," as he was called, was born in Avignon, France, December 2, 1817. He tried several careers: agricultural colonist in North Africa; participant in the revolution of 1848 in France; candidate (defeated) for election to the French legislature; and publisher of a paper, *Liberté*, at Avignon. In all of these he was a failure; but there was still California, and in 1850 as a steerage passenger he came to try his luck. He worked in the mines but disliked it; he was a boatman on the Sacramento River; he hunted and fished, and attempted the buying and selling of cattle. At the Polka Saloon he met the Marquis Charles De Pindray and attempted to emulate him. But when Pindray organized and recruited Frenchmen in the mines for his exploits in Sonora, Mexico, Raousset refused to join.

Deciding on action for himself respecting colonization in Sonora, Raousset approached Dillon with his plans. The latter encouraged him, desiring to rid California of unemployed French nationals, who, as foreigners, were hated for their mining activities. For the most part, the French were disgusted with California; but Raousset, dreaming of "glory or death," as well as conquest, was an enthusiast. As pointed out above, Dillon was sympathetic with Napoleon III's imperialistic designs and was also interested in promoting French colonization in Sonora by means of troublesome émigrés from California; he had therefore aided Pindray. After corresponding with the French minister to Mexico, André Levasseur, he now urged Raousset to visit the Mexican capital, and provided him with a passport and a letter. Raousset negotiated with and obtained a concession from President Mariano Arista, and, with Levasseur's aid, also obtained financial backing and a mining concession—his famed Compañía Restauradora in the Arizonac area.

Returning to California, Raousset opened a recruiting office in the cantina owned by Paul Naiqueret, a French exile, on Commercial Street in San Francisco, and sent recruiting agents to the mining areas. Several companies under French leadership were organized, aided by Dillon and Levasseur who pleaded concern for California's impoverished French. With 250 recruits, Raousset sailed to Guaymas in 1852. But serious opposition, including actual battles, developed and he returned to San Francisco where he was "lionized." He now began to dream of plans for making Sonora another California. These designs faded, upon the coming of Antonio López de Santa Anna into power. Later in 1853, Dillon urged Raousset again to visit Mexico. A contract was made, then annulled, by Santa Anna, who asked that Raousset and his recruits join the Mexican army. Raousset, fuming with anger, returned to San Francisco and appealed to his compatriots in California for financial backing to further his plans.

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*As "Napoleon III," Louis Napoleon was proclaimed "emperor of the French" on December 2, 1852.

The situation was now complicated to a high degree. William Walker was actively pursuing his filibustering schemes. Santa Anna was fearful of Walker and his American followers, and ordered his consul in San Francisco, Luís Del Valle, to recruit not over 3000 Frenchmen in California and send them to Guaymas. Del Valle applied to Dillon to obtain aid in the enlistments.

Disturbed by Raousset's aggressive plans, Levasseur and Alphonse Dano, French chargé d'affaires in Mexico, ordered Dillon to avoid being implicated in them, for France herself would offer no aid to the adventure. Dillon heeded the advice and warned the California French not to ally themselves with Raousset; he told José Calvo to disapprove the filibuster plans, informed the Sonora government of what might happen, and even advised Raousset to desist in his undertakings, an act of which the latter complained bitterly.

Notwithstanding these and other negative reactions to his ideas, Raousset recruited San Francisco financial backers as well as willing adventurers and set off for Mexico, in another attempt to revive that country's interest in French colonization of Sonora. Failing in this, he planned revenge for what he considered a Mexican "double cross." Dillon threatened that all who followed Raousset would be regarded as pirates and he refused to issue passports. Meanwhile Del Valle attempted to carry out Santa Anna's orders to recruit California Frenchmen for the Mexican army, promising pay and land.

At this point, Gen. John E. Wool entered the picture. He had been appointed commandant of the Pacific department with orders to stop the outfitting of armed expeditions, and he cooperated to this end with the U. S. district attorney, S. W. Inge, and the federal marshal, W. H. Richardson.

In trying to put Santa Anna's orders into effect, Del Valle asked and obtained Dillon's cooperation. Advertisements were inserted in the *Echo du Pacifique* and in the *Alta*. But since Frenchmen enrolling in the Mexican army would lose their citizenship, they were enrolled as colonists. Some 500 responded. Del Valle chartered the *Challenge*, contracting for the vessel with two French merchants, W. Cavalier and Hector Chauviteau – both close friends of Raousset.

Wool was convinced that Dillon and Del Valle were working together, and that Dillon was making a dupe out of the old Mexican. When Dillon assured him that he was cooperating with the United States, Wool called him a liar. On a technicality of custom law, the *Challenge* was detained in port; this caused more trouble for Dillon and the wealthy French residents of San Francisco because they had to feed them. At last the vessel left with 300 persons (all but 70 of whom were French) aboard. Among them were many dissatisfied miners of Tuolumne County, including at least 112 Lingots d'Or emigrants who had signed up on Raousset's promise that he would be their leader.

The same influence that had detained the *Challenge* stopped further enlistments and on April 18, 1854, caused the arrest of Del Valle for violation of the neutrality law of 1818 forbidding enlistment of soldiers within the United States to serve a foreign power. Del Valle demanded the testimony of Dillon at his trial. The court invited the consul to testify, but he took refuge in immunity. A second invitation was again refused. Then the counsel for Del Valle urged that a subpoena be issued forcing Dillon to appear in court. He was then brought before the court on an attachment for having refused to obey a subpoena, his refusal being based on: (1) immunity of consuls under international law; and (2) immunity of consuls under the French convention signed with the United States on February 23, 1853, referred to above. Dillon had been arrested in broad daylight.* This excited the French people of San Francisco and they threatened to rescue him by force. Protesting vehemently, he hauled down the French flag flying over his consulate. But his complicity with Del Valle was shown; he was again arrested and brought to trial on May 24th, on the same charge as that on which Del Valle had been tried. Dillon's connection with Raousset, however, could not be proved. It was rumored that the vote was 10 for guilty and 2 for acquittal; but the case was declared nolle prosequi, and Del Valle, who had been found guilty, was let off also. Dillon claimed that this was an insult to France. In defending himself, the French consul had maintained that the Sonora expedition was not filibustering, but had been planned by the Mexican government to *prevent* filibustering and to stop Raousset.

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*At first, Judge Ogden Hoffman had decided that Dillon could not be arrested; then he reversed his decision.

In the meantime, Raousset left San Francisco secretly—on the very day that Dillon's trial began. He believed that the French could occupy Sonora and, later, Mexico for France. Raousset, declared an outlaw, went to Sonora where he was defeated and shot by Gen. José María Yañez, and his forces were broken up.

But this was not the end of the incident. Later, during the trial of William Walker in October 1854, Dillon refused to testify and the court did not bring pressure upon him. General Wool was rebuked by Jefferson Davis, U. S. secretary of war, for exceeding his authority and for interfering with the affairs of local officials. He was accused likewise of playing politics and was shifted to Benicia. The result was the stoppage of preventive measures against filibustering; consequently it flourished until the Civil War.

Dillon congratulated himself upon his escape from the courts and he enjoyed increasing prestige among his countrymen. He had asserted the rights of a representative of the French empire. Still, Raousset's debacle sobered France and the French in California, and with it filibustering from California by French nationals ended. But by this time they were finding a definite economic place for themselves or were leaving the state.

Repercussions from the Raousset affair, however, continued. Dillon sent La Rivière with special letters and documents concerning his arrest to the French embassy in Washington. Between June 26, 1854, and February 13, 1855, there were 17 dispatches to Secretary of State William L. Marcy from John Y. Mason, American minister to France, and Marcy forwarded lengthy instructions to Mason on the subject on September 11, 1854, and on January 18, 1855. The French foreign office issued many more letters and official papers. Settlement was finally made with A.-F. Joseph Colonna, Comte de Walewski, who had succeeded Edmond Drouyn de Lhuys at the Quai D'Orsay. The main issue in the case was: did the convention of 1853 take precedence over the constitution of the United States? The convention granted exemption to consuls; but the constitution grants the accused's defense-counsel power of subpoena. In the case involving Walker, the court accepted the former view and discharged Dillon from arrest. Marcy, on the other hand, denied that interpretation, and said that amendment VI of the U. S. constitution qualified the convention of 1853. He gave in, nevertheless. (The state department has since been careful not to overlook the bearings of the constitution in making consular conventions.)

Dillon's consular flag was not raised again for some time. But although he had closed his consulate, he did not stop writing official letters and performing his official duties under the cover of the Sardinian consulate. Neither was Dillon dismissed by his government nor recalled, in spite of the fact that he was declared persona non grata by the United States. After a long-drawn-out series of diplomatic exchanges, the affair was settled amicably. It was agreed that a French vessel would visit San Francisco and that the United States would give a 21-gun salute, to be returned by the French ship; at the same time, the flag would be raised over the French consulate. The *Embuscade* arrived in due course; the ceremony took place on Friday, November 30, 1855, and good relations were again the order of the day, with Dillon staying on in San Francisco. This continued until, by decree of March 1, 1856, he was appointed chargé d'affaires and consul general at Port-au-Prince, Haiti. He turned over the San Francisco consulate to his successor, Albert Frédérick Gautier, on December 20, 1856, and left San Francisco shortly thereafter, taking over his new portfolio in the West Indies on February 9, 1857.

Long before, Dillon had applied for a congé, that he might visit France and his family. It had been granted, but, every time it was granted, new problems had reached his desk and had prevented his leaving. The situation had been relieved once, however, when Mrs. Dillon went to Paris and brought back two of his children for a short stay. He appears not to have been a man in robust health. His assignment in Haiti probably did him little good, for, shortly after arriving at his post in Port-au-Prince, he renewed his request for a congé. He obtained permission and returned to France. But time was running out for the tempestuous, talented Dillon, and October 12, 1857, found him dead in Paris, at the age of 45, leaving behind him a wife and seven children — four boys and three girls.

## ADDENDUM

Source material for the above account of Guillaume Patrice Dillon (extended from a speech delivered by the author before the California Historical Foundation, College of the Pacific, March 19, 1955) include the following: personal dossier and consular correspondence in the archives of ministry of foreign affairs, Paris—and to the director and archivist of the foreign office special thanks are due for permission to see this dossier; archival materials in the prefecture of police and in the archives nationales in Paris; *Revue des Deux Mondes; Alta California* and other materials in the Bancroft Library, Univ. Calif., Berkeley; correspondence of French consuls in California (e.g., Gasquet, Moerenhout, Lombard), tr. and ed. by A. P. Nasatir and published in the *Calif. Hist. Soc. Quarterly* over many years. For convenience in citation, see his *French Activities in California: An Archival Calendar-Guide* (Stanford Univ. Press, 1945).

# The First Crescent City Lighthouse

*By* Esther Ruth Smith

Just as lighthouses were recognized as prime necessities in ancient times,[1] so one of the early acts of the first U. S. congress was concerned with "the establishment and support of light houses, beacons, buoys, and public piers."[2] The act was approved on August 7, 1789—the same day which saw provision made for the war department. According to the lighthouse act, all expenses accruing from and after August 15, 1789, in the necessary support of the installations mentioned, should be defrayed out of the U. S. treasury, "*Provided, nevertheless,* That none of the said expenses shall continue to be so defrayed by the United States, after the expiration of one year from the day aforesaid, unless such lighthouses, beacons, buoys, . . . shall in the meantime be ceded to and vested in the United States by the State or States respectively in which the same may be. . . ."

Sixty-odd years pass, and on a crescent-shaped bay indenting the northwest coast of California a town was in the making, which grew with such rapidity that in 1854 it possessed the requirements for incorporation.[3] The need for harbor improvements becoming apparent, the inhabitants took steps to see that the matter was brought to the attention of the California legislature, with the result that on January 31, 1855, a concurrent resolution was passed urging the state's representatives in congress to bend their energies in procuring passage of an act providing for the erection of lighthouses at "Trinidad and Crescent City."[4]

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*The first Crescent City lighthouse, one of the oldest of such installations on the coast of California, has now been leased by the Del Norte County Historical Society from the federal government for a museum. In its original setting and with the antique banjo clock, logbook, and Fresnel lens of former days, this historic place may be visited at low tide. Other valuable relics—marine life, mining equipment from the ghost town of Altaville, Indian objects from the South Fork of Smith River, etc.—also grace its shelves and exhibit cases. [*Ed.*]

The subsequent sequence of events is as follows:

*March 3, 1855,* $15,000 was appropriated by congress for the Crescent City lighthouse.[5]

Under date of *November 27, 1855,* Commodore of the Navy Thomson A. Jenkins wrote to "U. S. Coast Survey, A. B. Bache Supt., Crescent City Harbor, Calif.:

> I have respectfully to request that the necessary instructions may be given to secure the reservation of so much of the point forming the southern and western side of the Harbor of Crescent City, California as may be necessary for Lighthouse purposes upon which a light-house is represented upon the tracing herewith enclosed.[6]

*December 8, 1855,* by order of the president, Franklin Pierce, certain land at Crescent City was reserved for lighthouse purposes. The city objected to the reservation taking so much land within its corporate limits. Eventually the amount was reduced to two parts, a small island of about 75/100 acre, and 10 acres on the mainland, known as Battery Point.[7]

*May 2, 1856.* A letter from Maj. Hartman Bache to Capt. T. A. Jenkins bore a note, "Fourth Order Light ordered."

*June 12, 1856.* According to an invoice of public property under this date, 4 boxes, each containing a fourth-order hydraulic lamp complete, were shipped to Hartman Bache, corps of topographical engineers, U.S.A., at San Francisco, by Lt. W. F. Reynolds of the corps.

*December 10, 1856.* Crescent City lighthouse established, with the temporary lightkeeper, "Mr." Van Court, who lit the first light.

*December 25, 1856.* Theophilis Magruder became the keeper.

A summary of the physical conditions under which Crescent City lighthouse operated was given officially as follows:[8]

*Location,* on the seaward extremity of an island off Battery Point, westerly side of Crescent City harbor; *latitude,* 41° 44′ 36″ north; *longitude,* 124° 12′ 10″ west; fixed white light varied by a white flash every 90 seconds;* *order of light,* 4; *height of light above mean high water,* 77 ft.; *distance visible in nautical miles,* 14½; low white tower, rising from white dwelling with red roof and green shutters; *lantern,* black; *outbuildings,* white with red roofs; built in 1856.

On *January 16, 1857,* Hartman Bache, office, 12th Lighthouse District, San Francisco, writing to Magruder, keeper of the Crescent City lighthouse, said in part:[9]

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*The light characteristic was changed in 1907 to "flashing white every 15 seconds."

> Enclosed you will find triplicate receipts for Lighthouse Returns, Stationery, etc. which on receipt please sign and return two copies to this office, retaining one for yourself.
>
> The quarterly return of shipments in the vicinity is to be made out when occasion requires in triplicate. Account of stores consumed etc. also time of lighting, extinguishing etc. is to be made out at the end of each quarter, also in triplicate.
>
> You will presume that this return is precisely the same as the first sheet in the book of Stores. . . . Under the head of remarks you will assign the cause of the breaking of chimneys or any other irregularity. . . . "Return of vessels that have passed in the vicinity" to be made out in triplicate at the end of each quarter.
>
> Mr. Potter is under the impression that your predecessor who was temporarily appointed, kept no account of expenditure of oil, time of lighting, extinguishing, etc. from the time of the first exhibition, Dec. 10, until you took charge Dec. 25. It would be as well under the circumstances to guess at the consumption of oil, and time of lighting by your own experience, and make your return from the 10th of Dec. to the 31st of March. This is some what irregular, but it will obviate the necessity of making out a whole set of returns for the quarter ending Dec. 31 — only twenty-one days. . . .
>
> The blanks speak for themselves in a measure, and with these instructions and those I have put in pencil on them, it is hoped you will succeed in making your returns comebly [comely?] as it will not only save yourself, but this office much annoyance.
>
> I am very respectfully . . . .

*February 17, 1857,* Theophilis Magruder was officially appointed as the lighthouse keeper at a salary of $1000 per year. Meanwhile, agitation on the part of the citizens of Crescent City succeeded, in March 1857, in the separation of the area on which it stood from Klamath County and the formation of Del Norte County, of which Crescent City became the "seat of justice."[10]

That their harbor's lighthouse was not being neglected by the federal government can be seen from the stores, listed below, receipt of which was reported by the keeper on *May 8, 1857,* to Maj. Hartman Bache of the topographic engineers:

1 Time Clock
 [probably the banjo clock]
2 Lantern Curtains
12 Curtain Brass Rings
1 pair straight scissors
4 ¾ lbs. whiting
2 paper tripoli
2 Buff skins
1 Wolfs Head brush
1 Flat brush for putting on rouge

1 Dusting brush or (Bakers)
10 Emery papers (sheet)
1 Soldering Iron
1 ¾ lbs. Tin solder
1 Bottle ink (Quart)
6 lead pencils
1 Hand Lantern
3 lbs. Rouge
1 Scrub or Clamp brush
1 Gal. turpentine
4 Cun Brooms
10 Sheets Sand Paper
2 In Return account of store acct. expenses etc.
2 In Return account of store consumed at time of lighting

Triplicates Theo Magruder Keeper

James Buchanan succeeded to the presidency in the spring of 1857, and on October 10th of that year a letter (circular) from Major Bache to Keeper Magruder directs him to make, thereafter, "a special report of all public property, as oil barrels, tools, SH stoves etc. no longer required at the station or fit for use, with suggestions of such disposition, whether by sale, storage or otherwise," as might, in his opinion, be best for the interests of the government.

The following letters, written by Bache to Magruder, give an idea of the routine matters that came up for discussion between the district office in San Francisco and the establishment at Crescent City.

*Feb. 23, 1858*

Enclosed you will find bill of lading on five (5) casks of oil for the use of the light with the usual triplicate receipts for the number of gallons shipped per steamer Columbia, the purser of which will pay for the lighterage. The oil is in double casks of excellent make, which you will please see are carefully preserved. You will of course return two of the triplicate receipts, after signing and dating, to this office.

*April 22, 1858*

Your letter of the 1st inst. with your QH. returns for the quarter ending the 31st ulto. is received.

At what point is the road unfit for travel? Are they the descents from the bank on the town side and the island side to the socky flat covered at high water? How long will three or four days labor ensure the road in traveling order? At what price can mean labor be obtained in Crescent City? In paying [,] it would be more convenient to have one man for three or four days, than three or four men for one day. Let me hear from you in answer.

*October 12, 1858*

I have received your letter of the 7th inst. (written Sept. 7th) with accompanying Returns for the 3d quarter of the present year as follows: 2 copies each of Quarterly Returns "Account of Stores received etc." "Abstract Account of Stores received etc." Please hereafter to state the number and kind of returns suitable to fold them so as to make the endorsement occupy one-fourth of the sheet. I have also received the burner, which will be repaired and returned by the next steamer. I should judge the solder had melted in consequence of a deficient flow of air. This should not be.

Your suggestions in regard to a wood house and other improvements at the station will be considered when next the light is visited. At present it cannot be done.

On application to the auditor of the Custom House here, I find your pay accounts for the 2d quarter were paid on the 11th, and those of the 3d quarter, this day.

P.S. The auditor has just called in at the office to say that you can probable effect an arrangement through Mr. T. S. Pomeroy of Crescent City, agent of H. H. Bancroft of this city, by which you may receive your compensation regularly and without fail whenever there are funds on hand to meet the payments. H.B.

*Nov. 26, 1858*

Commd. John De Camp, U.S.N. having received the supplies and assumed the duties as Light House Inspector of the District, you will hereafter until otherwise directed by competent authority, address your requisitions and make your returns and reports to him.

The next letter addressed to Magruder contains news that could hardly be called pleasant, and it bears a different signature.

*August 9, 1859*

The Light-House Board has notified this office of a reduction in the salaries of the keepers and assistant keepers of lights on the Pacific Coast and that from the first day of September, 1859, the compensation of the Keeper of the light house at Crescent City shall be Six Hundred (600) dollars.

In transmitting your vouchers for the quarter ending 30 Sept. you will have one set for the months of July and August at $1000 per annum and one set for the month of Sept. at the rate of $600 per annum.

Very Respectfully Yours,
Frank Miller Depy. for the Superintendent

Resuming at this point the chronological record of events:[11]

*November 17, 1859.* Theophilis Magruder resigned his duties as the lighthouse keeper.

*1859-1867.* Charles Edwards, followed by Dugold Stewart Sartwell and George Washington Emery, served as lighthouse keepers.

*1867.* Keeper's dwelling reshingled; several new rafters put in roof; floor timbers repaired; wood-shed built.

*1868.* Crescent City lighthouse station found in good condition, excepting the floor timbers in the south end of the house, where they join the walls, are much decayed; they may still last, however, for a number of years.

*1869.* The buildings at the station reported as requiring extensive and expensive repairs. Floor and rafter timbers are rotten, and although they are at present well supported by props, the latter must soon be removed and new ones substituted. The roadway having been destroyed by washings, a new one is at present under construction, with a strong bulkhead to support it. The illuminating apparatus and other necessary appliances for exhibiting the light are in good order and condition and the light properly kept.

*1874.* The keeper's dwelling at Crescent City station is said to be in a very dilapidated condition and should be rebuilt. An appropriation of $5000 is asked for that purpose.

*1875.* The station is in a dilapidated condition, and should be rebuilt if the light is to be continued. The entire woodwork of the keeper's stone dwelling must be removed. The ends of many of the lower floor timbers are entirely gone, and the floor is held up by shores. But the light itself is of little consequence. No vessel can enter Crescent City harbor at night, and no vessel bound up or down the coast can, with safety, run near enough to make the light. The rocks off Point St. George are one of the chief dangers to navigation on the coast. A first-order light should be placed there. When that is done the Crescent City station should be discontinued.

*1879.* Crescent City lighthouse. The roadway between the island and the mainland having been badly damaged by last winter's storms, was again put in good order. No other repairs were necessary. This station is now in good condition.

*1880.* The color of the dwelling was changed from a stone-color to a light buff, and the tower was painted white. A survey, showing the location of the various structures, and also marking out a roadway to connect with a convenient street in Crescent City, was made. The station is now in excellent condition.

*1881.* During the past year a new roof was put on the dwelling and the cornices and gutters were repaired. Mineral oil lamps were put in in place of the lard-oil lamps. In January last, during a heavy storm, the roadway leading down the side of the island was completely washed away near the bluff. It was rebuilt in March last. Slight repairs and renovations are needed during the present season; otherwise the station is in good condition.

*1883.* The road between the island and mainland, which was injured by a storm in February, was repaired, a new connection between the cistern and kitchen pump was made, and a supply of paint and kalsomine for the whole inside of the keeper's dwelling was furnished. The station is now in excellent condition.

*1884.* The fourth-order constant-level lamp was replaced by a Haines mineral-oil lamp. A force-pump with accessories was supplied and various minor repairs were made. This station is in good condition.

*1897.* The lighthouse reservation consisted of 10 acres on the mainland, the island on which the lighthouse stands, and the reef of rock connecting them. The mainland portion was of no use to the lighthouse establishment, and being occupied by squatters was only a source of annoyance to the government. It was therefore decided to sell the property in such subdivisions as would give the several squatters the opportunity to purchase their holdings if they so desired. The property was divided into several parcels and on November 19, 1896, was sold at public auction. The island and reef of rocks were reserved, as was also the right of way over all streets which, by the terms of the sale, the purchasers were required to open as laid off on the plat of the city of Crescent City.

*1898.* Fourth-order lamps were installed. Repairs were made.

*1904.* A 5000-gallon water tank was built on a masonry foundation.

*1907.* On May 18, the lens was replaced with a new four-panel fourth-order lens, and the characteristic was changed from flashing white every 90 seconds, to flashing white every 15 seconds. Various repairs were made.

Where possible, brief biographical data on the keepers of the Crescent City lighthouse, listed in the order of their service, are given below:

1. Theophilis Richard Magruder was born in 1799 in Washington, D. C., where his parents were friends of President James Madison. Before he received his assignment (1856) to become the first official lighthouse-keeper of Crescent City, Magruder and his friend James Marshall had migrated to Oregon City, as they had been shown nuggets of gold from that vicinity at the mint in Washington, and the sight was enough to start them westward. The Magruder family remained in Oregon City for a number of years, but James Marshall went to California in 1845 and in 1848 occurred his famous gold-discovery at Coloma. Magruder died in 1886 and was buried in the Crescent City cemetery.[12]

2. Charles Edwards.

3. Dugold Stewart Sartwell (*b.* 1824, New York) registered as a voter of Del Norte County on July 14, 1866; occupation, watchmaker.[13]

4. George Washington Emery (*b.* 1816, Maine) registered as a voter of Del Norte County February 21, 1867; occupation, saddle maker.[14]

5. John Henecy (*b.* 1816, Maine) registered as a voter of the county on May 8, 1867, when he became the fifth keeper of the Crescent City lighthouse.[15]

6. Capt. John Heatley Jeffrey (*b.* 1840) received his military title in the Civil War where he was captain of the 56th Massachusetts infantry. He came to California with his wife, Nellie Hamilton Jeffrey, via Panama shortly after their marriage on January 24, 1868. His term as lighthouse keeper began in 1875 and lasted for 40 years. In addition to raising her family at the lighthouse—which included sending the children back and forth at low tide—Mrs. Jeffrey was assistant-keeper until October 1, 1882, when, owing to Congress having reduced the appropriation for keepers' salaries, the position of assistant-keeper was abolished at certain stations. During the Jeffreys' 40 years' service, many beautiful house-plants were said to have decorated the entry way to the lighthouse.[16]

7. John E. Lind, son of Carl Lind, an officer in the Swedish navy, was born May 28, 1858, in Stockholm, and left home to follow the sea at the age of 14. He came around the Horn to San Francisco in 1878, and shortly afterwards went to Humboldt County where he worked in the quarry that supplied special rock for building the Point St. George lighthouse, Crescent City. After assisting with its erection from March 1887 to September 1892, Lind was appointed assistant lighthouse keeper at St. George's, continuing in that position for 8 years. In 1915, he became the lighthouse keeper at the station on Battery Point, Crescent City. His wife was the former Theresa McNamara, daughter of the pioneers Nicholas and Margaret Driscol McNamara, natives of Ireland.[17]

8. Jacob Marhoffer (*b.* Feb. 20, 1843) succeeded Lind as keeper of the Crescent City light for a short time. He was a son of Joseph and Elizabeth Marhoffer, who came to Crescent City in 1857 from Prussia.[18] *Jacob Marhoffer's Story* of the early days of Crescent City was recorded

by his relative, Margaret Duffy, and gives a valuable account of his experiences.

9. JAMES SIMONSEN.

10. FRED SAUNDERS.

11. In July 1939, the U. S. coast guard took over the care of the Crescent City lighthouse, with Wayne R. Piland as the last keeper.[19]

An automatic light was installed in July 1953, and on November first of the same year the government officially leased the lighthouse to the Del Norte County Historical Society. *(Del Norte Triplicate*, Apr. 9, 1953; W. C. Capron, chief of staff, U. S. coast guard, San Francisco, to Esther Ruth Smith, Nov. 27, 1956.)

## NOTES

1. Pharos, an island at the entrance to the port of Alexandria and site of a lighthouse erected during the reign of Ptolomy II (283-24 [?] B. C.), not only supplied the Greeks with their word for lighthouse, but gave us the term "pharology," or the science of directing the course of ships by means of light signals from shore.

2. *Debates and Proceedings in the Congress of the United States . . .*, compiled by Joseph Gales, Sr., (Washington, D. C.: printed and published by Gales and Seaton, 1834), II, appendix, pp. 2215-16. In official papers and elsewhere, the spelling of "lighthouse" varies as to use of a hyphen.

3. Legislation providing for incorporation of Crescent City was passed on April 13, 1854, and amended in April 1858. *Statutes of Calif.*, 9th sess., 1858, p. 233.

4. 34th Cong., 1st sess., *Sen. Misc. Docs.*, No. 10.

5. Chronological sequence of events, March 3, 1855-Feb. 1857, with reference to Crescent City lighthouse, is taken from copies of materials in the national archives, Washington, D. C., made by W. M. Pomeroy and kindly made available by her to the present author. Supplementary materials, such as letters, etc., have been inserted at appropriate dates in the chronology as given here.

6. Transcribed from photostatic copy now in the possession of Nicolas McNamara, Gasquet, Calif.

7. Hartman Bache, office of 12th lighthouse district, San Francisco, to Capt. T. A. Jenkins, superintendent, lighthouse board, Washington, D. C., Jan. 18, 1856, regarding reservation of land for the Crescent City lighthouse (national archives).

8. *List of Lights and Fog Signals of the United States on the Pacific Coast of North America and on the Hawaiian Islands* (corrected to May 1, 1904), pp. 22-23. *Cf.* U. S. Light-house Board, *List of Light-houses, Lighted Beacons and Floating Lights of the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific Coasts of the United States* (Washington, D. C., 1865), p. 64. The magnetic variation for the Crescent City light is there given at 17° 45′ E.

9. The originals of the series of letters, Bache to Magruder, quoted here have been generously placed in the California Historical Society library by Mrs. E. R. Smith. [*Ed.*]

10. *Statutes of Calif.*, 8th sess., 1857, p. 35.

11. Chronological sequence for the period 1867-1907 was compiled from materials in the national archives, as stated in note 5 above for the earlier period.

12. Esther Ruth Smith, *History of Del Norte County* (Oakland: Holmes Book Co., 1953), p. 169.

13. *Great Register of Del Norte County*, 1872.

14. *Ibid.*, 1876.

15. *Idem.*

16. Newspaper clipping (n. d., n. p.) in possession of Mrs. John L. Childs, Crescent City.

17. Note 12 above, p. 168.

18. *Ibid.*, pp. 13 and 171.

19. Piland's list of 63 vessels that have touched at Crescent City, 1850-1950, is on file in the California Historical Society library, courtesy of Mrs. E. R. Smith. [*Ed.*]

# The Mining Bureau of the Pacific Coast

*By* Clark C. Spence

The boom years of the early 1870's brought numerous co-operative efforts through "agencies" or "bureaus" to induce foreign investments in the mines of western America. The more productive of these endeavors were directed toward the British capitalist rather than the continental, for Victorian prosperity brought a flurry of investment in Pacific coast mining that caught the eye of more than one opportunistic "operator," eager to channel a portion of this capital flow into his own pockets.

In the Rockies, such organizations as the British and Colorado Mining Bureau[1] and the Wyoming Mining Agency[2] established headquarters in London to bridge the gap between the financial accumulations of the old world and the natural resources of the new. Other concerns, such as the American Bureau of Mining Information for Utah,[3] also mushroomed into existence during the same period only to fall by the wayside almost before organization was completed. In California, one of the most significant, because of its controversial nature, was the Mining Bureau of the Pacific Coast, founded in 1871 by Colonel Jules Berton, an energetic Frenchman with an eye for the dollar who served as the French vice-consul at Sacramento during at least part of his career. Little is known of Berton, save for this particular episode, and it does little to enhance his stature or reputation.

As early as July 1870, a meeting of English and French shareholders in California mines assembled in London in response to a call by Berton.[4] Disappointed and discouraged, these investors passed resolutions authorizing him to investigate their mines with a competent engineer because dividends had not been forthcoming as promised and there was no market for their shares in Europe.[5] Berton informed the London *Mining Journal* in January 1871, that, in response to requests from numerous European investors, a movement was then under way in California to form a "Miners' Protective Union" designed to prevent "wild cat" mining schemes at home and abroad.[6]

In the same month, Berton convened a "miner's" convention in Sacramento and through a personal spokesman, George F. Parsons,[7] voiced his concern as to the European outlook toward California's mineral industry. "In consequence of deceptive statements concerning mines, and the serious losses sustained by the investors of foreign capital," he said, "the mining credit of this State and Nevada has been partially destroyed."[8] In an effort to take action improving this situation, the nineteen-man "convention" voted to organize itself as a bureau of mining and mineral statistics to provide information and guide investments along safe channels. It was provided that the new bureau would be represented by delegates from each county in California, Nevada, Oregon, and Arizona, and that the foreign consuls resident on the Pacific coast should become ex officio members of the board of directors. Seven directors were provisionally chosen at that time, including Berton and the consular representatives of Spain, Great Britain, and the North German Confederation, all of whom were conveniently absent.[9]

A second meeting was then scheduled for August 1, 1871, to iron out organizational details. Before it had an opportunity to assemble, however, the San Francisco *Chronicle* emerged as a defiant and vociferous opponent of the contemplated bureau. "We believed, and still believe," said the *Chronicle*, "that this Berton is not the representative of European capital, and that judging from his *couleur de rose* statements, that he was endeavoring to manufacture favorable consideration for himself." Do not, it continued, place "too much confidence in the adventurer, 'J. Berton, Vice-Consul of France'."[10]

When the August meeting was postponed by Berton's illness, the *Chronicle* further noted that the movement, "heralded by a grand braying of trumpets, seems suddenly to have 'played out,' to use a vulgar but forcible expression." Beware of the "meddling intervention of Berton's Mining Bureau," warned its editor. If a mine proved its worth, domestic capital would seek it out.[11] Less than a week later, the *Chronicle* was informed by Col. Harry Linden, "a member of the Miners' Bureau in good standing, that it is not dead; but sleepeth until the 21st of September, when Phoenix-like, it will rise and soar aloft with extended wings." "Vive la humbug!" snorted the editor.[12]

But the scheduled meeting did convene in Sacramento as the summer of 1871 officially came to a close. It met in the Golden Eagle Hotel, and according to contemporary reports, was attended by Governor Bradley of Nevada, along with representatives from numerous California mining districts and from Lander and Storey counties in Nevada, from Salt Lake City, and from Prescott, Arizona. Out of this session the Mining Bureau of the Pacific Coast, as it was called, formally emerged, its official object being to

> ... establish a source of correct and reliable information to foreign and domestic capitalists, and other persons who may desire to obtain information respecting mines and mining property, and thereby furnish a channel for the investment of capital and to encourage the development and working of valuable mines on the Pacific Coast.[13]

To carry out this avowed purpose and to attract some of the capital represented to be idle in London as a result of the Franco-Prussian War,[14] the bureau would register mines, along with descriptive information, and would undertake to examine properties and report upon them for any party sufficiently interested to deposit a sum adequate to cover survey expenses. Berton was no mining man. According to his arch-enemy, the *Chronicle*, he could not "tell a quartz ledge from a sand-bank."[15] Consequently, the actual inspection of mines was to be done by "competent" engineers of experience, while Berton, as president, assumed the sole responsibility of signing such inspection reports.[16]

The September meeting also adopted a resolution calling for a petition to congress asking national legislation which would ease restrictions on the purchase of patented mineral claims by aliens. It discussed the propriety of opening a branch office in London, but took no definite action, preferring to allow the directors to exercise their own discretion in the matter.

Berton was greatly interested in the British Isles, and as early as February 1871, immediately after the initial meeting, he had sent information and a copy of the proceedings to the influential London *Mining Journal*, placing heavy emphasis on the protection offered to overseas investors and the eminent respectability of the new agency as attested by the connection of the consular officials of European governments in California.[17] In July, letters to the *Mining Journal* and the all-important London *Times* noted that there had been some opposition to the scheme by "*a certain class* of mining operators" in San Francisco, but that the bureau was "now in perfect working operation" and had already examined and approved properties on behalf of English investors.[18] Opposition to it in California seemed only to indicate its trustworthiness: "From the attacks made upon this association by the various papers in

San Francisco known to be devoted to the interests of the concoctors of spurious mining schemes for the European market it seems evident that the aims of its founders are honest," remarked the money editor of *The Times* as if to close the subject.[19]

Other Londoners greeted the scheme cautiously. "Mentor," writing for the *Mining Journal*, commended the project, but insisted that for it to be effective, care must be taken that "Washoe operators, political fossils, and mining gophers are excluded from its management."[20] When the Independence Gold Mining Co., Ltd., backed by Berton and the bureau, was offered to the British investor,[21] but promptly collapsed for want of support, opponents found an opening for solid criticism. Hugh Roche, of the European and American Agency, a rival promotional concern in London,[22] held that the failure of the Independence scheme under the auspices of the Pacific bureau indicated how little confidence the British investing public and the stock exchange had in the bureau, despite the fact that it had been upheld by the London *Times* as a reliable organization.[23]

George Parsons, acting as secretary of the bureau, leaped to its defense. The concern, he said, did not value mines and had never been a party to the Independence venture, having merely inspected and reported upon the property in a disinterested fashion.[24]

Some timely bolstering of morale was to be gained from official despatches of Edmond Breuil, the French consul-general at San Francisco, who enthusiastically endorsed Berton's work to the French minister of foreign affairs, thus providing free propaganda which the bureau lost no time in exploiting.[25]

Toward the end of 1871, Berton wrote that a number of Utah miners had asked him to establish a branch bureau in Salt Lake City because of the " confusion and mining excitement" in that territory.[26] Traveling to the Mormon stronghold, Berton carried with him a letter to Territorial Gov. George L. Woods[27] from Gov. Newton Booth of California and succeeded in winning the confidence of Utah's chief executive.[28] Early in 1872 it was announced that a branch office had been established in Salt Lake under the management of E. Pierce Hutchins, with Governor Woods acting as one of the directors.[29]

Three months later, a letter appeared in the London *Times* over the signature of Woods, in answer to a number of queries said to have been received from Englishmen regarding Utah mines. The Mining Bureau of the Pacific Coast, explained the writer, was to be "a source of correct and reliable information concerning Utah mining property introduced or intended to be introduced on European as well as American markets."[30] It was his duty as governor, therefore, to accept management of the branch agency in order to prevent "spurious schemes" which might undermine foreign confidence and possibly delay the development of mineral resources for years. After property had been examined by a competent engineer under the supervision of Berton or himself, promised Woods, the "reports thereon shall be approved and certified under the seal of this office with the signatures of both of us" and George A. Black, "who has been appointed secretary of the Branch Mining Bureau," would also certify as secretary of the territory.[31]

This letter brought repercussions both at home and abroad. In London, the *Investors' Guardian*, a conservative financial sounding-board, pointed out that the governor was on one hand managing the bureau branch, while on the other, acting in the capacity of a private lawyer, he was actively engaged in a case attacking the title to the Flagstaff mine, then in the hands of a British joint-stock corporation. Accusing Woods of taking a brief from "an organized gang of notorious mining operators," the editor of the *Guardian* demanded some guarantee that the bureau was "independent of party" and above suspicion in matters pertaining to foreign capital.[32]

At home, the *Salt Lake Herald* published these comments, along with the *Times* letter, and reproved Woods for offering to certify transactions of the bureau with the seal of the executive office:

> The governor, as governor, has no right to lend official prestige to any private scheme, no matter what it is, that may be used for the furtherance of private objects and against the public interest. We say "may be used," for while the men connected with the enterprise may be honest themselves, the machinery of such a bureau is capable of the grossest abuses.[33]

The matter was brought to the attention of Secretary of State Hamilton Fish by Territorial Secretary George Black, who in July 1872, forwarded copies of the published correspondence from the *Herald* and insisted that he had not been previously aware of the existence of such a mining bureau. "My name was used without my sanction or knowledge, and I take this means of informing you, that I am not now and never have been, in any way connected with it," said Black in identical letters to Fish and President Grant.[34] Woods remained discretly silent, neither admitting nor denying that the letter published in *The Times* was his. But Thomas Fitch, ex-representative from Nevada, informed

Secretary Fish that although the words and ideas were originally Berton's, he, Fitch, was "prepared to prove to the full satisfaction of your department that Governor Woods did sign the letter in question with a full understanding of its contents."[35] The secretary of state seems to have taken no official notice of this political squabble, for no further comments or queries are to be found in the territorial correspondence on the matter.

In the meantime, Colonel Berton was meeting with interested Londoners to consider opening an English branch of the bureau.[36] He was able to announce in mid-January 1873, that the London agency was then functioning, having been established in the general offices of Elkins, Goetz and Co., 5 Great Winchester Street Buildings, only a stone's throw from the Bank of England.[37] *The Stock Exchange Review,* which represented the attitudes of the Yankee promoter, Asbury Harpending, and had nothing to do with the London stock exchange, sneered that

> The modest Sir Oracle who appears at the head and the tail of this "institution!" (save the mark!) has come over to organize a London "branch" of the same, which feat, it is added, has been accomplished, and the "branch," we may presume, is now an established fact, ready to give its counsel and services to all who may be so free-handed and confiding as to pay for them.[38]

Not long thereafter, M. Viennot, French minster of foreign affairs, stated formally that in recognition of the services rendered by Colonel Berton as the founder of the Mining Bureau of the Pacific Coast, the government at Paris had conferred upon him the title of vice-consul for France at Sacramento by brevet.[39] As a matter of fact, Berton, through the unofficial permission of the French consul at San Francisco, had styled himself vice-consul for Sacramento for at least three years prior to this time.[40]

Little more was heard of the bureau or its functionings during the remainder of 1873, save that it did examine and report upon the Ortiz Mine Grant in New Mexico on behalf of an English company contemplating purchase,[41] although there is no evidence that any transaction actually occurred.[42] But British newspapers in the summer of the following year carried announcements that the bureau had been reorganized under California law as the London and Pacific Coast Land and Mining Bureau, with Berton president, Jacob L. Elkin general agent in London, and M. Jules Paton, financial editor of the *Journal des Debats,* as representative in Paris.[43]

The disclosure that Berton was still active in 1874 goaded the always-hostile San Francisco *Chronicle* to warn the public, editorially, against "this eminent fraud . . . this irresponsible adventurer, entirely destitute both of the knowledge and the character necessary to constitute him a reliable authority on matters connected with mining or other enterprises on this coast."[44]

The enterprising Frenchman took exception to the use of the words "fraud" and "adventurer," and promptly filed suit against the *Chronicle*. However, in the courtroom the publisher was not only able to substantiate the use of such terms, but was able to embellish them even further with evidence that Berton's operations were not always the most reputable. Most damaging of all was the testimony from several sources which indicated that the vice-consul had endeavored to use the bureau as an agency through which to blackmail clients. On one occasion in 1871, he had threatened to block the sale of the Excelsior mine (El Dorado County) in London unless the owners hired him to make a second inspection report on the property.[45] Witnesses related how in the following year English parties paid $1572 to the bureau for inspection and reports on the Knox and Boyle mine in Tuolumne County, such reports being signed by Berton and forwarded to London. But, at the same time, after unsuccessfully demanding additional sums for this service, Berton wrote a damaging letter to the *Mining Journal* and blocked the contemplated sale, although the Knox and Boyle was ultimately sold after re-examination by a British engineer sent to California especially for the task.[46]

Witness after witness paraded across the stand, pausing only long enough to shred what was left of Berton's reputation. Governor Woods cast aspersions on both the motives and the actions of his former co-worker. The British consul appeared to testify that his name had been used in connection with the enterprise in disregard of his explicit refusal to participate. Another called Berton "exceedingly corrupt, dangerous and disreputable."[47] "Munchausen was but a child to him," charged the attorney for the *Chronicle*.[48]

When hearings were concluded, the newspaper had successfully defended its position and Berton's career in California mines was ended. Even the judge sitting on the case termed the Mining Bureau of the Pacific Coast "unquestionably a fraud of the grossest kind."[49] But the last word was to be Berton's. During the rendering of the judge's opinion, according to the *Chronicle*, Berton "rushed out of Court, picking up M. Kraker's fine new hat by mistake, leaving an old straw one, and Mr. Kraker has not yet been able to find the Vice-Consul who had been judicially determined to be 'an adventurer and a fraud'."[50]

## NOTES

1. Clark C. Spence, "The British and Colorado Mining Bureau," *Colorado Magazine*, XXXIII (April 1956), 81-92.

2. In 1871, this agency offered 3000 shares of the Wyoming Sweetwater Mining Co., Ltd., in England. *Mining Journal* (London) [hereafter cited as *Journal*], Oct. 29, 1871, p. 913.

3. This concern, which was supposed to "disperse information and register mines in all the business centers of the United States and Europe," issued one *Monthly Bulletin* in spring 1872 before slipping into the limbo of defunct promotional enterprises. *Scientific Press* (San Francisco), March 30, June 18, 1872, pp. 193, 360; *Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York), May 7, 1872, p. 297.

4. *The Times* (London) [hereafter cited as *Times*], July 15, 1870.

5. San Francisco *Chronicle* [hereafter cited as *Chronicle*], Oct. 22, 1874.

6. Berton to editor, Sacramento, Jan. 25, 1871. *Journal*, note 2 above, Feb. 18, 1871, p. 135.

7. George Frederick Parsons (1840-93) was born in England, made the Fraser River trek in the late 1850's, and in the 1860's became editor of the Sacramento *Union*, a post which he held until 1882 when he accepted a position on the New York *Tribune*. *National Cyclopaedia of Am. Biog.* (New York, 1900), VIII, 90.

8.. *Mining Bureau of the Pacific Coast* (San Francisco, 1872), pp. 1-2. This rare pamphlet was made up by Col. Harry Linden, first treasurer of the bureau, and published by E. P. Hutchins, who for a time acted as secretary. Copies were sent to various editors in London by Berton. *Chronicle*, Oct. 22, 1874.

9. *Mining Bureau . . .*, note 8 above, pp. 8-9; *Chronicle*, Jan. 31, 1871.

10. *Chronicle*, March 21, 1871.

11. *Ibid*, Aug. 3, 1871.

12. *Ibid.*, Aug. 9, 1871.

13. *Mining Bureau . . ., op. cit.*, p. 12.

14. *Ibid.*, pp. 6-7. It was generally accepted by those in the west interested in promoting investment from abroad that the Franco-Prussian War acted to deter the normal flow of capital, even from England, a non-belligerent. William N. Byers to A. E. Langford, Denver, Sept. 23, 1870; and Byers Letterbook (1868-70), Univ. Colorado libraries.

15. *Chronicle*, Oct. 23, 1874.

16. *Mining Bureau . . ., op. cit.*, pp. 12-13.

17. Berton to editor, Sacramento, Feb. 2, 1871. *Journal*, March 4, 1871, p. 188.

18. Berton and E. P. Hutchins to editor, Sacramento, July 8, 1871. *Journal,* Aug. 5, 1871, p. 687; *Times,* Aug. 3, 1871.

19. *Times,* Sept. 4, 1871.

20. *Journal,* March 4, 1871, p. 188.

21. The Independence mine was located on Sierra Buttes Mountain, some 14 miles east of Downieville in Sierra County. It had been inspected by an engineer sent out from Wales, as well as by Harry Linden and M. E. Derbic on behalf of the bureau. In the prospectus issued in London in Sept. 1871, prominence was given to the favorable report made by the bureau's experts. Prospectus of the Independence Gold Mining Co., Ltd., in *Times,* Sept. 2, 1871.

22. This agency opened its doors in London in June 1871, and dealt not only in mines—particularly those of Colorado—but also in American railroad securities and gas and water concessions. *Mining World* (London), June 24, 1871, p. 257.

23. Roche called attention to Berton's past participation in an "illegal" lottery in California, using this as an example of the Frenchman's dark character, and urging his arrest. Hugh H. Roche to editor, London (no date), in *Journal,* Sept. 16 and 23, 1871, pp. 822, 843. For the lottery episode, see *Chronicle,* June 5, 1870.

24. George F. Parsons to editor, Sacramento, Oct. 14, 1871. *Times,* Nov. 7, 1871.

25. Edmond Breuil to French minister of foreign affairs, San Francisco, Dec. 1, 1871. *Journal,* Dec. 30, 1871, p. 1173.

26. Berton to editor, Sacramento, Oct. 29, 1871. *Ibid.,* Nov. 25, 1871, p. 1052.

27. George Lemuel Woods (1832-90), a native of Missouri and trained for the law, was successively a county judge, an associate-justice of Idaho's territorial supreme court, governor of Oregon 1866-70, and governor of Utah 1871-74. For a decade after 1875 he practiced law in San Francisco, then returned to live in Portland. *National Cyclopaedia of Am. Biog.,* VIII, 5.

28. *Chronicle,* Oct. 22, 1874.

29. *Journal,* March 16, 1872, p. 254. E. Pierce Hutchins was identified in 1871 as the superintendent of the Golden Sun mine in Butte County. *Chronicle,* Jan. 21, 1871.

30. George L. Woods to editor, Salt Lake City, May 18, 1872. *Times,* June 12, 1872.

31. *Idem.*

32. *Investors' Guardian* (London), June 15, 1872. Here the *Guardian* had taken a page from Berton who had just written *The Times,* protesting against an organized attack on some of the leading Utah mines then on the London market. Berton charged that "a ring of notorious mining operators, having an unlimited amount of capital at their command," were behind the attacks. *Times,* June 12, 1872.

33. Salt Lake *Daily Herald,* July 7, 1872.

34. George A. Black to Hamilton Fish, Salt Lake City, July 9, 1872; Black to President Ulysses S. Grant, Salt Lake City, July 9, 1872. Territorial papers: Utah, II (national archives, Washington, D.C.).

35. Thomas Fitch to Hamilton Fish, Salt Lake City, Aug. 8, 1872. Fitch asserted later that Berton met Woods in Salt Lake City, wrote out the letter in French and handed it to a translator, who translated it into English and left it in the executive offices. This translated copy then appeared in *The Times* over Wood's signature. Fitch said that his knowledge was not personal, but was gained from others. Fitch to Fish, Salt Lake City, Sept. 6, 1872. *Ibid.*

36. *Journal*, Dec. 28, 1872, p. 1253.

37. Berton to editor (n.p, n.d.). *Times*, Jan. 16, 1873; *Journal*, Jan. 18, 1873, p. 81.

38. *Stock Exchange Review* (London), III, Jan. 1873.

39. Viennot, "Sous-Directeur au Ministère des Affaires Etrangères" to editor, Paris, March 19, 1873. *Times*, March 21, 1873.

40. *Chronicle*, Oct. 22, 1874.

41. Rossiter W. Raymond, formerly U. S. commissioner of mines and mineral statistics, was in the examining party, representing the interests of the New Mexico Co., which had owned the property since 1853. *Journal*, July 12, 1873, p. 743.

42. In Jan. 1874, a company was being proposed to take over 80,000 acres of "rich mineral land" in the Ortiz grant, paying only shares to the vendors. Capital was to be £1,000,000. *Ibid.*, Jan. 24, 1874, p. 95. It is possible that this might be a reference to the abortive U. S. Land and Colonization Co., Ltd., formed later the same year. See *Memorandum and Articles of Incorporation*, 1-3 in files of the U. S. Land and Colonization Co., Ltd., file No. 8264, companies registration office, board of trade, Bush House, London.

43. *Journal*, Aug. 15, 1874, p. 881; *Times*, June 1, 1874.

44. *Chronicle*, Sept. 17, 1874.

45. *Ibid.*, Oct. 22, 1874.

46. *Idem.*

47. This was Col. William G. Boyle, a mining promoter who operated in London as well as on the Pacific coast. *Idem.*

48. *Ibid.*, Oct. 23, 1874.

49. *Idem.*

50. *Idem.*

# Julius Wangenheim

*An Autobiography*

*(Continued)*

I joined the Cuyamaca Club at once. This wasn't as easy as it sounds, for it was the most exclusive club I've ever known, but with less reason for its exclusiveness than any other. The "open sesame" seemed to be a reputation as a good drinker. But the club put up a bold front in its little old bungalow building on D Street (now Broadway) near 6th. It was reputed to be quite swell, and it was the center of men's social activities. One blackball kept anyone out, but Melville was a member, as were my college friends Waldo Waterman and Fred Jackson, so I had sufficient sponsorship to get in. (And now, so time rolls on, I am its senior member.) One of the regulations was that non-members were not permitted within the sacred precincts of the club, and no exceptions were made. Once, when a French cruiser was in the harbor, my friend Daney, who was the French consul, had to entertain the admiral and his staff. He drove them around town, which didn't take very long, and then, as was the custom, stopped at the Cuyamaca for afternoon cocktails. In accordance with protocol, out stepped the admiral, then his staff, and last Daney. But as the admiral was about to enter the club, he was politely told, if such a thing could be politely told, that he was not allowed to enter.

The wholesale merchandise business of (A.) Klauber & (S.) Levi, which I then entered, seemed to me a most elaborate enterprise. As I look back, however, it seems to have been pretty primitive. The executive functions were divided among Melville, Mr. Levi, and me. Melville managed the credits and outside activities; Mr. Levi was in charge of selling, although we all took part in this; and I handled the buying. In our office were an office boy and a stenographer; in the bookkeeping department, a head bookkeeper, an assistant, and a billing clerk; on the main floor was a shipping clerk; upstairs in the packing department, one man; in the cellar where the heavy goods were kept, one man; in the liquors, Edgar Klauber, and one other man; in the cigar department, one man; one salesman in town and one in the northern part of the county; for delivery, two trucks and two delivery wagons. Compared to the business today, with one hundred and sixty employees, Klauber & Levi was relatively simple.

What we did about vacations or sickness I don't remember. I presume we didn't have either, being unable to afford such luxuries. We got along nicely; the business, like the population, was small but steady. For competition we had the Harbison Grocery Co., a concern smaller than ours, but quite aggressive. There were also specialized competitors, like Charley Hardy's meat business. We fought hard, and felt we had to fight hard, but in contrast to the present struggle it was all very easy.

As Melville and I were naturally very close, Mr. Levi began to feel that he was being overlooked in the management of the business. He fiinally decided that the situation was intolerable, and we bought out his interest. It didn't take much money, as I remember—about $5000. We then, in March 1897, changed the firm name to Klauber-Wangenheim Co. It meant some reorganization. In the original set-up, it was understood that after we received 8% on our investment, the rest would be divided into equal fifths, among Mr. Klauber, Melville, Henry Epstein, Mr. Levi and me. The fifths were now changed to fourths. As this might be subject to legal questioning in the case of a corporation, it was later worked out by Melville to convert 250 shares of the four management-members' holdings into preferred stock, which would be entitled to another 8% after the first had been paid. This clever arrangement straightened out the difficulty, and explains the present second preferred stock held by the various family members.

Meanwhile, Hugo Klauber had graduated from Stanford in 1898, and we felt that he had better get some mercantile experience before joining the firm. I held strong opinions about the beneficial value of country-store activities, so when an opportunity arose, we bought out the historic old store in the mountain village of Campo and placed Hugo in charge. That started us on the idea of having country outlets. These later developed into quite a chain known as the Mountain Commercial Co., but this came well after my time. Hugo remained at Campo for a few years, building experience on a fine education very effectively, but I am afraid he paid the penalty by impaired health.

The Harbison Grocery Co. was our real *bête noire*, and we checked up on all their business by fair and by devious means. Finally, however, in around 1901, we bought them out. We operated the concern as an independent entity, with our ownership entirely secret, so as not to invite competition. I never liked this, even though I recognized that it was necessary. I felt inwardly dishonest. And when some one once asked me point-blank whether we owned the business, my reply made me outwardly dishonest, as well. To have been evasive would have been an admission, so I had to make an explicit denial. It long weighed on my conscience. (The fault, however, lay with the other fellow in asking the question!)

I entered the business in January 1896 and left it around March 1903. During that time things went smoothly; the business always paid its 8% and some bonus. Melville and I each received $250 a month, and between that and our dividends, we got along nicely. However, once the novelty had worn off, I had no fondness for the business, and I remember saying that if I were assured of $250 a month for the rest of my life, I'd gladly quit. (And then what?) Yet the business wasn't monotonous; Melville and I were always planning something new, and to prove it I shall recount some of the incidents of my seven years there.

Mr. Klauber, Sr., always had a love of the soil. He bought land here and there, and one of the properties in which he interested himself was a tract of around a thousand acres directly northeast of the city, known as "City Heights" or the "Steiner, Klauber, Choate and Castle Addition," after the owners of the property. During the 1887 boom, a great many lots were sold. The proceeds, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, went largely into development, including the building of a railroad from the town and through the tract. This involved an expensive outlay for trestles over the many canyons.

But the boom broke, many lots were relinquished, and stagnation followed, lasting many years. The stock for the incorporated development became practically worthless, so that Melville and I were able to buy a fifth interest in the whole company for $500. We bought this only because I, with my bit of engineering experience, felt that we could get back our investment from the defunct railroad. And we did; we sold the ties, the rails, and the trestles, and realized $800 for our $500, with land standing us nothing—which was about what it was worth. There it lay. Sometime around 1898, a group of San Diego plungers offered us $40,000 for the tract. We thought they were crazy, but as they were offering $4000 down, we made the deal. It dragged along for a good many months. Amazingly, they finally paid up, and Melville and I, with our one-fifth interest, each cleared another $4000 from our venture.

Now, that property is East San Diego, with a population of many thousands, its real estate value running well into the millions. It is another instance of those peculiar fluctuations that San Diego has always had. We never felt badly about it as a missed opportunity, for the enhancement required not only a lot of boosting, but a lot of development to bring it into use, and we would never under any circumstances have done it.

My previous experience with grain in Newman and my interest in my family's business in San Francisco enabled me to see an opening in the grain and flour line. There was a flour mill standing idle here, and as it would work in with our grain business. we decided to lease it. We engaged an old German miller who had been running the Hemet mill, and we began operations, starting with little initial expense. We had, I think, a good name for the flour. We called it Red Ribbon, and each sack had an eight-inch red band across it. We went wholeheartedly into the business, milling wheat, barley, and oats for both flour and feed, and distributing it from the store. The business ran for a few years with reasonable success, but when the Globe Mills put in a modern plant here, we felt it wise to abandon our lease, and did so, without any loss.

One of the interesting sidelights of this venture came out when we found we had on hand a barley surplus of some 4000 sacks. Nowadays, even with diminished consumption of barley, this would be a small amount in the market, but at that time it seemed more than could be absorbed. Then we had an idea, reminiscent of earlier days. We chartered a sloop, one Captain Harris in command, and sent the vessel to Hawaii with 2000 sacks of barley to be sold there. Captain Harris was instructed to use the proceeds to buy rice, then a major commodity of the Islands, and canned pineapple. In due time the ship returned from a successful trip, and we made money on the deal. I mention this only to show that we had the enterprising spirit, and when any chance came to exercise it, we responded.

In the store we used a great deal of salt: the coarse was put up in 100-pound sacks; the refined in 3, 5, and 10-pound packages. All of ours was bought in San Francisco, though there was a plant here, at the south end of the bay, which had tried unsuccessfully to get our business. The owner, however, one Shaeffer, ran a pretty demoralized outfit, and trading there didn't appeal to us. All of a sudden we noticed, from our monthly bills, that the price of our salt in San Francisco was dropping, lower all the time. Finally it went below cost.

This didn't make sense, until we got wind of the conspiracy behind the salt market. Skinner, a promoter, had bought a small plant, then reduced the price, starting a war which forced all the San Francisco salt-suppliers to cut prices from 50 to 75%. He then approached the members of the industry with a plan to form a pool to recoup their losses. He calculated that it would take five years for competition to arise, and that for such a period or longer the only threat was the English refined-salt supply, which the pool would buy and handle.

Upon learning this, we took up Mr. Shaeffer's long-standing offer and acquired the San Diego plant at a very low price. There was quite a bit of land and well-constructed evaporating basins, as well as about 4000 tons of coarse salt piled in mounds. Meanwhile, the San Francisco group had got busy, and prices had rocketed to the skies. Here was our chance to unload. I called on Mr. Skinner in San Francisco. What quarters he had! Mahogany and polished brass throughout. But I didn't make the deal. They had such a cinch on the market that they refused to sell salt to anyone who didn't take all their products; and, as we had no refined salt, no one dared buy the coarse product from us. We did sell some of it to Gladding McBean and other pottery concerns, but we couldn't touch the grocers or the packers.

Thus, like Tantalus, we saw the prize within our reach, but we couldn't grasp it. Going to the government about it would have been of no use; as yet, there was no anti-trust legislation, and no "in restraint of trade laws"; such a deal would be unthinkable today. We had to rely on ourselves.

Slowly we evolved a plan. Remembering some of my chemical laboratory experiments, I took a pound or so of our coarse salt and refined it. It was white as snow. We had a few 5-pound sacks printed with the name "San Diego Salt Co.," and sent out some postals offering both refined and coarse salt at much reduced prices.

Armed with these, I went to San Francisco again, and quite casually dropped into Skinner's office, showed him the salt and the postals with an air equally casual, and generously explained to him that we weren't going to take final action without first giving him the chance to buy us out.

It worked! We made the deal, transferred the title to all our salt to him, and made quite a haul on the transaction. It was like the City Heights deal all over again; we had the land and its appurtenances left in addition to our profit. Eventually we sold the whole plant to E. S.

Babcock, realizing further thousands. Babcock spent a lot of money on its development, and it finally passed into the hands of Henry Fenton, who successfully developed it into the prosperous Western Salt Co. of today.

I have occasionally met Skinner since. I later went to luncheon with him, and we laughed about the whole deal, which I have always dubbed a case of "Diamond cut Diamond."

Ethics in business have unquestionably improved since those days in many ways. Loose bidding is no longer in vogue with state institutions. At the Insane Asylum at Patton, for instance, bids were solicited on "pure olive oil," but delivery was expected (at least as far as price indicated) on cottonseed oil. One bid on 40-50 grade prunes—the largest size—and competitively delivered the 90-100 grade. All that sort of thing is fortunately quite over. But while it lasted, one had to be on one's toes to see everything that went on, and it usually involved a lot of traveling. Whenever the bidding was announced, either Melville or I went.

In Arizona the grocery business was almost entirely in the hands of Haas Baruch Co. of Los Angeles. We wanted some of this trade, and I went on a tour of reconnaissance, visiting most of the towns and stores in that territory. On the train I happened to meet the chief salesman for Haas Baruch, and he introduced me to the heads of all the business houses from which I planned to dislodge his firm. It was awfully nice of him, but tough on me—a case of heaping coals of fire on my head.

We tried Arizona just the same, but without much success. The trouble was that there were two types of salesmen adapted to that country—the one who could sell goods and who stole our money, and the one who was perfectly honest but couldn't sell goods. We didn't like the choice, and we quit.

All along the line, business ethics were on a low plane in those days. You couldn't be sure of either the quality or the quantity of your purchase. Quarts were either 1/5 or 1/6 of a gallon, and a gallon was always 10% short. Cottonseed oil, as I have said, was labeled olive oil, and any "pure" product was almost sure to be adulterated. In the liquor business, there was only the label for guidance, and that was sure to be more or less misleading. For instance, we bought Hennessy brandy from the importers, and an imitation from coast dealers. They had the regular bottles, the regular corks, and, of course, the regulation label. We were pretty honest, competitively speaking, and sold only the genuine as genuine, labeling the impostor as imitation. The Hennessy people went on the warpath and prosecuted right and left for abuse of their name. The laws were so lax, however, that nearly everyone on the coast got off free, on the plea that they didn't know it was imitation (the liars!). But we had marked ours "imitation" while leaving the "Hennessy" and were stung to the tune of $800.

Our spice department at the store throws a similar spotlight on business ethics. As buyer, I succeeded, with a successive change of packers, in getting lower and lower prices for our various items, until finally, after some protests from customers, we discovered that our spices were mostly ground cracker meal with a bit of flavoring.

This sort of thing was all too general. A can of competitive oysters was almost all liquid. A 2½-pound can of fruit weighed 1½ pounds; a round can of roast beef was a cheap stew of packinghouse slops; labeled weights of articles often included the package; and so on. Fortunately, the pure food bill came in and such practices were stopped forever.

To return to personal history: we lived at the 20th Street home for two years, until 1898. Then one day Ed Wadham, a popular attorney and good friend of mine, suggested our taking his house for a year. It was on the southwest corner of 7th and Ash, and still stands. I demurred at the probable expense, but Ed, always generosity itself, offered it at $50 a month, leaving in the carpets, curtains, etc. We considered it a lovely place, and were glad to take it. For the summer of 1899, we went to the Coronado Hotel; and thereafter, until the construction of our present home, we oscillated at varying intervals between the Coronado Hotel and the Wadham home, which we re-rented occasionally.

There Alice, a blond little youngster at that time, had her sandpile and her aviary. She had her nurse, and for teacher, her mother, who took her education in hand, continuing until Alice was nearly ten years old. About this time, too, or a little later, I used to invent tales for Alice, and carried forward a long-continued story for two or three years, reminiscent of my old McGuffey Reader days, for there was a hidden moral somewhere. I am no raconteur, but Nature is resourceful and seems to endow the paternal mind with the gift of satisfactory story-telling for a period in the child's life, just as it furnishes milk on the maternal side at an earlier period.

Our shorter stays in Coronado were our vacation times, and were scheduled in summer, when the rates were within our reach. For instance, in our first stay in 1899, we paid $175 a month, American plan, for four—ourselves, Alice, and the nurse, and I really believe the table in those days was better and more extensive than it is today.

That was the year of my introduction to golf. We played on the Glorietta links, with dirt tees and iceplant fairways. I suppose I was in the women's class; anyway, I enjoyed going round with the Healy girls—the first athletic girls I knew—and the O'Connors. I wasn't much at the game then, and have never been much at it since. The companionship of the game was what counted with me.

Occasionally, though rarely, we went on further vacations. Laura took Alice once to Alpine, and several times to Witch Creek, which was run down, but one didn't notice how decrepit it was because the people who ran it were so attractive; they were a family named Wood, of Kentucky origin, and included a number of attractive girls, of whom the present Mrs. Griffing Bancroft was one.

After a delightful vacation at the Coronado Hotel in the summer of 1899, we decided on a trip east; just the two of us. We didn't have to do much planning; we just went. During our entire tour we were extravagant enough to take Pullman drawing-rooms and to stop at the very best hotels. It never entered our heads to make any reservations for trains or hotels, but as far as I remember, we always got the accommodations we asked for.

At St. Paul, I suddenly remembered: "Why, we buy maple syrup from the Log Cabin people here!" So, early Monday morning, caparisoned in a white suit and white hat, I proceeded to their factory. It was my misfortune to arrive at the moment when they let off steam—a steam laden with maple syrup—and it spattered over my nice new clothes. It was evidently no novel experience for them, for they took it in their stride and even seemed to enjoy it!

Then Chicago, Montreal, Quebec, Boston, and then New York.

A first view of New York, even in those days, was no small thing. To walk down Fifth Avenue and see in tangible form what we had known before only by name and fame was a tremendous thrill: Altman's, Tiffany's, Ovington's, Maillard's, Delmonico's, Sherry's, and so on. Then of course we loved the Metropolitan Museum. But the real kick for us was the Waldorf-Astoria—where we stayed, and where our room cost all of five dollars. It was then the swellest thing in American hotels, and it occupied a place never taken since by any other. On our first evening we went into the dining room—to find it empty. I felt a bit aggrieved that they had taken us for woolly Westerners and put us in one of the side rooms. Some days after this, being late for dinner, we found that the Palm Room, in which we had been seated, was quite their most fashionable, but was naturally nearly empty at six-thirty. So really we *were* the woolly Westerners after all!

We went on to Philadelphia, but all I distinctly remember of that was the rope coiled in our bedroom to serve as a fire escape. That was the only time I was ever consciously fearful of fire. Dangers shouldn't be advertised.

In Baltimore I had a tremendous disillusionment. At Klauber-Wangenheim, we, as small customers, bought hundreds of cases of oysters from a Baltimore house, each case containing scores of cans, each can containing scores of oysters. I had pictured miles and miles of tables at which girls would be opening these oysters. But when I called on the concern and expressed my surprise at seeing nothing like this, they took me to the steam vats, where the oysters opened themselves.

On to Washington, and there we spent a glorious month. It was November, with splendid Indian-summer weather, and we fairly reveled in it. San Diego is generally acclaimed for one of the finest climates in the world, but anyone asked what he meant by "finest" would say "the most equable"—with extremes of neither hot nor cold nor wind. But I would say that our best is not equal to the best of the east, and I am thinking of those Washington days, with the sun shining bright, and yet a snap in the air.

We went to Atlanta, then to New Orleans, and the joy of a first visit to the Vieux Carré, the old French quarter. Finally we set out for home.

Now let me say something about our early social life in San Diego. Since neither of us were climbers nor even very good mixers, our first contacts were slow—this despite the number of close friends Laura had to begin with, and my acquaintance with a number of college friends, like Waldo Waterman and Fred Jackson. It takes some time for a transplanted bush to get its flowering growth, and it is the same with people. Gradually, however, we spread out, and our first intimacy was with a small group, particularly the Ernest Whites and the Watermans. Soon I formed a warm friendship with Cassius Carter—a rare and original figure—and this continued till his death, after which I continued to maintain a paternal interest in his family.

But Laura was always interested in things cultural, and gradually our contacts broadened, even to what might be called the "social set." We took part in all activities, and went to balls and parties. During one ball at the old Florence Hotel—the main social event of the year—someone dropped in and, noticing the youngsters, asked, "Aren't there any old men here?" To this Griffing Bancroft replied, "Well, there are Ernest White and Julius Wangenheim!"

By this time we had got well into the midst of things. Laura joined many groups and circles. One of these was the Browning Club, to which belonged a number of highbrows, teacher friends, and others. Of course, this was out of my line—Browning belonged to a different world from groceries or mathematics. But one night in the summer of 1901, they met at our home—at that time the Wadham house—and when they were all assembled, someone suggested that instead of reading that evening, they all go to *Shenandoah*, a play about the Civil War. "Fine," said I. "That's the kind of Browning Club I'm glad to join." So I did, and at the next real meeting I was very much impressed. The subject got under one's skin, and from that time on I was a Browning enthusiast, so much so that I soon led the group, selecting the work, assigning passages, and studying like the devil myself. We covered a wide range—*Paracelsus*, all the art poems, all the religious ones, and particularly *The Ring and the Book*. I'm sure I read this about twenty times, covering *The Pope* well over fifty.

In the group were the Ernest Whites, the Henry W. Footes, the John Barrows, a few teachers like Miss Isabelle Frazee, and ourselves. With us for a short time was Miss Mary Henderson, who had been instructor in English at Mills College in the early 1890's. I was fascinated by the depth of her understanding, and by the charm of her personality, and a warm friendship soon sprang up between us. She left the coast in 1912, after some years spent in Pasadena and Long Beach, and in 1925 married the professor of chemistry in Ohio State University, and is now Mrs. William McPherson.

I soon joined another club, which also had an influence on my life. This was the Tuesday Club. It was founded in 1896 by a splendid group of men. The members were never to exceed 18, and were to consist of 4 each of lawyers, doctors, ministers, and business men, and 2 educators. They met every Tuesday night at successive members' homes. The host read or delivered a paper, and the members in turn would discuss it for 5 minutes. (As they grew older, the 5-minute period tended to expand proportionally!) A light supper was served at 10 o'clock. Among the members were Frederick Meakin, George Marston, Charles Hamilton (the last 2 were brothers-in-law, and lovely spirits), Cassius Carter, and Bishop Restarick. Later Lyman Gage, former secretary of the U. S. treasury, was a member, as was John Vance Cheney the poet. Every visitor who attended a meeting was impressed by the wealth of cultural integrity in such a small city, and well they might be. The Tuesday Club was a credit to San Diego, and an institution in itself.

I went to my first meeting as a guest late in 1901. It was there at the Charles Hamilton home that I first found out that speaking was a necessity—for members and guests alike—though fortunately I was not then called on. Talking on my feet was something I was sure I never could do. Shortly afterwards I was elected to membership, and I had to face it. It was hard sledding for awhile; the machinery of my mind always seemed to lock when suddenly called on. This difficulty finally wore off, and I owe it to the Tuesday Club that I can, without undue perturbation, speak to any assembled group. But I assure you, it's not as easy as it sounds. I still give a great deal of thought to formulating what I have to say, and any success I have had in public speaking has been due to this preparation beforehand, and also to my strong feeling that talks should be brief and to the point. All addresses—and particularly introductions—have merit in inverse proportion to their length. I was soon one of the leading spirits of the club, and still have, after all these years, its records. It is interesting to look over the broad range of interests represented. Intellectual growth was taking place under our eyes, but one seldom realizes change at the time that it is taking place.

Members died but the number of 18 was never exceeded. In later years, it grew somewhat smaller, as it seemed difficult to find the caliber we wanted to replace those who were gone. But it went gaily on, always an event of great importance at whatever home it met. Once, however, when both Mr. Marston and I, the real watchdogs of personnel, were absent, a number of people were elected to fill the membership vacancies. These hardly came up to our standard; the tone was lowered, and with the passing of a few more of the old members, we both felt that it was time gently to call it an evening and retire ere old age and senility overtook us. This was around 1935, and I am glad to acknowledge that in its long life, in its opportunities for close association with splendid characters, in its intellectual challenges, and in the development of the power of expression, the Tuesday Club did a great deal for me, and I owe it very much.

By temperament, I never could be a joiner. I never belonged to any lodge except the Masons, which I had joined in Newman where I had been deeply impressed by the almost religious devotion of the finest farmers there to that order. But I never followed it up in San Diego, except to continue to pay dues. On the other hand, I joined every cultural movement, and to this day am a member of every worthwhile civic society.

Around 1901 we organized the University Club; I was one of the active organizers and the first vice-president. We rented an attractive two-story building on the northwest corner of 4th and A, and were there for from 10 to 15 years. After that, some bold spirits (bolder than I, for I didn't think it would work) put up the fine structure on 7th Street that they now occupy. I have frequently spoken there at the Friday luncheons, set aside for regular addresses, but otherwise I seldom visit it; it's quite a climb up the hill, and, besides, I've become a regular habitué of the Cuyamaca Club, and an afternoon bridge game.

It was at this time, too, that I became interested in public service. I had made a very minor though concrete move in this direction some years earlier. The Russ High School—a wooden structure, with the usual Victorian cupola—was in the park. The cupola had become unsightly and unsafe, and the authorities wanted to take it down, but this involved an expense of $25. They had no surplus funds for the purpose, so I furnished the needed sum. (How different from today: first, that a cupola could be taken down for a mere $25; and second, that the board of education should hesitate over such a puny sum!)

But my first real interest and my first real work was in connection with the city library. Carnegie had given us funds for the building, and in 1902 a beautiful little library was completed—still occupied, though entirely inadequate for the present city. It was built in the vogue of the time, with closed shelves to which no one was allowed access. I had always believed that a great deal can be gained by just browsing among books—particularly if one wants to look through several, to find out just which will serve his purpose. Furthermore, all my experience in the university and in San Francisco had been with open shelves, and I instinctively felt that they had every advantage. So I began an extensive correspondence with many prominent libraries throughout the country, and, armed with their answers, was able to convince the trustees. Unfortunately there was also a drawback: the stacks were unattractive and closely crowded.

That was my first civic project, and it started me off. It happened that on a spring Sunday morning in the same year of 1902, I was walking with my daughter Alice through a portion of the undeveloped park, in the neighborhood of our home at 7th and Ash. In the course of the walk I met a good friend, Chauncey Hammond, and an English acquaintance of his. The Englishman expressed his surprise that with such lovely scenic and horticultural opportunities, we had done nothing in the way of park development. The remark got under my skin, and I resolved to do something about it.

The next day I went to a meeting of the chamber of commerce directors, of which I was a member, and laid my plan before them. Immediately a park improvement committee was formed, consisting of myself as chairman, George Marston, U. S. Grant, Jr., D. F. Garretson, and William Clayton. We started to raise funds, and succeeded in having over $11,000 subscribed—a large sum in those days. My idea of procedure was what I had seen in Golden Gate Park, namely, to start work in one corner, and then, during successive years, to spread out the development, eventually covering the whole area. I made plans for intensive work on the southwest corner—around Date Street, and the higher ground directly to the north of it. We started to plant this section with trees, when Mr. Marston generously donated $10,000 for roads through the park. This changed the idea of development to a more grandiose plan, and Mr. Marston again stepped in and at his own expense hired a nationally-known landscape architect named Samuel Parsons, Jr., to outline a comprehensive plan for the entire park.

This was my first really close association with George Marston. We had often met before, casually, as business men do in a small city. I had known him particularly as an ardent Y. M. C. A. member who had solicited contributions from me; and I had come to admire him in our meetings of the Tuesday Club. But it was not until our close cooperation in park work, and subsequently in all public matters, that I came fully to appreciate him, and to be proud of our growing friendship. He is a man of education through and through, though modest and without a hint of dogmatism. Every private and public injustice he feels strongly. He is the only person I have known who hasn't remotely been spoiled by the accumulation of money; the latter he regards as a public trust. All these graces he crowns with a splendid sense of humor. Though he is 90 years old, his fine qualities have changed not one whit. And he still golfs with the best of them, and is the center of attraction at the ice-skating rink on Monday nights. It is one of my greatest privileges to think of him as my closest friend.

I continued with park work until I left San Diego late in 1902, and resumed it on my return the following year. When we began, there was no development at all in the southwest section; in only a few other places, and those fairly remote, had any work been done. The Children's Home had its building, as did the Russ High School; Miss Kate Sessions had planted a nursery and some fine trees; the Golden Hill people had done some planting in their neighborhood; but in most of the park only chaparral, sagebrush, wild buckwheat, and adenostema were the occupants. A visitor today, impressed by the glory of Balboa Park, can have no idea of the tremendous amount of work that was involved in making it as it is. None of the trees are native, and, except in a few canyons, all of them had to be sunk in holes blasted for the purpose. And credit is due to many successive park boards, and to John Morley, long its superintendent.

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Devoting much time to public business, I became less and less interested in the store. I didn't like the secrecy of our owning the Harbison Grocery Co., and still less did I like the liquor business. But carrying more weight with me than anything else, was my feeling that the business was small, and that while profitable, it held out little hope of expansion. As for management, it didn't take two of us, especially with Melville's superlative ability; it was quite evident that he could handle it perfectly well alone.

In addition, Hugo Klauber had by this time come into the business and was to be active in it until his death in 1935. He, even more than I, disliked merchandising and preferred his outside activities; but being in the midst of it, he did his work honestly and efficiently.

So in the fall of 1902 we left for San Francisco for an indefinite visit—daughter and nurse and all. Of course I retained all my interest in Klauber-Wangenheim, and whenever possible increased it. In San Francisco we stayed at the Granada Hotel, while I tried to determine my next step. I still loved the charm of San Diego, and went back for short visits with my friends there.

One day in San Francisco I heard that G. B. Grow, cashier and top man of the Merchants' National Bank of San Diego, had died, and I felt—I think with some prompting from my father—that here was an opportunity to get into the banking business, and right at home, too. I visited I. W. Hellman and Daniel Meyer (an interesting and wealthy old banking codger), and they expressed willingness to go along.

Where did I get the money to buy a bank? I had put my "pile" in Klauber-Wangenheim, and while I had made and saved some money in the seven years, I had also increased my stock holdings. But it was at about this time that my father had advanced me $60,000, on which I paid him 5%. He did this with several of the other children, as well, and while it gave him an income, it gave us opportunity.

So I went to San Diego and called on Ralph Granger, nominal president of the Merchants' National Bank. He was willing to sell, but wanted $200 a share, which had a book value of about $130. Hellman was willing to buy on that basis, but I wasn't. I felt it was cheaper to start another bank from scratch. As I remember, this was my honest instinctive feeling, though it would also have been a clever ruse to force the sale of one of the existing institutions. Thinking back, I cannot credit myself with that particular cleverness.

At any rate, we applied for a national charter. Among the organizers were Hellman, Meyer, my father, Melville, and I. Then it occurred to me to talk the matter over with our own institution, the Bank of Commerce, of which Dr. R. M. Powers was president. I told him frankly that I was going to start a bank, and while I didn't suppose he was willing to sell, nevertheless there could be no harm in asking. Much to my surprise, he was very receptive, and we began to negotiate.

This bank had, with most of the others, closed temporarily in 1893. It had then reopened and had proceeded smoothly but slowly, accumulating a good deal of real estate in the process, and, like most banks of the period, wasn't in very good shape. Dr. Powers had recently lost his cashier, Gus Jorres, and he himself was more interested in the gas company, of which he was president. At the moment of our interview he seemed to be happy at the prospect of being relieved.

The deal was closed to our mutual satisfaction. I paid $110 per share for control and it was readily subscribed by the group I had previously gathered. The real estate was taken over by Powers, the notes were guaranteed, and I paid on the basis of a bonus of $25,000. The deal was a good one, as evidenced by the fact that we paid dividends from the start and continued them at an ever-increasing rate—which would not have been possible for years if we had started a new bank. We were located in the stone building which still stands on the east side of 5th Street between E and F. The organization was simple: I was president, Powers and Graham Babcock, of the old bank, were vice-presidents; and C. L. Williams went from the post of assistant-cashier to that of cashier, replacing my old friend, Fred Jackson, who went into the gas company. The staff consisted of 8 or 9 in all, and the pay was small, so that even on deposits of about $650,000 the business was profitable, and we made up the bonus in a short time. Best of all, we were back in San Diego.

A few weeks after I had gone into the business and was eating breakfast at the Coronado Hotel, a message came that the bank building was on fire. "All right," I said, "tell them I'll be over as soon as I've finished my breakfast." *I* couldn't put out the fire, we had a fire department for that purpose, and I refused to get excited. When I did get across the bay, I saw that one of the two towers, relics of Victorian architecture, had been destroyed, and there was some damage done to the 3d and 4th stories. We took down the other tower—a great improvement—and the damage was well covered by insurance. But you can imagine the amount of jollying I had to stand from my friends on the then-current subject of fires in Jewish establishments.

I proceeded to nationalize the bank, and increased its capital from $100,000 to $150,000. Incidentally, I did all the legal work, the procedure then being clearly prescribed, both for conversion to a national bank and for increase of capital.

There were in San Diego at that time four banks, the First National, Merchants' National, San Diego Savings, and the Commerce. Judged in order of deposits, a generally-accepted way of ranking banks, the First National stood first, then the Savings Bank, then we, and last the Merchants'. I had expected to gain business from our friends in Klauber-Wangenheim, and lose accounts of competitors, but neither happened, as bank connections seem to be more fixed than lukewarm loyalty or antagonism. In the meantime, we moved our bank to the southwest corner of 5th and E streets, to an interior beautifully remodeled, and with really splendid fixtures. The plate glass windows were bigger than any yet seen in the town. I remember our moving, but don't recall any shower of flowers such as accompanies the opening, moving, or rehabilitation of the smallest establishments today. (The flower people seem not to have been on the job.)

Our deposits continued to grow, but so did the others' until finally I noticed that the Merchants' National had passed us, leaving us the smallest of the four. This was a keen disappointment, yet there was some compensation by way of peace of mind, since being last was an easy position to maintain. But I stayed alertly on the job, and when I noticed, all too frequently, that the Savings Bank was going after normal commercial accounts instead of the savings deposits that we conceded them, I protested. Finding that protests weren't helping, I decided to meet the issue by establishing a savings bank of our own.

In 1905 I launched the Security Savings Bank, capitalized at $125,000, which was easily subscribed. This was established next to our bank and I went in as president. George Marston was vice-president. Nat Titus, representing the Spreckels' interests, was cashier, and my good friend John Hawley was assistant-cashier. Expenses were low, the deposits grew, and we were soon able to pay dividends. Now, with all my fooling myself that I didn't mind about deposits, I was ambitious, and worked up an idea. I had noticed the growth of the trust companies in the large cities, and was particularly impressed by the success of the Knickerbocker Trust in New York and the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co. in San Francisco. I decided to go into the trust field, amalgamate the two banks in the regular commercial quarters, and start the trust venture, new to San Diego, in the savings quarters.

In September 1907, we started the Bank of Commerce and Trust Co., with a paid up capital of $500,000—much the largest of any bank in San Diego—and a surplus of $100,000. I felt proud of the fact that all of this stock was readily subscribed. And then the panic of 1907 broke in October! Worse, it was precipitated by the failure of the Knickerbocker in New York and of the California Safe Deposit and Trust in San Francisco, my two paragons of success! However, we were in good shape to weather the panic, and the San Diego banks never had to issue bank script, resorted to in many cities, although we did have it printed and ready to use if we had to. The relationship among the local banks was splendid, and I have always been proud of the fact that, during all my time in banking, my best friends were my competitors.

Meanwhile, the town took on new life, and quite a number of new banks sprang up. Our trust company amalgamation proved to be a success, notwithstanding the black eye that trust companies had received. We had long since passed the Merchants' National in deposits, and soon passed the First National. But we couldn't quite catch up with the San Diego Savings Bank. Then one day news broke of the defalcation, on a rather large scale, of its cashier, and their deposits shrank as a result. Finally we were on top, the largest bank in terms of both capital and deposits. And we kept this position to the end—not much glory, I admit, but unfortunately that is the worldly measure of success. Even when we were on top, I would have preferred stricter examination, no publishing of statements and deposits, and letting success be judged by soundness and integrity.

In 1914, when World War I broke out, there was tremendous financial uneasiness. The stock exchange remained closed for some months. At the beginning of the war, E. W. Scripps, the publisher, and a very close friend with whom I used to discuss all sorts of public questions, asked me what I thought the effect would be on gold. I told him frankly that I didn't see how gold could help going to a premium. "Well," he said, "I've got $500,000 in Cincinnati banks, and I'd better draw it out." Then I gave him quite a lecture on the duty of such men as he to play the game and not rock the boat. But next day came an amalgamation of the various Scripps accounts in our bank and a demand for $20,000 in gold. Was I mad! I first talked the matter over with Frank Belcher, of the First National, who cheerfully acquiesced to my request to put up half the gold; I have always considered it a noble thing to have done, when he could have taken advantage of the discomfiture of a competitor. As it turned out, I didn't need it; I rushed in my car to Miramar, breaking all speed records, and talked to Scripps as I've never talked to anyone. I knew I'd lose all their business, but what was business, with the world going to pieces over our heads? And instead of losing his respect, I gained it; and we did more business with him than before, and became better friends—and he didn't get the gold.

How different was the outcome of my disagreement with John D. Spreckels. Spreckels, with his far-flung interests, in many ways controlled San Diego affairs. He and I had always been good friends; he was a large stockholder, and we handled nearly all the Spreckels business. One of my close friends, Wilmot Griffiss, who was assistant to the president in the bank, lived in Coronado, and the Spreckels people elected him to the council over there. He was, of course, sympathetic to their interests, but was not willing to be merely a rubber stamp. When a proposal came from the Spreckels interests to the council, his reaction was "Let's look into it." But such a point of view had never been displayed; it was *lèse majesté,* and it was resented. This made the first rift; after all, Griffiss was close to me in the bank. Then in 1916 a petition was circulated against the "jitney" inroads into the street-railroad business. I thought it was too drastic, and would react against Mr. Spreckels. I told him so, and refused to sign the petition.

Then the thing broke. He considered this a disloyal act on my part, while it was in fact the opposite. I told him I didn't mind losing his $100,000 but I did mind his losing San Diego's good opinion. But it was of no avail; he sold his stock in the bank, withdrew all his accounts, bought the controlling interest in another bank (the American National) and saw to it that the various Spreckels interests blacklisted all of our directors. I regretted it because I'd always liked him, and felt sure it couldn't have been entirely his own doing. The blacklisting was soon withdrawn, because he needed such people as Marston, McKenzie, and Melville; and as to our bank, the anti-Spreckels feeling aroused by the controversy was such that it helped rather than hurt us, and our deposits went up rather than down. Soon we reached a record figure of $4,700,000, so there could be no doubt that we had indeed survived the hostility of Spreckels.

In 1916 I heard a rumor that G. A. Davidson, who in 1907 had started the Southern Trust Co., was being urged to run for congress, but had said that he couldn't leave his bank. Here was a chance, thought I, to make an even larger bank. I called on him and suggested that we consolidate the two institutions. We discussed the basis, and in the course of conversation, the question of our stock value came up. I said I thought it was worth about $160. He thought it was worth much more. A few days later he came to me with an offer of $185 per share, and a bonus of $100,000 for my position. I thought he was talking through his hat, told him laughingly that he was crazy, and dropped the subject. About a week later he came again, and this time offered me $200 a share for control, the same bonus of $100,000 and a salary of $500 a month as chairman of the board. I told him then that I was *sure* he was crazy, but if he wanted to go ahead on these lines I would happily concur. He had the Bridges and the Timkens as willing backers, and was soon ready to close. I made one more condition: that he offer the same $200 per share to anyone who wished to sell, as I wanted to protect the minority.

To this Davidson agreed, and the deal was closed. The two institutions were merged, first in our building, then, somewhat later, in his old bank quarters in the Grant Hotel, now elegantly remodeled for the purpose. The merger proved a great success, and this in spite of the fact that, due perhaps to all the elegance, expenses proved far greater than I had anticipated. But everything flourished too. The town continued to expand, business was rushing into the wild 1920's, and later

Davidson was able to sell out at a nice profit to the up-and-coming Bank of Italy. It had been a fine buy for him. He was then and remains a good friend, and is a prominent citizen and a perfect gentleman.

I stayed on as the new bank's chairman of the board for a few months only, as I wasn't willing to assume the responsibility, and to be anything in the nature of a dummy was distasteful to me. Anyway I no longer needed the money, having now reached "easy street!"

Thus after 14 years my active banking-days ended. But one of its aftermaths was terrible: with the connivance of my wife, the bank directors and employees gave me a surprise party at the Grant Hotel. Now a surprise party when you're twelve years old is a thing of delicious joy, but when you're fifty it is an ordeal, particularly if it really *is* a surprise. Here are a number of people gathered together—and they probably feel just as uncomfortable as the victim—and each one has to say a lot of flattering things, whether he believes them or not, and each one has to outdo the previous speaker in all that tommyrot. I tried to smile and be gracious, with probably the same success as I had some years ago in having my picture taken: the photographer asked me to smile, and when I tried to put on a broad grin, all he said was "Now, don't look so solemn!" Anyway, I did my best to express my appreciation for their words and for the large silver garden ball which still graces our garden. But when I got home, how I did scold Laura!

Let me refer to a few incidents of this period. One day I was to deliver a paper on the subject of Foreign Exchange before the banking association, meeting in San Diego. I gave it a great deal of thought, wrote it out, and had it pretty well in mind. But public speaking was fairly new to me, and I craved a bit of assurance. To one of the two other speakers I said casually, "How long are you going to speak?" "I don't know," he replied. "It depends on how I feel and how the audience responds." Feeling pretty small, I asked the other speaker the same question. "It depends on how they take it." he said. "I can talk to chairs or cheers."

Then came the ordeal. Speaker number one got up, removed a paper from his pocket, and in the dreariest tone read the dreariest document, full of dead statistics. He was followed by speaker number two, who likewise got a paper from his pocket and read it just as dismally. Imagine the assurance with which I got up, and while I had a paper, had hardly to look at it—and I made quite a hit. There are a great many "impromptu" speakers like those fellows, and it is best to be on guard against them.

Another experience I remember revolved around the construction of the U. S. Grant Hotel. Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., had often talked about it, as a monument to his father—of all the crazy ideas! Meeting him casually in the street one day, I asked when he planned to start. "Whenever I can get $100,000," he said. "We'll loan you that," I assured him. The deal was made, and he started with that amount, on a plan that called for nearly $1,000,000. But he could not make a go of it, and the shutters went up. Our loan was a mortgage on the property, and was, of course, gilt-edged—so much so that in the panic of 1907, I printed a thousand $100 certificates based on that loan, which we could use if hard pressed for funds. We pulled through easily without, but I still take pride in the forethought.

I began to plan the completion of the hotel by gathering a group of bankers to underwrite it. But Grant had been stung so often that he was suspicious of everyone, with the result that all sound backers withdrew, leaving the project to financial adventurers to whom suspicion was a spur rather than a deterrent. Grant commenced to negotiate anew, finally closing with Louis Wilde and his group. They took a large holding in the company, with the bonds valued at $83, whereas we would have financed it to net over $90, with no common stock or other bonuses. At any rate the hotel was built, and that was to the good.

Mutual confidence, of course, was the rock on which all banking relationships of the time were built. In 1903 there was an agreement as to the charge for exchange, which was a lucrative part of our business. When I left, years later, the same agreement was in force, and everyone, except for the most minor technical infractions, lived up to the spirit of that agreement. It was a tribute to fine mutual understanding, and since it was also very good business, it seems a lesson worth learning.

San Diego has always had a lot of crazy schemes. So has every town, and ours, like the others, have come to grief. Ours usually revolved around railroads, steamships, and water, but one I recall in particular dealt with steel. A fiery enthusiast named French came to town in 1904, I think it was. No one knew anything about his background, but he seemed to have some strange persuasive power, and showed a bunch of notes signed by Harrison Gray Otis and others. He seemed to have worked himself into the confidence of such men as U. S. Grant, Jr., and J. D. Peters, and soon launched a $10,000,000 corporation, paying a state fee of $10,000—the largest ever paid in California. I was in San Francisco when the thing started, and when I came back I found the town hypnotized, while I had escaped the influence. (See Frank Stockton's story, *The Magic Egg.)* It was a strange sensation to see everybody else in a dazed state while my own head was perfectly clear. San Diego was certainly a unique choice for a steel plant; it would have been hard to find another place that had neither iron, nor coke, nor flux, nor labor, nor market, nor water, nor shipping, nor anything else! But French's enthusiasm surmounted all this. Iron would come from the mountains in Lower California, coal from British Columbia, limestone from San Bernardino. Labor would rush in, shipping and water would be developed, etc., etc. I liked him for his vagaries and enthusiasm, saw considerable of him, and enjoyed his company, but I declared at the same time that there must be no business between us. One night, to give the enterprise its big send-off, he gave a great dinner, to which all San Diego was invited, and at which all kinds of booster speeches were made. He wanted, naturally, to invite the army, and reserved the places next to his for colonel this and major that. When they arrived, they turned out to be Salvation Army people—lassies at that, as I remember. The whole scheme was so ludicrous that it blew up then and there, and while French lingered on for some time, the bubble had been pricked, and collapsed.

Once I almost sold the bank, only 7 years after I bought it. I had come back from a European trip and had tasted the joys of freedom. Just at this time an associate of mine said he would like to buy the bank, and even went east to arrange finances. I thought everything was fixed, as we had agreed on terms. But delays continued day after day, until at last I began to get rather cold feet, and decided to call the whole thing off. In retrospect that unplanned procrastination turned out well for me; the payment involved would certainly not have carried me as far as I had hoped—and when the right time came later, so did a much better deal.

*(To be continued)*

# News of the Society

## Cleaning Up the Waterfront: 1847

### *By* RIVA CASTLEMAN

THE CLEANING AND RENOVATING of the Society's new quarters at 2090 Jackson Street, San Francisco, that went on before the opening, largely influenced the attitude that was taken when the collection of paintings was unpacked. Those which had hung for many years on the walls of 456 McAllister Street were badly in need of cleaning and some minor repairing, and several of the paintings that were acquired during the interim of the last half-year demanded the attention of an expert restorer. Then, too, the large collection of unframed lithographs had to be matted before they could be placed in proper storage. Consequently, it was decided that the services of a restorer and framer were necessary.

The logical recourse was to call in Mr. William Willemsen, who had been responsible for the matting and framing of over 125 photographs during the Society's exhibition at the recent Festival of Progress. Raised amidst the surroundings of a dealer in paintings, his father's profession, Mr. Willemsen later studied with the restorer of paintings in the city museum of The Hague; and for several years, now, he has been engaged in doing fine framing and restoring in San Francisco.

One of the early paintings belonging to the Society is a view of San Francisco in 1847, thought to have been painted by Victor Prevost, artist of a lithograph of the same scene published by Sarony and Major, New York. As may be remembered from its reproduction in Jean Van Nostrand's and Edith Coulter's *California Pictorial* (Univ. Calif. Press, 1948), it appeared to be a bichromatic work in muddy yellow and blue tones, the sky filled with dark grey clouds—closely resembling a child's finger-painting—with no trace of other colors. Some deep scratches marred the surface, and their repair was the only work contemplated. Upon close examination it was found that a heavy coat of yellow varnish could be removed without harming the painting, but even at that point there was no idea how great would be the change in its general appearance. Only after Mr. Willemsen had removed several layers of extremely discolored varnish from one small corner, together with some of the incorporated overpainting (which had contributed to the ugly cloud effects) did the small pre-gold-rush settlement of San Francisco stand revealed in warm sunlight, with hills in subtle pastel tones behind, and soft clouds overhead. The accompanying illustration can, of course, show only the amount of darkness removed in cleaning half the painting. But it is enough to indicate that the transformation wrought in this one canvas, alone, has added immeasurably to the value of the pictorial collection as a whole.

## Gifts of Recognition

To honor the following persons, friends of the Society have made substantial monetary or other gifts:

Tamara Brown
Kenneth Michael Mackenzie
Edna Martin Parratt
Lewis Madison Terman

# Book of Remembrance

On view in the Society's library is a finely bound "Book of Remembrance," recording the names of persons in whose memory contributions have been made to the Library Fund and the Exhibit Fund for the purchase of library and museum materials. Below are the names that have been inscribed since the commencement of the memorial:

Frank Howard Allen
Joseph Emmanuel Anderson
Marion Atkins
Thomas P. Bacon
A. R. Baldwin
Isabelle Ball
Arthur John Bancroft
Eleanor Ashby Bancroft
Oscar Thomas Barber
Harvey Wetmore Beard
Jessie Beard
Rae Griswold Behrens
Edward Washington Bender
Mrs. Marcus P. Bennett
Katharine Esther Bennitt
Julia Stamper Berman
Mariana Bertola, M.D.
Edith Ward Berwyn
Clarence Leo Best
Francis Edward Bishop
Sally McKee Black
Lilian Hoogs Blaisdell
Edwin T. Blake
Hope Bliss
Herbert Eugene Bolton
Charles Philip Boone
Eleanor Smith Boone
Marie Wilson Bradley
Philip Read Bradley
Paul W. Brannon
Arthur H. Breed
LeRoy H. Briggs, M.D.
Frances Des Marais Brogan
Ella M. Brooke
Leonard W. Buck, M.D.
Eldridge Ayer Burbank
John R. Burns
Charlotte Wilson Cadwalader
George Toland Cameron
Rumsey Campbell
William W. Carruth
Katherine Thayer Cate
William Cavalier
Bessie Hobart Chapman
Isaac Flint Chapman
William Crist Charlton
Ralph Perry Chessall, D.D.S.
William A. Chick
Randolph Clement
Etta W. Coleman
Mary Murdock Compton
Frederick Herman Coon
Oscar Cooper
George Mackey Cornwall
Lilian A. Cross
Florence Osterero Cullen
Abraham Lincoln Danziger
Lilly E. Davis
Jerry W. DeCou
Monroe E. Deutsch
Alice Eastwood
Maude Wyman Eberts
Ernest Frank Eckhardt
Glada V. Elden
Paul Eliel
Minnie Walker Engs
Alfred I. Esberg
Helen Richardson Espy
Edward Lilburn Eyre
Joseph Faunt Le Roy
Estelle Lyon Fay
Edward B. Field
Roy S. Folger
Thomas G. Franck
George August Fuhrig
Amy Corder Gaines
Dan Gallagher
Robert B. Gaylord
Alfred Ghirardelli
Morton R. Gibbons, M.D.
Frank Carroll Giffen
William M. Gilliland

Eliza Jane Gilman
Mary Glide Goethe
Lutie D. Goldstein
Irene L. Goudey
Olive Martha Gould
Charles Francis Griffin, M.D.
Abraham P. Hankes
Warren Thomas Hannum
Lowell E. Hardy
Jessie Vaughan Harrier
Margaret N. Hart
Frederick Harvey
Thomas Norman Harvey
William Dunn Henley
Armand Leon Hering
John Raymond Herman
Flodden W. Heron
Emily Coey Hittell
Elois F. Hodges
Mabel L. Holmes
Mary Pardow Hooper
John Howell
Grant James Hunt
Joseph Henry Jackson
Erwina Janin
Virginia Utz Jobe
Caroline Lendelof Johnson
George Keil
Frederick B. Kellam
Arthur C. Kennedy
George E. Kennedy
Gerald Driscoll Kennedy
Elizabeth Thacher Kent
Emma T. Kessler
Ansel R. Kinne
Dudley Kinsell
Helen Kinsell
Emelyn West Knowland
Eva M. Koch
Ethel A. Krook
William James Laing
William C. Latham
Abbie Hyde Lewis
James L'Hommedieu
William J. Lindenberger
Douglas Stuart Loud
Edna Hopkins Lowrey
George Dunlap Lyman, M.D.
Helen Flint Lyman
M. Hall McAllister
Richard Henry McCarthy
Ruby McCormick
James H. McDonough
Jean Howard McDuffie
Jean Parker McEwen
Blanche Baldwin McGaw
Charles M. MacGregor
Eileen Leonard McInerny, M.D.
John A. McNear
Robert L. McWilliams
John Ward Mailliard, Jr.
Arthur S. Maloon
Edna Rodden Martin
Irving Martin
William O'Hara Martin
Winifred M. Menzies
Charles Washington Merrill
George Lovett Merwin
Helen Knox Merwin
Olga M. Meyer
Della Middleton
C. O. G. Miller
Ethel Rawles Miller
Ruth Comfort Mitchell
James Kennedy Moffitt
Joseph A. Moore
F. J. Morin
Helen Freer Morris
La Verne Scott Moss
Richard H. Musson
Ruby Muther
Ralph W. Myers
John J. Newbegin
Mrs. William H. Nolan
Frank H. Norcross
Thomas Wayne Norris
Frank M. Ogden
Albert Leslie Oliver
Edwin Letts Oliver
Emily Oliviera
Mrs. E. O. C. Ord
Martha Lamberton Osmer
William G. Paden
Whitney Palache
Robert J. Parker
Haig Patigian
Henry Hawley Patterson
May Hawley Patterson
Ann May Perry
Barbara Peters
Mrs. G. Baltzer Peterson
John Petrusich

Thomas L. Phillips
Minna Dohrmann Pischel
Paul P. Pitchlynn
Elizabeth Keith Pond
George A. Pope
Mrs. George A. Pope
Margaret James Porter
Katharine Hutchinson Post
J. Sheldon Potter
Mabel Gray Potter
Frank J. Reagan
Ida M. Reed
Mrs. Mark Requa
Ralph A. Reynolds, M.D.
Ruth Loring Richardson
Thomas M. Robinson, Jr.
Kernan Robson
Laura Carmany Rulofson
Warren Russell
Julia D. Sammer
Irving Murray Scott, Jr.
William C. Sharpsteen
Edward J. Sheppard
William Henry Shine
Frederick Ortman Shumate, M.D.
Gertrude Miller Simmons
Louis F. Sinsheimer
Paul A. Sinsheimer
John Joaquin Smith
Henrietta L. Stadtmuller
Rosalie Meyer Stern
William Ely Stewart
Herbert F. Suhr
J. D. Sweeney
Mrs. Leslie Symmes
Willard Brown Thorp
L. Deming Tilton
Reuben Lukens Underhill
Eugenia Kendrick Vaughan
Uda Waldrop
Anna Taulbee Warren
Harry C. Warren, M.D.
Willard O. Wayman
Albert S. Weaver
Dixon Wecter
Adaline M. Wellendorff
Lynn Townsend White
Charlotte Anita Whitney
Betty Loren Whitsell
Gerald Wessen Wickland
Otis Buckminster Wight, M.D.
Ray Lyman Wilbur, M.D.
Gordon F. Williamson
Theodore P. Wittschen
Louise E. Wormley
Willis A. Zane
Gonzalo Zapata
Maria Ch. Zapata

# In Memoriam

## ELEANOR ASHBY BANCROFT

In the past three decades, generations of graduate students who made their scholastic homes in the Bancroft Library at the University of California, Berkeley, have moved on to all parts of the country. And they all look back with a kind of homesickness to that informal and friendly atmosphere which characterizes the Bancroft Library in the minds of all who have studied there. For this atmosphere one person was particularly responsible, and her loss will be felt wherever there is an interest in the library's field—western, and Spanish-colonial America.

Eleanor Ashby Bancroft, assistant to the library's director, was born on August 16, 1903, in Beatrice, Nebraska; she died in an Oakland hospital on August 28th of this year. After preliminary education in the public schools of Sacramento and Berkeley, she entered the University of California and became a part-time assistant in the Bancroft Library. Upon graduation in 1926, she immediately began the full-time work there which resulted in what is generally recognized as the most complete knowledge extant of that basic collection. This knowledge was always available to users, however minor, of the library and was shared with a gayety and humor peculiarly her own.

In the course of her work, she saw through the press in 1930 the monumental *Spain and Spanish America in the Libraries of the University of California; a Catalogue of Books . . . Volume II, the Bancroft Library*, commonly known as the *Cebrian Catalogue*. Later, in collaboration with Miss Edith Coulter, she published for the Book Club of California, *Thirteen California Towns, from the Original Drawings* (San Francisco, 1947); and *An Account of a Tour of the California Missions, 1856; the Journal and Drawings of Henry Miller* (San Francisco, 1952).

Of lasting value to the work of the California Historical Society, which she joined ten years ago, was her "One Hundred Works Relating to Sir Francis Drake," compiled, as she said, ". . . to show the tremendous interest displayed in Drake's activities from his own time to the present. . . ." The bibliography occupies 18 pages in the Society's publication, *The Plate of Brass, Evidence of the Visit of Francis Drake to California in the Year 1579* (San Francisco, 1953).

Mrs. Bancroft, who was the widow of the late Arthur John Bancroft (an attorney, not related to the founder of the library), is survived by two brothers, Thomas and Samuel Ashby.

EDNA MARTIN PARRATT

## NATHANIEL BLAISDELL

In San Francisco, on September 13, 1956, Nathaniel Blaisdell died at the age of ninety-four. He was born on July 29, 1862, a native of Providence, Rhode Island.

Mr. Blaisdell was educated at the Elmwood Grammar School, at the old Providence High School, and at Brown University where he was a member of the Chi Phi Fraternity. He was the last surviving member of the class of 1883. Three years after graduation, he founded the Brown Club of Alta California, and had served as its president until 1951.

In 1950, the Historical Catalogue of Brown University relaxed its straight, statistical style just enough to say of Mr. Blaisdell that he "favors Dolce Far Niente," which, translated from the Italian, means he leaned, at the age of 88, toward a life of delightful idleness. It might be mentioned here that he was a connoisseur of food and wine, and for many years the Sheraton-Biltmore Hotel kept on file a record of his menu preferences in anticipation of his biennial visits.

His adoption of San Francisco as a home town was an incidental by-product of America's western expansion, particularly the "empire-building" activities of the railroad magnates. After his graduation from Brown with the degree of bachelor of philosophy, Mr. Blaisdell, always fond of travel, took a position with a surveying crew laying out rights-of-way for the Northern Pacific R.R. Two years previously Henry Villard, the newspaperman turned financier, had won control of the company, and was completing its transcontinental expansion. He succeeded in doing this, but the costs of the enterprise put the line on financial rocks and Mr. Villard himself went broke. His employés in the northwest, including Mr. Blaisdell, were offered half-fare trips to Milwaukee or to San Francisco. Blaisdell settled for the Pacific coast, arriving in San Francisco in January 1884. Starting as a draughtsman, he found employment in the growing city, and rose to the position of head draughtsman in the office of Clinton Day, one of San Francisco's noted architects, during which time the firm was architect for many of San Francisco's business and residential buildings—the City of Paris, for example, at the corner of Geary and Stockton streets; also, the Gallatin residence on Scott and Jackson. Both are still standing.

Eventually Mr. Blaisdell opened his own office as an architect, and in the earthquake and fire of 1906 lost everything. Undeterred, he started again, with nothing but an old kitchen table for furniture. As he prospered he took an active part in civic affairs. He was fond of outdoor life and raised $265,000 to buy land for and build the California Tennis Club, of which he remained a member. A bronze plaque on the building commemorates his efforts. He gave his support also to the work of the California Academy of Sciences and the English-Speaking Union. His membership in the California Historical Society dates from 1942; in 1950 he became a sustaining member.

As a good friend to those who knew him well, Nathaniel Blaisdell will be missed by his fellow-members of the Pacific Union Club, the University Club, and the Merchants' Exchange Club. A niece, Miss Mary Blaisdell, with whom he made his home at 1134 Green Street, San Francisco, is his only surviving relative.

William Mooser, Sr.

## ALFRED GHIRARDELLI

Bearing a name that has been a household word to Californians for more than a century, Alfred Ghirardelli, son of the late Louis and Johanna L. Ghirardelli, died in San Francisco on August 23, 1956, at the age of seventy-two.

In February 1849, the ship *Mazeppa* reached California, carrying as one of her passengers a native of Italy, trained in the art of confectionary-manufacture and adventurous enough to move on to the next, when one place—Genoa (his birthplace), Montevideo, Callao, Lima, the gold mines of California and the commerce of Stockton—held out too small inducements. San Francisco seemed at last to offer a site to match his spirit. With chocolate from Guayaquil in Ecuador and with the various ingredients necessary to place and keep his business at the top, he and his successors foresaw trends in the making, and changed from Domingo's initial business as "importers and manufacturers of chocolate, coffee and spices" to specialization on the manufacture of chocolate and cocoa, as now. This is the progressive background which Domingo and, after his death in 1894, his sons gave to their descendants, among them Domingo's grandson, Alfred.

Alfred Ghirardelli, born in Oakland and educated in its public schools, went on to the University of California, graduating in 1906 with the degree of bachelor of science in mechanics. He immediately joined D. Ghirardelli & Co. and worked his way up to the presidency, from which he retired only last year. In 1917 he married Miss Clarisse Lohse of Oakland, thereby uniting two pioneer California families.

When the need for a community chest became apparent in San Francisco, Alfred Ghirardelli offered his services as one of the founders, and he continued to take an active part in its work for over thirty years. The Society of California Pioneers, the right to membership in which came to him through Domingo Ghirardelli's arrival in California prior to December 31, 1849, made him one of its directors and for two terms its president. He was also a past-president of the Family Club of San Francisco, and had been a member of the California Historical Society since June 1930. Besides these interests, he had lent a helping hand in many civic undertakings.

He is survived by his wife; a daughter, Clarisse Marie "Polly" (Mrs. Sidney S. Lawrence); a brother, Harvey T.; and two sisters, Mrs. Elva G. Dinsmore and Mrs. Juanita Magee.

Anson S. Blake

## MRS. JEROME A. HART

On October 5, 1943, the Permanente Metals Corporation's Shipyard No. 2, Richmond, California, launched the *S. S. William S. Clark.* Assisting as matron of honor in the ceremonies was one of Clark's daughters, Ann (Mrs. Jerome A.) Hart, a member of this Society since August 1936.

Clark—a grandson of one of the signers of the declaration of independence, who by their act had helped to free the east coast of certain misinformed mother-countrymen—was honored by the shipbuilders because, in 1847-48, he had been the first to drive piles into the west-coast's bay of San Francisco for the construction of a wharf, thus initiating the ship-to-shore passage of nationals from all the countries of the earth, including the transformed "red coats," whose enthusiastic allies we were on the day the *William S. Clark* was launched.

With this background of initiative on the part of her great-grandfather and father in their respective spheres of action,* Mrs. Hart could hardly be expected to play the role of drone in any organization in which she was interested. ". . . and we need a tea room," she wrote on January 8, 1945, to Mr. Aubrey Drury, then the president of the California Historical Society, "in close proximity to the reading-room instead of those heavy luncheons that the young people do not attend—I have two orange juicers (electric). . . ." How prophetic was she?—considering the scope of current efforts to make history attractive as well as learned.

But Mrs. Hart was not one to gloss over, with tea and orange juice, the job of history. In 1918, as World War I drew to a close, she sent to her friends a card of remembrance on which she had had transcribed Shelley's poem, "Ozymandias"—the recollection of a traveler who had seen in the desert the trunkless legs and shattered visage of a tyrant, sculptured in stone. And although the legend on the pedestal had read, "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings . . .," nothing of his impertinence remained but a colossal wreck and an endless stretch of sand.

Mrs. Hart's death occurred on July 1, 1956, at an undeterminable age. Her husband, author of *In Our Second Century*, etc., and a former editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, died in 1937. By the terms of Mrs. Hart's will, her library of some 30,000 books was left to the Society.

WARREN R. HOWELL

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*For information on their activities, see Mrs. Hart's *Abraham Clark, Signer of the Declaration of Independence*, and her *Clark's Point* . . ., both published in San Francisco in 1923 and 1937, respectively.

## EVA McALLISTER PRITCHETT

In the library of the California Historical Society is a volume called, *Descendants of Archibald McAllister of West Pennsboro Township, Cumberland County, Pa., 1730-1898*, compiled by Mary Catharine McAllister; and of those descendants, Hall McAllister (*b.*, Savannah, Ga., Feb. 9, 1826; to San Francisco, June 4, 1849) brought fame to his family and to his community as one of the truly great lawyers of his time. He was married in January 1854 to Louisa Clemence Hermann, the youngest of their five children being Eva (*b.*, Nov. 30, 1870, San Rafael, Calif.), who, in 1900, became the wife of Henry S. Pritchett.

Modest regarding her own gifts, Mrs. Pritchett's claim for recognition was based, in her own view, on the accomplishments of her father, and also, after her marriage, on those of her husband (1857-1939), former president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and, later, head of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. There was, in other words, so little thought of herself and so much delight, expressed always with a delicate touch, in the fame of members of her family, that in her death they who had gone before have now lost a most persuasive advocate; and we have lost a generous, resourceful friend—one who, knowing the value of each historic item among her family's papers, labeled it, entered it in a remarkably-fine scrapbook, and then presented the material thus collected to the California Historical Society.

During her years in Santa Barbara, Mrs. Pritchett was not only able to indulge her fondness for plants in her own garden but to admire the efforts of others, as she did during her frequent attendance on "garden tours." Eighty-five years of living, many of them in ill health, did not slow down Mrs. Pritchett's responsiveness to the present as well as the past, nor did they dim in the slightest degree the inherited grace and personal charm of this daughter of the McAllisters.

Miss Edith Pritchett of New York, Miss Ida Pritchett of Pennsylvania, and Leonard W. Pritchett of Connecticut survive their mother. Surviving her also are grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Mrs. Pritchett had been a member of this Society since November 1946.

ALLEN L. CHICKERING

## PAUL AINSLEY SINSHEIMER

In San Luis Obispo, the city of his birth, Paul A. Sinsheimer (*b.*, Nov. 30, 1879) died on October 19, 1956, from a heart attack at the age of seventy-six. He was living temporarily in the family home, erected on the original site of the gardens of Mission San Luis Obispo and occupied by the Sinsheimer family since the 1880's. He was one of ten children born to A. Z. and Nettie Weil Sinsheimer: seven were sons, and of the seven he was the last to survive.

Paul Sinsheimer attended the San Luis Obispo public schools and graduated from the University of California with a bachelor of laws degree in 1901. Among his college activities had been the editorship of the 1901 *Blue and Gold* and membership in the "Golden Bear," a senior men's society organized in recognition of services to the university. The period after graduation saw him engaged in journalism, first with the San Francisco *Chronicle;* then with the San Francisco *Call* as, successively, assistant telegraph editor, reporter, assistant city editor, and financial editor. His series of signed articles on financial subjects built up his reputation as an authority on such matters (see, for example, his article on the sale of the Northern California Power Co., in the May 25, 1911, *Call,* p. 16, col. 1, with a brief history of the company), and resulted in his appointment as lecturer in economics —public utilities financing—at the University of California, July 1-December 31, 1914. Meanwhile, from 1912 to 1917 he served as stock and bond expert for the California railroad commission (predecessor of the public utilities commission). World War I found him in Washington, D. C., as bond expert for the federal government, after which, his war work ended, he became chief of the enforcement division of the federal capital-issues commission.

That Sinsheimer's talent for meticulous and prolonged application was combined with remarkable personal energy may be understood from the above and from the fact that in 1917 he had become assistant to the president of the Union Trust Co. of San Francisco, being promoted in 1919 to vice-president. From 1921 to 1929, he was vice-president of the Mercantile Trust, which, by December 1926, had become the American Trust Co.; these duties, however, did not prevent him from assuming (1921-1924) the responsibilities that went with membership in the California industrial welfare commission. With the coming of World War II, he was made an arbitrator for the national war-labor board and served as a local mediator. He had been consulting professor of business history at the graduate school of business, Stanford University, since 1940.

In recent years, Sinsheimer spent much of his time in the supervision of the family's San Luis Obispo ranch and cattle operations, carrying on at the same time his business as an investment dealer. His home was at 1854 Vallejo Street in San Francisco, where he had an excellent and thoroughly-read library.

His personal history, sketched briefly above, shows how strong was Paul Sinsheimer's civic consciousness and how actively he put it to work for the benefit of the state and the nation. As a lover of nature and a conservationist he maintained membership in the Sierra Club; and, without exception, the arts found in him a most generous patron. He was elected to active membership in the California Historical Society in 1935, increasing it to sustaining in 1953.

Paul Sinsheimer was unmarried. Surviving him of his immediate famly is his sister, Miss Gertrude Sinsheimer of San Luis Obispo. How greatly he will be missed by those of us who looked up to him in innumerable ways is difficult to express.

EDGAR M. KAHN

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NOTES ON AUTHORS IN THIS ISSUE:

MISS RIVA CASTLEMAN, a native of Chicago, is curator of the Society's exhibits. She was graduated from the State University of Iowa in 1951 with an A.B. degree (art-history major) and election to Phi Beta Kappa. For four years after graduation she was assistant to the curator of decorative arts at the Art Institute of Chicago. Experience in her field has also included study – through award of a fellowship for museum personnel – at the Corning Museum of Glass, Corning, N. Y.; and work in art history at New York University's graduate school.

A biographical note on DR. A. P. NASATIR appears in the June 1952 QUARTERLY, p. 189, in connection with one of his many translations of French consular material emanating from California – at that time, the correspondence of J. Lombard, vice consul in 1850-1852.

Mining interests took MRS. ESTHER RUTH SMITH and her late husband, Elmer Gitchel Smith, west from Freeport, Ill., to Del Norte County, Calif., in 1941. While Mr. Smith devoted his time to the mines, Mrs. Smith spent hers in studying the general history of the region and in attracting others to engage in the same pursuit. How successful her efforts were, may be seen in the founding of the Del Norte County Historical Society of which she is a past-president. Until her recent move to Deming, N. M., to become a librarian, she was one of the regional vice-presidents of the Conference of California Historical Societies.

CLARK C. SPENCE (A.B. and A.M., Univ. Colorado; Ph.D., 1955, Univ. Minnesota) was born in Idaho. He spent 1953-54 in England on a Fulbright grant, investigating British investment and western mining for his Ph.D.; he taught a year at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.; and then came to his present post as instructor in history at Pennsylvania State University.

For a biographical note on HAROLD F. TAGGART, a frequent contributor to the QUARTERLY and a former member of its editorial committee, see p. 381 of the December 1948 number, at the time that his article on "Thomas Vincent Cator, Populist leader of California," was published (completed in the March 1949 issue).

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# *Quarterly*

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CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
SAN FRANCISCO

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